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A YEAR IN A VENETIAN PALACE.

THE last of four years which it was the fortune (now almost incredible) of this writer to live in the city of Venice was passed under the roof of one of her most beautiful and memorable palaces, namely, the Palazzo Giustiniani. The experience refuses to consort with ordinary remembrances, and has such a fantastic preference for the company of rather vivid and circumstantial dreams, that it is with no very strong hope of making it seem real that I shall venture to speak of it: and I should not be surprised if at the end the reader shared the vague distrust with which I regard it at the beginning.

The Giustiniani were a family of patricians very famous during the times of a Republic that gave so many splendid names to history, and the race was preserved to the honor and service of Saint Mark by one of the most romantic facts of his annals. During a war with the Greek Emperor in the twelfth century every known Giustiniani was slain, and the heroic strain seemed lost forever. But the state that mourned them bethought itself of a half-forgot-

ten monk of their house, who was wasting his life in the Convent of San Nicolò; he was drawn forth from this seclusion, and, the permission of Rome being won, he was married to the daughter of the reigning doge. From them descended the Giustiniani of aftertimes, who still exist; indeed, in the year 1865 there came one day a gentleman of the family, and tried to buy from our landlord that part of the palace which we so humbly and insufficiently inhabited. It is said that as the unfrocked friar and his wife declined in life they separated, and, as if in doubt of what had been done for the state through them, retired each into a convent, Giustiniani going back to San Nicolò, and dying at last to the murmur of the Adriatic waves along the Lido's sands.

Next after this Giustiniani I like best to think of that latest hero of the family, who had the sad fortune to live when the ancient Republic fell at a threat of Napoleon, and who alone of her nobles had the courage to meet with a manly spirit the insolent menaces of the conqueror. The Giustiniani governed Treviso for the Senate; he refused, when

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Napoleon ordered him from his presence, to quit Treviso without the command of the Senate; he flung back the taunts of bad faith cast upon the Venetians; and when Napoleon changed his tone from that of disdain to one of compliment, and promised that in the general disaster he was preparing for Venice, Giustiniani should be spared, the latter generously replied that he had been a friend of the French only because the Senate was so; as to the immunity offered, all was lost to him in the loss of his country, and he should blush for his wealth if it remained intact amidst the ruin of his countrymen.

The family grew in riches and renown from age to age, and, some four centuries after the marriage of the monk, they reared the three beautiful Gothic palaces, in the noblest site on the Grand Canal, whence on one hand you can look down to the Rialto Bridge, and on the other, far up towards the church of the Salute, and the Basin of Saint Mark. The architects were those Buoni, father and son, who did some of the most beautiful work on the Ducal Palace, and who wrought in an equal inspiration upon these homes of the Giustiniani, building the delicate Gothic arches of the windows, with their slender columns and their graceful balconies, and crowning all with the airy battlements.

The largest of the three palaces became later the property of the Foscari family, and here dwelt with his father that unhappy Jacopo Foscari, who after thrice suffering torture by the state for a murder he never did, at last died in exile; hither came the old Doge Foscari, who had consented to this cruel error of the state, and who after a life spent in its service was deposed and disgraced before his death; and hither, when he lay dead, came remorseful Venice, and claimed for sumptuous obsequies the dust which his widow yielded with bitter reproaches. Here the family faded away generation by generation, till (according to the tale told us) early in this century, when the ultimate

male survivor of the line had died, under a false name in London, where he had been some sort of obscure actor, there were but two old maiden sisters left, who, lapsing into imbecility, were shown to strangers by the rascal servants as the last of the Foscari; and here in our time was quartered a regiment of Austrian troops, whose neatly pipe-clayed belts decorated the balconies on which the princely ladies of the house had leaned their jewelled arms in other days.

The Foscari added a story to the palace to distinguish it from the two other palaces Giustiniani, but these remain to the present day as they were originally planned. That in which we lived was called Palazzo Giustiniani of the Bishops, because one of the family was the first patriarch of Venice. After his death he was made a saint by the Pope; and it is related that he was not only a very pious, but a very good man. In his last hours he admitted his beloved people to his chamber, where he meekly lay upon a pallet of straw, and at the moment he expired, two monks in the solitude of their cloister, heard an angelical harmony in the air: the clergy performed his obsequies not in black, funereal robes, but in white garments, and crowned with laurel, and bearing gilded torches, and although the patriarch had died of a malignant fever, his body was miraculously preserved incorrupt during the sixty-five days that the obsequies lasted. The other branch of the family was called the Giustiniani of the Jewels, from the splendor of their dress; but neither palace now shelters any of their magnificent race. The edifice on our right was exclusively occupied by a noble Viennese lady, who as we heard, — vaguely, in the right Venetian fashion, — had been a ballet-dancer in her youth, and who now in her matronly days dwelt apart from her husband, the Russian count, and had gondoliers in blue silk, and the finest gondola on the Grand Canal, but was a plump, florid lady, looking long past beauty, even as we saw her from our balcony.

Our own palace—as we absurdly grew to call it—was owned and inhabited in a manner much more proper to modern Venice, the proprietorship being about equally divided between our own landlord and a very well known Venetian painter, son of a painter still more famous. This artist was a very courteous old gentleman, who went with Italian and clock-like regularity every evening in summer to a certain *caffè*, where he seemed to make it a point of conscience to sip one sherbet, and to read the *Journal des Débats*. In his coming and going we met him so often that we became friends, and he asked us many times to visit him, and see his father's pictures, and some famous frescos with which his part of the palace was adorned. It was a characteristic trait of our life, that though we constantly meant to avail ourselves of this kindness, we never did so. But we continued in the enjoyment of the beautiful garden, which this gentleman owned at the rear of the palace and on which our chamber windows looked. It was full of oleanders and roses, and other bright and odoriferous blooms, which we could enjoy perfectly well without knowing their names; and I could hardly say whether the garden was more charming when it was in its summer glory, or when, on some rare winter day, a breath from the mountains had clothed its tender boughs and sprays with a light and evanescent flowering of snow. At any season the lofty palace walls rose over it, and shut it in a pensive seclusion which was loved by the old mother of the painter and by his elderly maiden sister. These often walked on its moss-grown paths, silent as the roses and oleanders to which one could have fancied the blossom of their youth had flown; and sometimes there came to them there grave, black-gowned priests,—for the painter's was a devout family,—and talked with them in tones almost as tranquil as the silence was, save when one of the ecclesiastics placidly took snuff,—it is a dogma of the Church for

priests to take snuff in Italy,—and thereafter, upon a prolonged search for his handkerchief, blew a resounding nose. So far as we knew, the garden walls circumscribed the whole life of these ladies; and I am afraid that such topics of this world as they touched upon with their priests must have been deplorably small.

Their kinsman owned part of the story under us, and both of the stories above us; he had the advantage of the garden over our landlord; but he had not so grand a gondola-gate as we, and in some other respects I incline to think that our part of the edifice was the finer. It is certain that no mention is made of any such beautiful hall in the property of the painter as is noted in that of our landlord, by the historian of a “Hundred Palaces of Venice,”—a work for which I subscribed, and then for my merit was honored by a visit from the author, who read aloud to me in a deep and sonorous voice the annals of our temporary home. This hall occupied half the space of the whole floor, but it was altogether surrounded by rooms of various shapes and sizes, except upon one side of its length, where it gave through Gothic windows of vari-colored glass, upon a small court below,—a green-mouldy little court, further dampened by a cistern, which had the usual curb of a single carven block of marble. The roof of this stately *sala* was traversed by a long series of painted rafters, which in the halls of nearly all Venetian palaces are left exposed, and painted or carved and gilded. A suite of stately rooms closed the hall from the Grand Canal, and one of these formed our parlor; on the side opposite the Gothic windows was a vast aristocratic kitchen, which, with its rows of shining coppers; its great chimney-place well advanced toward the middle of the floor, and its tall gloomy windows, still affects my imagination as one of the most patrician rooms which I ever saw; at the back of the hall were those chambers of ours overlooking the garden of which I have already spoken, and an-

other kitchen, less noble than the first, but still sufficiently grandiose to make most New World kitchens seem very meekly minute and unimpressive. Between the two kitchens was another court, with another cistern, from which the painter's family drew water with a bucket on a long rope, which, when let down from the fourth story, appeared to be dropped from the clouds, and descended with a noise little less alarming than thunder.

Altogether the most surprising object in the great *sala* was a sewing-machine, and we should have been inconsolably outraged by its presence there, amid so much that was merely venerable and beautiful, but for the fact that it was in a state of harmonious and hopeless despair, and, from its general contrivance, gave us the idea that it had never been of any use. It was, in fact, kept as a sort of curiosity by the landlord, who exhibited it to the admiration of his Venetian friends.

The reader will doubtless have imagined, from what I have been saying, that the Palazzo Giustiniani had not all that machinery which we know in our houses here as modern improvements. It had nothing of the kind, and life there was, as in most houses in Italy, a kind of permanent camping out. When I remember the small amount of carpeting, of furniture, and of upholstery we enjoyed, it appears to me pathetic; and yet, I am not sure that it was not the wisest way to live. I know that we had compensation in things not purchasable here for money. If the furniture of the principal bedroom was somewhat scanty, its dimensions were unstinted: the ceiling was fifteen feet high, and was divided into rich and heavy panels, adorned each with a mighty rosette of carved and gilded wood, two feet across. The parlor had not its original decorations in our time, but it had once had so noble a carved ceiling that it was found worth while to take it down and sell it into England; and it still had two grand Venetian mirrors, a vast and very good painting of a miracle of Saint Anthony,

and imitation-antique tables and arm-chairs. The last were frolicked all over with carven nymphs and cupids; but they were of such frail construction that they were not meant to be sat in, much less to be removed from the wall against which they stood; and more than one of our American visitors was dismayed at having these proud articles of furniture go to pieces upon his attempt to use them like mere arm-chairs of ordinary life. Scarcely less impressive or useless than these was a monumental plaster-stove, surmounted by a bust of Æsculapius; when this was broken by accident, we cheaply restored the loss with a bust of Homer (the dealer in the next campo being out of Æsculapiuses) which no one could have told from the bust it replaced; and this and the other artistic glories of the room made us quite forget all possible blemishes and defects. And will the reader mention any house with modern improvements in America which has also windows with pointed arches of marble opening upon balconies that overhang the Grand Canal?

At the risk of an apparent immodesty, I am obliged to assume that perhaps one or two of my readers may have looked at a book I once wrote about Venice, and for their sake I will say that it was to Palazzo Giustiniani we removed when we left Casa Falier in order to get rid of an attached and faithful servant. For our new apartment, which consisted of six rooms, furnished with every article necessary for Venetian housekeeping, we paid one dollar a day, which, in the innocence of our hearts, we thought rather dear, though we were somewhat consoled by reflecting that this extravagant outlay secured us the finest position on the Grand Canal. We did not mean to keep house as we had in Casa Falier, and perhaps a sketch of our cheaper *ménage* may not be out of place. Breakfast was prepared in the house, for in that blessed climate all you care for in the morning is a cup of coffee, with a little bread and butter, a muskmelon, and some clusters of white

grapes, more or less. Then we had our dinners sent in warm from a cook's who had learned his noble art in France; he furnished a dinner of five courses for three persons at a cost of about eighty cents; and they were dinners so happily conceived and so justly executed, that I cannot accuse myself of an excess of sentiment when I confess that I sigh for them to this day. Then as for our immaterial tea, we always took that at the Caffè Florian in the Piazza of Saint Mark, where we drank a cup of black coffee and ate an ice, while all the world promenaded by, and the Austrian bands made heavenly music.

Those bands no longer play in Venice, and I believe that they are not the only charm which she has lost in exchanging Austrian servitude for Italian freedom; though I should be sorry to think that freedom was not worth all other charms. The poor Venetians used to be very rigorous about the music of their oppressors, and would not come into the Piazza until it had ceased and the Austrian promenaders had disappeared, when they sat down at Florian's, and listened to such bands of strolling singers and minstrels as chose to give them a concord of sweet sounds, without foreign admixture. We, in our neutrality, were wont to sit out both entertainments, and then go home well toward midnight, through the sleepy little streets, and over the bridges that spanned the narrow canals, dreaming in the shadows of the palaces.

We moved with half-conscious steps till we came to the silver expanse of the Grand Canal, where, at the ferry, darkled a little brood of black gondolas, into one of which we got, and were rowed noiselessly to the thither side, where we took our way toward the land-gate of our palace through the narrow streets of the parish of San Barnabà, and the campo before the ugly façade of the church; or else we were rowed directly to the water-gate, where we got out on the steps worn by the feet of the Giustiniani of old,

and wandered upward through the darkness of the stairway, which gave them a far different welcome of servants and lights when they returned from an evening's pleasure in the Piazza. It seemed scarcely just; but then, those Giustiniani were dead, and we were alive, and that was one advantage; and, besides, the loneliness and desolation of the palace had a peculiar charm, and were at any rate cheaper than its former splendor could have been. I am afraid that people who live abroad in the palaces of extinct nobles do not keep this important fact sufficiently in mind; and as the Palazzo Giustiniani is still let in furnished lodgings, and it is quite possible that some of my readers may be going to spend next summer in it, I venture to remind them that if they have to draw somewhat upon their fancy for patrician accommodations there, it will cost them far less in money than it did the original proprietors, who contributed to our selfish pleasure by the very thought of their romantic absence and picturesque decay. In fact, the Past is everywhere like the cake of proverb: you cannot enjoy it and have it.

And here I am reminded of another pleasure of modern dwellers in Venetian palaces, which could hardly have been indulged by the patricians of old, and which is hardly imaginable by people of this day, whose front doors open upon dry land: I mean to say the privilege of sea-bathing from one's own threshold. From the beginning of June till far into September all the canals of Venice are populated by the amphibious boys, who clamor about in the brine, or poise themselves for a leap from the tops of bridges, or show their fine, statuesque figures, bronzed by the ardent sun, against the façades of empty palaces, where they hover among the marble sculptures, and meditate a headlong plunge. It is only the Venetian ladies, in fact, who do not share this healthful amusement. Fathers of families, like so many plump, domestic drakes, lead forth their aquatic broods, teaching the little ones to

swim by the aid of various floats, and delighting in the gambols of the larger ducklings. When the tide comes in fresh and strong from the sea the water in the Grand Canal is pure and refreshing; and at these times it is a singular pleasure to leap from one's doorstep into the swift current, and spend a half-hour, very informally, among one's neighbors there. The Venetian bathing-dress is a mere sketch of the pantaloons of ordinary life; and when I used to stand upon our balcony, and see some bearded head ducking me a polite salutation from a pair of broad, brown shoulders that showed above the water, I was not always able to recognize my acquaintance, deprived of his factitious identity of clothes. But I always knew a certain stately consul-general by a vast expanse of baldness upon the top of his head; and it must be owned, I think, that this form of social assembly was, with all its disadvantages, a novel and vivacious spectacle. The Venetian ladies, when they bathed, went to the Lido, or else to the bath-houses in front of the Ducal Palace, where they saturated themselves a good part of the day, and drank coffee, and, possibly, gossiped.

I think that our balconies at Palazzo Giustiniani were even better places to see the life of the Grand Canal from than the balcony of Casa Falier, which we had just left. Here at least we had a greater stretch of the Canal, looking as we could up either side of its angle. Here, too, we had more gondola stations in sight, and as we were nearer the Rialto, there was more picturesque passing of the market-boats. But if we saw more of this life, we did not see it in greater variety, for I think we had already exhausted this. There was a movement all night long. If I woke at three or four o'clock, and offered myself the novel spectacle of the Canal at that hour, I saw the heavy-laden barges go by to the Rialto, with now and then also a good-sized coasting schooner making lazily for the lagoons, with its ruddy fire already kindled for cooking the morning's meal, and looking

very enviably cosy. After our own breakfast we began to watch for the gondolas of the tourists of different nations, whom we came to distinguish at a glance. Then the boats of the various artisans went by, the carpenter's, the mason's, the plasterer's, with those that sold fuel, and vegetables, and fruit, and fish, to any household that arrested them. From noon till three or four o'clock the Canal was comparatively deserted; but before twilight it was thronged again by people riding out in their open gondolas to take the air after the day's fervor. After nightfall they ceased, till only at long intervals a solitary lamp, stealing over the dark surface, gave token of the movement of some gondola bent upon an errand that could not fail to seem mysterious or fail to be matter of fact. We never wearied of this oft-repeated variety, nor of our balcony in any way; and when the moon shone in through the lovely arched window and sketched its exquisite outline on the floor, we were as happy as moonshine could make us.

Were we otherwise content? As concerns Venice, it is very hard to say, and I do not know that I shall ever be able to say with certainty. For all the entertainment it afforded us, it was a very lonely life, and we felt the sadness of the city in many fine and not instantly recognizable ways. Englishmen who lived there bade us beware of spending the whole year in Venice, which they declared apt to result in a morbid depression of the spirits. I believe they attributed this to the air of the place, but I think it was more than half owing to her mood, to her old, ghostly, aimless life. She was, indeed, a phantom of the past, haunting our modern world, — serene, inexpressibly beautiful, yet inscrutably and unspeakably sad. Remembering the charm that was in her, we often sigh for the renewal of our own vague life there, — a shadow within the shadow; but remembering also her deep melancholy, an involuntary shiver creeps over us, and we are glad not to be there. Per-

haps some of you who have spent a summer day or a summer week in Venice do not recognize this feeling; but if you will remain there, not four years as we did, but a year or six months even, it will ever afterwards be only too plain. All changes, all events, were affected by the inevitable local melancholy; the day was as pensive amidst that populous silence as the night; the winter not more pathetic than the long, tranquil, lovely summer. We rarely sentimentalized consciously, and still more seldom openly, about the present state of Venice as contrasted with her past glory; I am glad to say that we despised the conventional poetastery about her; but I believe that we had so far lived into sympathy with her, that, whether we realized it or not, we took the tone of her dispiritedness, and assumed a part of the common experience of loss and of hopelessness. History, if you live where it was created, is a far subtler influence than you suspect; and I would not say how much Venetian history, amidst the monuments of her glory and the witnessses of her fall, had to do in secret and tacit ways with the prevailing sentiment of existence, which I now distinctly recognize to have been a melancholy one. No doubt this sentiment was deepened by every freshly added association with memorable places; and each fact, each great name and career, each strange tradition as it rose out of the past for us and shed its pale lustre upon the present, touched us with a pathos which we could neither trace nor analyze.

I do not know how much the modern Venetians had to do with this impression, but something I have no question. They were then under Austrian rule; and in spite of much that was puerile and theatrical in it, there was something very affecting in their attitude of what may best be described as passive defiance. This alone made them heroic, but it also made them tedious. They rarely talked of anything but politics; and as I have elsewhere said, they were very jealous to

have every one declare himself of their opinion. Hemmed in by this jealousy on one side, and by a heavy and rebellious sense of the wrongful presence of the Austrian troops and the Austrian spies on the other, we forever felt dimly constrained by something, we could not say precisely what, and we only knew what, when we went sometimes on a journey into free Italy, and threw off the irksome caution we had maintained both as to patriotic and alien tyrants. This political misery circumscribed our acquaintance very much, and reduced the circle of our friendship to three or four families, who were content to know our sympathies without exacting constant expression of them. So we learned to depend mainly upon passing Americans for our society; we hailed with rapture the arrival of a gondola distinguished by the easy hats of our countrymen and the pretty faces and pretty dresses of our countrywomen. It was in the days of our war; and talking together over its events, we felt a brotherhood with every other American.

Of course, in these circumstances, we made thorough acquaintance with the people about us in the palace. The landlord had come somehow into a profitable knowledge of Anglo-Saxon foibles and susceptibilities, but his lodgings were charming; and I recognize the principle that it is not for literature to make its prey of any possibly conscious object. For this reason, I am likewise mostly silent concerning a certain *attaché* of the palace, the right-hand man and intimate associate of the landlord. He was the descendant of one of the most ancient and noble families of Italy, — a family of popes and cardinals, of princes and ministers, which in him was diminished and tarnished in an almost inexplicable degree. He was not at all worldly-wise, but he was a man of great learning, and of a capacity for acquiring knowledge that I have never seen surpassed. He possessed, I think, not many shirts on earth; but he spoke three or four languages, and wrote very pretty son-

nets in Italian and German. He was one of the friendliest and willingest souls living, and as generous as utter destitution can make a man; yet he had a proper spirit, and valued himself upon his name. Sometimes he brought his great-grandfather to the palace; a brisk old gentleman in his nineties, who had seen the fall of the Republic and three other revolutions in Venice, but had contrived to keep a government pension through all, and now smiled with unabated cheerfulness upon a world which he seemed likely never to leave.

The palace-servants were two, the gondolier and a sort of housekeeper, — a handsome, swarthy woman, with beautiful white teeth and liquid black eyes. She was the mother of a pretty little boy, who was going to bring himself up for a priest, and whose chief amusement was saying mimic masses to an imaginary congregation. She was perfectly statuesque and obliging, and we had no right, as lovers of the beautiful or as lodgers, to complain of her, whatever her faults might have been. As to the gondolier, who was a very important personage in our palatial household, he was a handsome, bashful, well-mannered fellow, with a good-natured blue eye and a neatly waxed mustache. He had been ten years a soldier in the Austrian army, and was, from his own account and from all I saw of him, one of the least courageous men in the world; but then no part of the Austrian system tends to make men brave, and I could easily imagine that before it had done with one it might give him good reasons enough to be timid all the rest of his life. Piero had not very much to do, and he spent the greater part of his leisure in a sort of lazy flirtation with the women about the kitchen-fire, or in the gondola, in which he sometimes gave them the air. We always liked him; I should have trusted him in any sort of way, except one that involved danger. It once happened that burglars attempted to enter our rooms, and Piero declared to us that he knew the men; but before

the police, he swore that he knew nothing about them. Afterwards he returned privately to his first assertion, and accounted for his conduct by saying that if he had borne witness against the burglars, he was afraid that their friends would jump on his back (*sal-tarmi addosso*), as he phrased it, in the dark; for by this sort of terrorism the poor and the wicked have long been bound together in Italy. Piero was a humorist in his dry way, and made a jest of his own caution; but his favorite joke was, when he dressed himself with particular care, to tell the women that he was going to pay a visit to the Princess Clary, then the star of Austrian society. This mild pleasantry was repeated indefinitely with never-failing effect.

More interesting to us than all the rest was our own servant, Bettina, who came to us from a village on the mainland. She was very dark, so dark and so Southern in appearance as almost to verge upon the negro type; yet she bore the English-sounding name of Scarbro, and how she ever came by it remains a puzzle to this day, for she was one of the most pure and entire of Italians. I mean this was her maiden name; she was married to a trumpeter in the Austrian service, whose Bohemian name she was unable to pronounce, and consequently never gave us. She was a woman of very few ideas indeed, but perfectly honest and good-hearted. She was pious, in her peasant fashion, and in her walks about the city did not fail to bless the baby before every picture of the Madonna. She provided it with an engraved portrait of that Holy Nail which was venerated in the neighboring church of San Pantaleon; and she apparently aimed to supply it with playthings of a religious and saving character like that piece of ivory, which resembled a small torso, and which Bettina described as "A bit of the Lord, Signor," — and it was, in fact, a fragment of an ivory crucifix, which she had somewhere picked up. To Bettina's mind, mankind broadly divided themselves into two

racers, Italians and Germans, to which latter she held that we Americans in some sort belonged. She believed that America lay a little to the south of Vienna, and in her heart I think she was persuaded that the real national complexion was black, and that the innumerable white Americans she saw at our house were merely a multitude of exceptions. But with all her ignorance, she had no superstitions of a gloomy kind: the only ghost she seemed ever to have heard of was the spectre of an American ship captain which a friend of Piero's had seen at the Lido. She was perfectly kind and obedient, and was deeply attached in an inarticulate way to the baby, which was indeed the pet of the whole palace. This young lady ruled arbitrarily over them all, and was forever being kissed and adored. When Piero went out to the wine-shop for a little temperate dissipation, he took her with him on his shoulder, and exhibited her to the admiring gondoliers of his acquaintance; there was no puppet-show, no church festival, in that region to which she was not carried; and when Bettina, and Giulia, and all the idle women of the neighborhood assembled on a Saturday afternoon in the narrow alley behind the palace, (where they dressed one another's thick black hair in fine braids soaked in milk, and built it up to last the whole of the next week,) the baby was the cynosure of all hearts and eyes. But her supremacy was yet more distinguished when late at night the household gave itself a feast of snails stewed in oil and garlic in the vast kitchen. There her anxious parents have found her seated in the middle of the table with the bowl of snails before her, and armed with a great spoon, while her vassals sat round, and grinned their fondness and delight in her small tyrannies; and the immense room, dimly lit, with the mystical implements of cookery glimmering from the wall, showed like some witch's cavern, where a particularly small sorceress was presiding over the concoction of an evil potion or the weaving of a powerful spell.

From time to time we had fellow-lodgers, who were always more or less interesting and mysterious. Among the rest there was once a French lady, who languished, during her stay, under the disfavor of the police, and for whose sake there was a sentinel with a fixed bayonet stationed day and night at the palace gate. At last, one night, this French lady escaped by a rope-ladder from her chamber window, and thus no doubt satisfied alike the female instinct for intrigue and elopement and the political agitator's love of a mysterious disappearance. It was understood dimly that she was an author, and had written a book displeasing to the police.

Then there was the German baroness and her son and daughter, the last very beautiful and much courted by handsome Austrian officers; the son rather weak-minded, and a great care to his sister and mother, from his propensity to fall in love and marry below his station; the mother very red-faced and fat, a good-natured old creature who gambled the summer months away at Hombourg and Baden, and in the winter resorted to Venice to make a match for her pretty daughter.

Then, moreover, there was that English family, between whom and ourselves there was the reluctance and antipathy, personal and national, which exists between all right-minded Englishmen and Americans. No Italian can understand this just and natural condition, and it was the constant aim of our landlord to make us acquainted. So one day when he found a member of each of these unfriendly families on the neutral ground of the grand *sala*, he introduced them. They had, happily, the piano-forte between them, and I flatter myself that the insulting coldness and indifference with which they received each other's names carried to our landlord's bosom a dismay never before felt by a good-natured and well-meaning man.

The piano-forte which I have mentioned belonged to the landlord, who

was fond of music and of all fine and beautiful things; and now and then he gave a musical *soirée*, which was attended, more or less surreptitiously, by the young people of his acquaintance. I do not think he was always quite candid in giving his invitations, for on one occasion a certain count, who had taken refuge from the glare of the *sala* in our parlor for the purpose of concealing the very loud-plaided pantaloons he wore, explained pathetically that he had no idea it was a party, and that he had been so long out of society, for patriotic reasons, that he had no longer a dress suit. But to us they were very delightful entertainments, no less from the great variety of character they afforded than from the really charming and excellent music which the different amateurs made; for we had airs from all the famous operas, and the instrumentation was by a gifted young composer. Besides, the gayety seemed to recall in some degree the old, brilliant life of the palace, and at least showed us how well it was adapted to social magnificence and display.

We enjoyed our whole year in Palazzo Giustiniani, though some of the days were too long and some too short, as everywhere. From heat we hardly suffered at all, so perfectly did the vast and lofty rooms answer to the purpose of their builders in this respect. A current of sea air drew through to the painter's garden by day; and by night there was scarcely a mosquito of the myriads that infested some parts of Venice. In winter it was not so well. Then we shuffled about in wadded gowns and boots lined with sheepskin,—the woolly side in, as in the song. The passage of the *sala* was something to be dreaded, and we shivered as fleetly through it as we could, and were all the colder for the deceitful warmth of the colors which the sun cast upon the stone floor from the window opening on the court.

I do not remember any one event of our life more exciting than that attempted burglary of which I have

spoken. In a city where the police gave their best attention to political offenders, there were naturally a great many rogues, and the Venetian rogues, if not distinguished for the more heroic crimes, were very skilful in what I may call the *genre* branch of robbing rooms through open windows, and committing all kinds of safe domestic depredations. It was judged best to acquaint Justice (as they call law in Latin countries) with the attempt upon our property, and I found her officers housed in a small room of the Doge's Palace, clerkly men in velvet skull-caps, driving loath quills over the rough official paper of those regions. After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, the commissary took my statement of the affair down in writing, pertinent to which were my father's name, place, and business, with a full and satisfactory personal history of myself down to the period of the attempted burglary. This, I said, occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and the hand of the burglar extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly!"

"Pardon!" said the commissary, suspiciously. "Do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say that they all do, in summer," I answered; "at least, it's the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience; and but for my official dignity, I am sure that I should have been effectually brow-beaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments.

Then he recovered himself with another "Perdoni!" and, turning to his clerk, said, "Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open." But I know that the commissary, for all his politeness, considered this habit a relic of the times when we Americans all abode in wigwams; and I suppose it paralyzed his energies in the effort to bring the burglars to justice, for I have never heard anything of them from that day to this.

The truth is, it was a very uneventful year; and I am the better satisfied with it as an average Venetian year on that account. We sometimes varied the pensive monotony by a short visit to the cities of the mainland; but we always came back to it willingly, and I think we unconsciously abhorred any interruption of it. The days, as they followed each other, were wonderfully alike, in every respect. For eight months of summer they were alike in their clear-skied, sweet-breathed loveliness; in the autumn, there where the melancholy of the falling leaf could not spread its contagion to the sculptured foliage of Gothic art, the days were alike in their sentiment of tranquil oblivion and resignation, which was as autumnal as any aspect of woods or fields could have been; in the winter they were alike in their dreariness and discomfort. As I remember, we spent by far the greater part of our time in going to the Piazza, and we were devoted Florianisti, as the Italians call those that lounge habitually at the Caffè Florian. We went every evening to the Piazza as a matter of course; if the morning was long, we went to the Piazza; if we did not know what to do with the afternoon, we went to the Piazza; if we had friends with us, we went to the Piazza; if we were alone, we went to the Piazza; and there was no mood or circumstances in which it did not seem a natural and fitting thing to go to the Piazza. There were all the prettiest shops; there were all the finest *caffès*; there was the incomparable church of

St. Mark; there was the whole world of Venice.

Of course, we had other devices besides going to the Piazza, and sometimes we spent entire weeks in visiting the churches, one after another, and studying their artistic treasures, down to the smallest scrap of an old master in their darkest chapel; their history, their storied tombs, their fictitious associations. Very few churches escaped, I believe, except such as had been turned into barracks, and were guarded by an incorruptible Austrian sentinel. For such churches as did escape, we have a kind of envious longing to this day, and should find it hard to like anybody who had succeeded better in visiting them. There is, for example, the church of San Giobbe, the doors of which we haunted with more patience than that of the titular saint: now the sacristan was out; now the church was shut up for repairs; now it was Holy Week and the pictures were veiled; we had to leave Venice at last without a sight of San Giobbe's three Saints by Bordone and Madonna by Bellini, which, unseen, outvalue all the other Saints and Madonnas that we looked at; and I am sure that life can never become so aimless, but we shall still have the desire of some day going to see the church of San Giobbe. If we read some famous episode of Venetian history, we made it the immediate care of our lives to visit the scene of its occurrence; if Ruskin told us of some recondite beauty of sculpture hid away in some unthought-of palace court, we invaded that palace at once; if, in entirely purposeless strolls through the city, we came upon anything that touched the fancy or piqued curiosity, there was no gate or bar proof against our bribes. What strange old nests of ruin, what marvellous homes of solitude and dilapidation, did we not wander into! what boarded-up windows peer through, what gloomy recesses penetrate! I have lumber enough in my memory stored from such rambles to load the nightmares of a generation, and stuff for the dreams of a whole

people. Does any gentleman or lady wish to write a romance? Sir or madam, I know just the mouldy and sunless alley for your villain to stab his victim in, the canal in which to plunge his body, the staircase and the hall for the subsequent wanderings of his ghost; and all these scenes and localities I will sell at half the cost price; as also, balconies for flirtation, gondolas for intrigue and elopement, confessionals for the betrayal of guilty secrets; I have an assortment of bad and beautiful faces and picturesque attitudes and effective tones of voice; and a large stock of sympathetic sculptures and furniture and dresses, with other articles too numerous to mention, all warranted Venetian and suitable to every style of romance. Who bids? Nay, I cannot sell, nor you buy. Each memory, as I hold it up for inspection, loses its subtle beauty and value, and turns common and poor in my hawker's fingers.

Yet I must needs try to fix here the remembrance of two or three palaces, of which our fancy took the fondest hold, and to which it yet most fondly clings. It cannot locate them all, and least of all can it place that vast old palace, somewhere near Cannaregio, which faced upon a campo, with lofty windows blinded by rough boards, and empty from top to bottom. It was of the later Renaissance in style, and we imagined it built in the Republic's declining years by some ruinous noble, whose extravagance forbade his posterity to live in it, for it had that peculiarly forlorn air which belongs to a thing decayed without being worn out. We entered its coolness and dampness, and wandered up the wide marble staircase, past the vacant niches of departed statuary, and came on the third floor to a grand portal which was closed against us by a barrier of lumber. But this could not hinder us from looking within, and we were aware that we stood upon the threshold of our ruinous noble's great banquetting-hall, where he used to give his magnificent *feste da ballo*. Lustrissimo was long gone with

all his guests; but there in the roof were the amazing frescos of Tiepolo's school, which had smiled down on them, as now they smiled on us; great piles of architecture, airy tops of palaces, swimming in summer sky, and wantoned over by a joyous populace of divinities of the lovelier sex that had nothing but their loveliness to clothe them and keep them afloat; the whole grandiose and superb beyond the effect of words, and luminous with delicious color. How it all rioted there with its inextinguishable beauty in the solitude and silence, from day to day, from year to year, while men died, and systems passed, and nothing remained unchanged but the instincts of youth and love that inspired it! It was music and wine and wit; it was so warm and glowing that it made the sunlight cold; and it seemed ever after a secret of gladness and beauty that the sad old palace was keeping in its heart against the time to which Venice looks forward when her splendor and opulence shall be indestructibly renewed.

There is a ball-room in the Palazzo Pisani, which some of my readers may have passed through on their way to the studio of the charming old Prussian painter, Nerly; the frescos of this are dim and faded and dusty, and impress you with a sense of irreparable decay, but the noble proportions and the princely air of the place are inalienable while the palace stands. Here might have danced that Contarini who, when his wife's necklace of pearls fell upon the floor in the way of her partner, the king of Denmark, advanced and ground it into powder with his foot that the king might not be troubled to avoid treading on it; and here, doubtless, many a gorgeous masquerade had been in the long Venetian carnival; and what passion and intrigue and jealousy, who knows? Now the palace was let in apartments, and was otherwise a barrack, and in the great court, steadfast as any of the marble statues, stood the Austrian sentinel. One of the statues was a figure veiled from head to foot,

at the base of which it was hard not to imagine lovers, masked and hooded, and forever hurriedly whispering their secrets in the shadow cast in perpetual moonlight.

Yet another ball-room in yet another palace opens to memory, but this is all bright and fresh with recent decoration. In the blue, vaulted roof shine stars of gold; the walls are gay with dainty frescos; a gallery encircles the whole, and from this drops a light stairway, slim-railed, and guarded at the foot by torch-bearing statues of swarthy Eastern girls; through the glass doors at the other side glimmers the green and red of a garden. It was a place to be young in, to dance in, dream in, make love in; but it was no more a surprise than the whole palace to which it belonged, and which there in that tattered and poverty-stricken old Venice was a vision of untarnished splendor and prosperous fortune. It was richly furnished throughout all its vast extent, adorned with every caprice and delight of art, and appointed with every modern comfort. The foot was hushed by costly carpets, the eye was flattered by a thousand beauties and prettinesses. In the grates the fires were laid and ready to be lighted; the candles stood upon the mantles; the toilet-linen was arranged for instant use, in the luxurious chambers; but from basement to roof the palace was a solitude; no guest came there, no one dwelt there save the custodian; the eccentric lady of whose possessions it formed a part abode in a little house behind the palace, and on her doorplate had written her *vanitas vanitatum* in the sarcastic inscription, "John Humdrum, Esquire."

Of course she was Inglese; and that other lady, who was selling off the furniture of her palace, and was so amiable a guide to its wonders in her curious broken English, was Hungarian. Her great pride and joy, amidst the objects of *vertu* and the works of art was a set of *Punch*, which she made us admire, and which she prized the more because she had always been allowed to receive it when the govern-

ment prohibited it to everybody else. But we were Americans, she said; and had we ever seen this book? She held up *The Potiphar Papers*; a volume which must have been inexpressibly amused and bewildered to find itself there, in that curious little old lady's hand.

Shall I go on and tell of the palace in which our strange friend Padre L—— dwelt, and the rooms of which he had filled up with the fruits of his passion for the arts and sciences; the anteroom he had frescoed to represent a grape-arbor with a multitude of clusters overhead; the parlor with his oil paintings on the walls, and the piano and melodeon arranged so that Padre L—— could play upon them both at once; the oratory turned forge, and harboring the most alchemic-looking apparatus of all kinds; the other rooms in which he had stored his inventions in portable furniture, steam-propulsion, rifled cannon, and perpetual motion; the attic with the camera by which one could photograph one's self, — shall I tell of this, and yet other palaces? I think there is enough already; and I have begun to doubt somewhat the truth of my reminiscences, as I advise the reader to do.

Besides, I feel that the words fail to give all the truth that is in them; and if I cannot make them serve my purpose as to the palaces, how should I hope to impart through them my sense of the glory and loveliness of Venetian art? I cannot sell you, I could not give you, the imagination and the power of Tintoretto as we felt it, nor the serene beauty, the gracious luxury of Titian, nor the opulence, the worldly magnificence of Paolo Veronese. There hang their mighty works forever, high above the reach of any palaverer; they smile their stately welcome from the altars and palace-walls upon whoever approaches them in the sincerity and love of beauty that produced them; and thither you must thus go if you would know them. Like fragments of dreams, like the fleeting

"Images of glimmering dawn,"

I am from time to time aware, amid the work-day world, of some happiness from them, some face or form, some drift of a princely robe or ethereal drapery, some august shape of painted architecture, some unnamable delight of color; but to describe them more strictly and explicitly, how should I undertake?

There was the exhaustion following every form of intense pleasure, in their contemplation, such a wear of vision and thought, that I could not call the life we led in looking at them an idle one, even if it had had no result in after times; so I will not say that it was to severer occupation our minds turned more and more in our growing desire to return home. For my own part personally I felt keenly the fictitious and transitory character of official life. I knew that if I had become fit to serve the government by four years' residence in Venice, that was a good reason why the government, according to our admirable system, should dismiss me, and send some perfectly unqualified person to take my place; and in my heart also I knew that there was almost nothing for me to do where I was, and I dreaded the easily formed habit of receiving a salary for no service performed. I reminded myself that, soon or late, I must go back to the old fashion of earning money, and that it had better be sooner than later. Therefore, though for some reasons it was the saddest and strangest thing in the world to do, I was on the whole rejoiced when a leave of absence came, and we prepared to quit Venice.

Never had the city seemed so dream-like and unreal as in this light of farewell,—this tearful glimmer which our love and regret cast upon it. As in a maze, we haunted once more and for the last time the scenes we had known so long, and spent our final, phantas-

mal evening in the Piazza; looked, through the moonlight our mute adieu to islands and lagoons, to church and tower; and then returned to our own palace, and stood long upon the balconies that overhung the Grand Canal. There the future became as incredible and improbable as the past; and if we had often felt the incongruity of our coming to live in such a place, now, with tenfold force, we felt the cruel absurdity of proposing to live anywhere else. We had become part of Venice; and how could such atoms of her fantastic personality ever mingle with the alien and unsympathetic world?

The next morning the whole palace household bestirred itself to accompany us to the station: the landlord in his best hat and coat, our noble friend in phenomenal linen, Giulia and her little boy, Bettina shedding bitter tears over the baby, and Piero, sad but firm, bending over the oar and driving us swiftly forward. The first turn of the Canal shut the Palazzo Giustiniani from our lingering gaze, a few more curves and windings brought us to the station. The tickets were bought, the baggage was registered; the little oddly assorted company drew itself up in a line, and received with tears our husky adieux. I feared there might be a remote purpose in the hearts of the landlord and his retainer to embrace and kiss me, after the Italian manner, but if there was, by a final inspiration they spared me the ordeal. Piero turned away to his gondola; the two other men moved aside; Bettina gave one long, hungering, devouring hug to the baby; and as we hurried into the waiting-room, we saw her, as upon a stage, standing without the barrier, supported and sobbing in the arms of Giulia.

It was well to be gone, but I cannot say we were glad to be going.

W. D. Howells.

THE FUGITIVE.

A TARTAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF CHODZKO.

I.

“HE is gone to the desert land !
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band !

“Come back, rebellious one !
Let thy proud heart relent ;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son !

“Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

“I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

“I will give thee my coat of mail
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid ; —
Will not all this prevail ?”

II.

“This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

“I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

“Though thou give me thy coat of mail
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

“What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am my own ?
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man ?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

"God, who doth care of me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander, lonely and lost
In the wind ; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost ;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me !"

III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man, —
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears, —
Bowed down and said : "O Khan !

"If you bid me, I will speak.
There's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones ! alas,
The mind of old men is weak !

"I am old, I am very old :
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth ;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made ;
He brought him forth of the light,
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk ;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on the earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
There is no God but God !

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen !"

Henry W. Longfellow.

MISS MOGGARIDGE'S PROVIDER.

THE way in which people interested themselves in Miss Moggaridge's affairs would have been a curiosity in itself anywhere but in the sea-coast town where Miss Moggaridge lived. But there it had become so much a matter of course for one neighbor to discuss the various bearings of all the incidents in another neighbor's life, and, — if unexplained facts still remained, to supply the gap from fancy, — in addition to the customary duty of keeping the other neighbor's conscience, that it never struck a soul among all the worthy tribes there that they were doing anything at all out of the way in gossiping, wondering, conjecturing, and declaring this, that, and the other, about Miss Moggaridge's business after a fashion that would have made any one but herself perfectly wild.

But Miss Moggaridge was a placid old soul, and as the fact of her neighbor's gossip implied a censure which perhaps she felt to be not altogether undeserved, while, on the other hand, their wonder was not entirely complimentary, she found herself able to disregard them altogether, and in answer to query, complaint, or expostulation concerning her wicked waste which was to make woful want, always met her interlocutor with the sweet and gentle words, "The Lord will provide."

Poor Miss Moggaridge's father had been that extraordinary phenomenon, a clergyman possessed not only of treasure in Heaven, but of the rustier

and more corruptible treasure of this world's goods, — an inherited treasure, by the way, which he did not have time to scatter to the four winds in person, as it was left to him by an admirer (to whom his great sermon on the Seventh Seal had brought spiritual peace), but a few years before his death, which happened suddenly ; and the property was consequently divided according to his last will and testament between two of his three children, giving them each a modest competency, but leaving the third to shift for himself as he always had done. The first thing which Miss Moggaridge did with her freedom and her money was to imitate the example of the "fearless son of Ginger Blue," and try a little travel, to the great scandal of souls in her native borough who found no reason why Miss Moggaridge should want to see any more of the world than that borough presented to her, and never shared her weak and wicked desire to see what sort of region it was that lay on the other side of the bay and the breakers.

"The idea, Ann !" said Miss Keturah Meteyard, a well-to-do spinster whose farm and stock, and consequently whose opinions, were the pride of the place, — "the idea of your beginning at your time of life to kite round like a young girl. The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth," quoted Miss Keturah, with a long sigh. "For my part, the village is good enough for me !"

"And for me too, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge. "I am not going any great distance; I—I am going to see Jack."

Now Jack was the scapegrace Moggaridge, who had run away to sea and therewith to the bad; and the stern clergyman, his father, having satisfied his mind on the point that there was no earthly reclamation possible for Jack, had with true old-style rigor commenced and carried on the difficult work of tearing the boy out of his heart, that since Heaven had elected Jack to damnation there might be no carnal opposition on his own part through the weak bonds of the flesh; and Jack's name had not been spoken in that house from which he fled for many a year before the old man was gathered to his fathers. For all that, every now and then a letter came to Miss Ann and another went from her in reply, and her father with an inconsistency very mortifying but highly human saw them come and saw them go, convinced that he should hear from Ann whatever news need might be for him to hear; and so it came to pass that Miss Ann knew of Jack's whereabouts, and that Miss Keturah, hearing her intent of seeking them, Miss Keturah with one eye on the community and one on her old pastor, held up her hands a brief instant in holy horror before memory twitched them down again.

"Ann!" said she, solemnly,—"Ann, do you know what you are doing?"

"Doing?" said Miss Moggaridge. "In going to see Jack, do you mean? Certainly I do. A Christian duty."

"And what," said Miss Keturah,— "what constitutes you a better judge of Christian duty than your sainted father, a Christian minister for fifty years breaking the bread of life in this parish?"

"Very well," said Miss Moggaridge, unable to answer such an argument as that,—for Miss Keturah fought like those armies that put their prisoners in the front, so that a shot from Miss Moggaridge must necessarily have demolished her father the clergyman,—

"very well," said his faithful daughter, "perhaps not a Christian duty; we will say not; but, at any rate, a natural duty."

"And you dare to set a natural duty, a duty of our unregenerate condition, above the duties of such as are set apart from the world."

"My dear Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, "I am not sure that we ever are or ever should be set apart from the world; that we are not placed here to work in it and with it till our faith and our example leaven it."

"Ann Moggaridge!" said the other, springing to her feet, with a vixenish scarlet in her yellow face, a color less Christian perhaps than that of her remarks, "this is rank heresy, and I won't stay to hear it!"

"O pooh, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, listening to the denunciation of her opinions with great good-humor, "we've gone all through that a hundred times. Sit down again,—we'll leave argument to the elders,—I want to talk about something else."

"Something else?" with a change as easy as harlequin's.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about that corner meadow. It just takes a jog out of your land, and I've an idea you'd like to buy it. Now say so, freely, if you would."

"Humph! what has put that into your head, I'd like to know? You've refused a good price for it, you and your father, every spring for ten years, to my knowledge. You want," said Miss Keturah, facing about with uplifted forefinger like an accusing angel,—in curl-papers and brown gingham,— "you want the ready money to go and see Jack with!"

"Well, yes. I don't need the meadow and I do need the money; for when you have everything tied up in stocks, you can't always get at it, you know."

"That's very shiftless of you, Ann Moggaridge," said Miss Keturah. "When the money's gone, it's gone, but there the meadow'll always be."

"Bless your heart, for the matter of

that, I've made up my mind to get rid of all the farm."

"Get rid of the farm!"

"Yes. I'm not well enough nor strong enough to carry it on by myself, now father's gone, and his means are divided. Your place would make me blush like a fever beside it. No, I could n't keep it to advantage; so I think I shall let you take the corner meadow, if you want it, and Squire Purcell will take the rest."

"And what will you do with yourself when you come back from — from Jack, if you really mean to go?"

"O, board with the Squire or anywhere; the Lord will provide a place; perhaps with you," added Miss Moggaridge, archly.

"No, indeed," said Miss Keturah, "not with me! We never should have any peace of our lives. There is n't a point in all the Westminster Catechism that we don't differ about, and we should quarrel as to means of grace at every meal we sat down to. Besides which, you would fret me to death with your obstinacy when you are notoriously wrong, — as in this visit to Jack, for instance."

"Jack needs me, Kitty. I must go to him."

"It is your spiritual pride that must go and play the good Samaritan!"

"Jack and I used to be the dearest things in the world to each other when we were children, you know," said Miss Ann, gently. "We had both our pleasures and our punishments together. The severity of our home drove him off, — I don't know what it drove him to. I waited, because father claimed my first duty; now, I must do what can be done to help Jack into the narrow path again."

"The severity of your home!" said Miss Keturah, who had heard nothing since that; "of such a home as yours, such a Christian home with — with —"

"The benefit of clergy," laughed Miss Moggaridge.

"Ann, you're impious!" exclaimed Miss Keturah, bringing down her umbrella hard enough to blunt its ferule.

"Much such a spirit as that will do to bring Jack back! It is n't your place to bring him back either. You've had no call to be a missionary, and it's presumption in you to interfere with the plain will of Providence. You will go your own gait of course, but you sha' n't go without knowing that I and every friend you have disapprove of the proceeding. And it's another step to total beggary, for the upshot of it all will be that Jack coaxes and wheedles your money."

"My money?" said Miss Ann. "There will be no need of any coaxing and wheedling; it's as much his as mine."

"His!"

"I know father expected me to do justice, and so he did n't trouble himself. I should feel I was wronging him in his grave if I refused."

"And what is Luke going to do, may I ask?" inquired Miss Keturah, with grim stolidity.

"Because Luke won't give up any of his, is no reason why I should n't."

"Luke won't? That's like him. Sensible. Sensible! He won't give the Lord's substance to the ungodly."

"So he says. But I'm afraid not to the godly either. I'm afraid he would n't even to me if I stood in want, though perhaps I ought n't to say so."

"Not if you'd wasted all you have on Jack, certainly."

"I shall divide my property with Jack as a measure of simple justice, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, firmly. "It is as much his as mine, as I said."

"And when it's all gone," continued Miss Keturah, "what is to become of you then?"

"When it's all gone? O, there's no danger of that."

"There's danger of anything between your butter-fingers, Ann. So if it should happen, what then?"

"The Lord will provide," said Miss Ann, sweetly.

"The Lord helps them that help themselves," said Miss Keturah. "Well, I'm gone. I'd wrestle longer with you if it was any use, — you're

as set as Lot's wife. I suppose," she said, turning round after she had reached the door, "you'll come and see me before you go. I've—I've something you might take Jack; you know I've been knitting socks all the year and we've no men-folks," and then she was gone.

Poor Miss Keturah, — a good soul after her own fashion, which was not Miss Moggaridge's fashion, — once she had expected the wicked Jack to come home from sea and marry her; and the expectation and the disappointment together had knit a bond between her and his sister that endured a great deal of stretching and striving. The neighbors said that she had pious spells; but if that were so, certainly these spells were sometimes so protracted as almost to become chronic, and in fact frequently to assume the complexion of a complaint; but they never hindered her from driving a bargain home to the head, from putting royal exactions on the produce of her dairy, from sending her small eggs to market, and from disputing every bill, from the tax-man's to the tithes, that ever was presented at her door. But it is probable that somewhere down under that crust of hers there was a drop of honey to reward the adventurous seeker, and Miss Ann always declared that she knew where to find it.

So Miss Moggaridge went away from the sea-coast for some seasons, and the tides ebbcd and flowed, and the moons waxed and waned, and the years slipped off after each other, and the villagers found other matter for their gossip; and the most of them had rather forgotten her, when some half-dozen years later she returned, quite old and worn and sad, having buried the wretched Jack, and a goodly portion of her modest fortune with him, and bringing back nothing but his dog as a souvenir of his existence, — a poor little shivering hound that in no wise met the public approbation.

But Miss Moggaridge did not long allow her old acquaintance to remain unaware of her return among them.

The very day after her arrival a disastrous fire in the village had left a family destitute and shelterless; and, heading a subscription-list with a moderate sum, she went round with it in person, as she had been wont to do in the old times, till the sight of her approaching shadow had caused the stingy man to flee. And now, with every rebuff she met, every complaint of hard times, bad bargains, poor crops, she altered the figures against her own name for those of a larger amount, till by night-fall the forlorn family had the means of being comfortable again, through the goodness of the village and Miss Moggaridge; for had not the village given the cipher, whatever might be the other figures which Miss Moggaridge had of herself prefixed thereto? True to her instincts, Miss Keturah Meteyard waylaid her old friend next day. "I've heard all about it, Ann, so you need n't pretend ignorance," she began. "And you may think it very fine, but I call it **totally** unprincipled. Are you Cræsus, or Rothschild, or the Queen of Sheba come again, to be running to the relief of all the lazy and shiftless folks in the country? Everybody is talking about it; everybody's wondering at you, Ann!"

"Everybody may reimburse me, Kitty, just as soon as they please."

"Perhaps they will, when they're angels. The idea of your —"

"But, Kitty, I could n't see those poor Morrisises without a roof over them; and if you want the truth," said Miss Moggaridge, turning like the trodden worm, "I can't imagine how you could. **Why, where** on earth could they go?"

"There was **no** need of seeing them without a roof. The neighbors'd have taken them in till they rebuilt the place. Perhaps that would have spurred Morris up enough to make an **exertion**, which he never did in his life. If he'd been one atom **forehanded**, he'd have had something laid by in bank to fall back on at such a time. I declare, I've no patience!" cried Miss Keturah, with nobody to dispute her. "And any

one would be glad of those two girls as help," she continued. "Great lazy, hulking, fine ladies they are! And the first thing they'll do with your money will be to buy an ingrain carpet and a looking-glass and a couple of silk gowns, whether there's enough left for a broom and a dish-cloth or not. Go?" cried Miss Keturah, now quite at the climax of her virtuous indignation. "They could go to the poorhouse, where you'll go if some of your friends don't take you in hand and have a guardian appointed over you!"

But Miss Moggaridge only laughed and kissed her censor good by, and made up her mind to save the sum of her prodigality out of her own expenses in some way; by giving up her nice boarding-place, perhaps, and boarding herself in two or three rooms of a house she still owned, where she could go without groceries and goodies, for instance, in such things as fruit and sugar and butter and eggs and all the dainties to be concocted therewith; for bread and meat and milk would keep body and soul together healthily, she reasoned, and acted on her reasoning. But instead of making good, by this economy, the sum she had extracted from her hoard, she presently found that the saving thus accomplished had been used upon the outfit of a poor young minister going to preach to the Queen of Madagascar. Miss Keturah was not so loud in her disapproval of this as of some of Miss Moggaridge's other less eccentric charities; but as giving away in any shape was not agreeable to her, she could not help remarking that, if she were Miss Moggaridge, she should feel as if she had lent a hand to help cast him into a fiery furnace, for that would undoubtedly be the final disposition of the unfortunate young minister by the wicked savages of the island whither he was bound. She herself only bestowed upon him some of her knitted socks to walk the furnace in. What she did cavil at much more was the discovery that Miss Moggaridge was living alone. "Without help, Ann Moggaridge!"

she said, laying her hands along her knees in an attitude of fine Egyptian despair. "And pinching yourself to the last extremity, I'll be bound, for these Morris and young ministers and what not! What would your father say to see it? And if you should be sick in the middle of the night and no one near to hear you call —"

"The Lord'll provide for me, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, for the thousandth time.

"He won't provide a full-grown servant-girl, springing up out of nothing."

"But there's no need of worry, dear, with such health as mine."

"It's tempting Providence!"

"Tempting Providence to what?"

"Ann!" said Miss Keturah, severely, "I don't understand how any one as good as you, — for you are good in spite of your faults —"

"There is none good but One," Miss Moggaridge gently admonished her.

"As good as you," continued Miss Keturah, obviously, "and enjoying all your lifelong privileges, can indulge in levity and so often go so near the edge of blasphemy, without a shudder."

"Dear Kitty," said Miss Ann, laughing, "we shall never agree, though we love each other so much; so where is the use? For my part, I think it blasphemy to suppose Providence could be tempted."

"Ann! Ann!" said Miss Keturah, solemnly. "Don't indulge such thoughts. They will lead you presently into doubting the existence of a personal Devil! And now," continued she, reverting to the original topic, "I sha'n't go away till you promise me to take in help, so that you need n't die alone in the night, and be found stiff in the morning by a stranger!" And poor Miss Moggaridge had to promise, at last, though it upset all her little scheme of saving in groceries and firewood and wages, and went to her heart sorely.

It was not very long after this expostulation of Miss Keturah's that, a stout-armed serving-woman having been added to Miss Moggaridge's family, another more singular addition

made itself on the night when a ship was nipped among the breakers behind which the town had intrenched itself, and went to pieces just outside the cove of stiller water, at whose head stood the house in which were Miss Moggaridge's rooms. Of all the freighting lives on board that doomed craft, one thing alone ever came to shore, — a bird, that, as Miss Moggaridge peered from the door which Bridget held open for her, fluttered through the tumultuous twilight air and into her arms. Miss Moggaridge left Bridget to set her back to the door and push it inch by inch, till one triumphant slam proclaimed victory over the elements, while hastening in herself to bare her foundling before the fire. It was a parrot, drenched with the wave and the weather in spite of his preening oils, shivering in her hands, and almost ready to yield to firelight and warmth the remnant of life that survived his battling flight. Miss Moggaridge bestowed him in a basket of wool in a corner of the heated hearth, placed milk and crumbs at hand, and no more resumed her knitting and soft-voiced psalm-singing, but fidgeted about the darkened windows and wondered concerning the poor souls who, since they never could make shore again themselves, had given the bird the liberty of his wings. She was attracted again to the fireside by a long whistle of unspeakable relief, and, turning, saw the bird preening and pluming, stepping from the basket, treading daintily down the tiles, and waddling to and fro before the blessed blaze, while he chuckled to himself unintelligibly, but quite as if he had practised the cunningest trick over storm and shipwreck that could have been devised. Bridget would have frowned the intruder down, and did eventually give warning "along of the devil's imp," as she called him; but Miss Moggaridge was as pleased as a child; it was the only thing of the sort in the village, and what a means to attract the little people whom she loved, and at the same time to administer to them diluted doses of the moral

law! Had she chosen, to be sure, it would have been one of the great gray African things she had read of, that spread a scarlet tail and seem the phoenix of some white-ashed brand in which the smouldering fire yet sparkles. But this was a little fellow with scarlet on his shoulders and his wings, a golden cap on his head, and it would have been hard to say whether the glistening mantle over his back were emerald crusted with gold or gold enamelled with emerald, so much did every single feather shine like a blade of green grass full of flint. While she looked, and admired, and wished, nevertheless, that it were gray, another door was pushed gently open and Folly entered, — Jack's slim white hound, as much a miracle of beauty in his own way, — made at the bird with native instinct, then paused with equally native cowardice, and looked at Miss Moggaridge and wagged his tail, as who should say, "Praise my forbearance." But the parrot, having surveyed Master Folly on this side and on that from a pair of eyes like limpid jewels, opened his mouth and barked. Nothing else was needed; the phantom of the gray parrot disappeared whence he came; more intelligence no child could have shown. Miss Moggaridge caught him up, received a vicious bite for her pains, but, notwithstanding, suffered him to cling upon her fingers, tightly grasping which, he looked down upon the hound, flapped his gorgeous wings and crowed; then he went through an astonishing series of barnyard accomplishments, winding up by vigorously grinding no end of coffee in his throat, having released one claw with which to turn round and round the invisible handle of an imaginary mill, and finally ending in a burst and clatter of the most uproarious and sidesplitting laughter. Having done this, he had exhausted his repertory, and never for all the time during which he delighted the heart of Miss Moggaridge and forced Miss Keturah to regard him as a piece of supernatural sin created by the Evil One in mockery of the creation of man, so that had she

but been a good Catholic she would have crossed herself before him, and, without being an ancient Persian, did frequently propitiate him after the fashion of the Ahrimanian worship, — never during all that time did he catch a new sound or alter an articulate syllable to denote from what nationality — Spanish, Portuguese, or Dutch — he had received his earliest lessons. But he had done enough. Folly, never particularly brilliant in his wits, and, being a hound, not more strongly developed in his affections, was given hearth-room on sufferance for his lissome limbs, and on general grounds of compassion for himself and Jack together; but the parrot, luring one on with perpetual hopes of new attainment, and born of the tropical sun that made a perpetual mirage in her imagination, became cherished society, and had not only a shining perch, but a nest in Miss Moggaridge's affections as well, — a nest that cost her dearly some years afterward.

But before the town had much more than done wondering at Miss Moggaridge's parrot, and telling all the gossipry of his deeds and misdeeds, — of the way he picked the lock of his cage, walked up the walls, tearing off the papering as he went, bit big splinters from the window-blinds, drove away every shadow of a cat, and made general havoc, Miss Moggaridge gave such occasion for a fresh onslaught of tongues, that the bird was half forgotten.

It was when her name was found to have been indorsed upon her brother Luke's paper, — Luke being the resident of another place, — and in his failure the larger portion of her earthly goods was swept out of her hands. One would have supposed that Miss Moggaridge had been guilty of a forgery, and that not her own property, but the church funds, had been made away with by means of the wretched signature; and a particular aggravation of the calamity, in the eyes of her townspeople, seemed to be its clandestine character; if they had been consult-

ed or had even been made aware that such a thing might possibly be expected, much might have been condoned. As it was, they were glad, they were sure, that she felt able to afford such fine doings, but they had heard of such a thing as being just before you were generous, and they only hoped she would n't come upon the town in her old age in consequence, that was all; for much that close-fisted Luke would do for her, even if he got upon his feet again, — Luke who had been heard to remark that the loss of a cent spoiled the face of a dollar!

But Luke never got upon his feet again, and during the rest of his life he struggled along from hand to mouth, with one child binding shoes and another in the mills, a scanty board, a threadbare back; and though Miss Moggaridge was left now with nothing but a mere pittance of bank-stock over and above the possession of the house in which she reserved her rooms, yet out of the income thus remaining she still found it possible now and then to send a gold-piece to Luke, — a gold-piece which in his eyes looked large enough to eclipse the sun, while she patched and turned and furbished many a worn old garment of her own, in order that she might send a new one to her sister-in-law, of whom Miss Keturah once declared that she put her more in mind of an old shoe-knife worn down to the handle than of anything else in the world.

"As if it would make the least difference in her appearance," said Miss Keturah, who had a faculty of mousing out all these innocent crimes against society on Miss Moggaridge's part, "whether she wore calico or homespun? Dress up a split rail! And you rigging yourself out of the rag-bag so as to send her an alpaca. Why can't she work? / work."

"Bless you, Kitty, does n't she work like a slave now for the mere privilege of drawing her breath? What more can she do?"

"That's no business of mine, or yours either. Your duty," said Miss Ke-

turah, "your bounden duty's to take care of yourself. And here you are wearing flannels thin as vanity, because you've no money left to buy thick ones; and you'll get a cold and a cough through these Luke Moggaridges that'll carry you out of the world; and then," exclaimed she, with an unusual quaver in her piercing tone, — "then I should like to know what is to become of —"

"The Lord will provide for me, Kitty."

"So I've heard you say!" she snapped. "But I was talking about myself, — he won't provide me with another Ann Moggaridge —" And there Miss Keturah whisked herself out of sight, possibly to prevent any such catastrophe as her friend's seeing a tear in those sharp eyes of hers unused to such weak visitants.

Yet as a law of ethics is the impossibility of standing still in face of the necessity of motion, either progressive or retrograde, so Miss Moggaridge went on verifying the worst prognostications of her neighbors; and it was surmised that the way in which she had raised the money to pay for having the cataract removed from old Master Sullivan's eyes, — eyes worn out in the service of two generations of the town's children, — which she was one day found to have done, was by scrimping her store of wood and coal (Bridget's departure having long left her free to do so); to that mere apology for a fire the winter long to which she owed a rheumatism that now began to afflict her hands and feet in such a manner as to make her nearly useless in any physical effort. It was no wonder the townsfolk were incensed against her, for her conduct implied a reproof of theirs that was vexatious; why in the world could n't she have let Master Sullivan's eyes alone? He had looked out upon the world and had seen it to his satisfaction or dissatisfaction for threescore years and over, one would have imagined he had seen enough of a place whose sins he was always bewailing!

But a worse enormity than almost any preceding ones remained yet to be perpetrated by Miss Moggaridge. It was an encroachment upon her capital, her small remaining capital, for the education of one of the Luke Moggaridges, a bright boy whom his aunt thought to be possessed of too much ability to rust away in a hand-to-hand struggle with life; longing, perhaps, to hear him preach some searching sermon in his grandfather's pulpit, and to surrender into safe and appreciative keeping those barrels full of sacred manuscripts which she still treasured, she had resolved to have him fitted and sent to college. Very likely the town in which the boy lived thought it a worthy action of the aunt's, but the town in which he did n't live regarded it as a piece of Quixotism on a par with all her previous proceedings, since the boy would have been as well off at a trade, Miss Moggaridge much better off, and the town plus certain tax-money now lost to it forever. It was, however, reserved for Miss Keturah to learn the whole extent of her offence before the town had done so, — to learn that she had not been spending merely all her income, dismissing Bridget, freezing herself, starving herself, but she had been drawing on her little principal till there was barely enough to buy her a yearly gown and shoes, and in order to live at all she must spend the whole remainder now, instead of waiting for any interest.

"Exactly, exactly, exactly what I prophesied!" cried Miss Keturah. "And who but you could contrive, let alone could have done, such a piece of work? You show ingenuity enough in bringing yourself to beggary to have made your fortune at a patent. You have a talent for ruin!"

"I am not afraid of beggary, Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge. "How often shall I quote the Psalmist to you, 'I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"I know that, Ann. I say it oftener than you do, for it's the only thing

that leaves me any hope for you." And Miss Keturah kept a silent meditation for a few moments. "As if it was n't just as well," she broke forth at length, "for that Luke Moggaridge boy to dig potatoes or make shoes, as to preach bad sermons, or kill off patients, or make confusion worse confounded in a lawsuit!"

Whether Miss Moggaridge thought it a dreadful world where every one spoke the truth to his neighbor, or not, she answered, pleasantly, "Kitty dear, I should have consulted you as to that—"

"As to what? Shoes or sermons? He might have made *good* shoes."

"Only," continued Miss Moggaridge, meekly but determinedly, — "only you make such a breeze if you think differently, that I felt it best to get him through college first—"

"Why could n't he get himself through?"

"Well, he's sickly."

"O dear. Lord, as if there were n't enough of that kind! Serve Heaven because he can't serve the flesh! Taking dyspepsia and blue devils for faith and works!"

"You must n't now, Kitty, you must n't. I meant for us all to advise together concerning the choice of a profession after his graduation. For he has real talent, he'll do us credit."

"Well," said Miss Keturah, a little mollified, "it might have been wise. It might have saved you a pretty penny. I might have *lent* the young man the money he needed, and it would have done him no harm to feel that he was to refund it when he was able."

"That is exactly what I have done, Kitty. And I never thought of letting any one else, even you, — though I'd rather it should be you than any one, — while I was able. And I'm sure I can pinch along any way till he can pay me; and if he never can pay me, he can take care of me, for he is a noble boy, a noble boy."

"And what if he should n't live to do anything of the sort?"

"O, I can't think of such a thing."

"He might n't, though. There's many a hole in the skimmer."

"I don't know, — I don't know what I should do. But there, no matter. I shall be taken care of some way, come what will. I always have been. The Lord will provide."

"Well now, Ann, I'm going to demand one thing by my right as your next friend, and one caring a great deal more about you than all the Lukes in the world. You won't lend that boy, noble or otherwise, another penny, but you'll let him keep school and work his way through his profession himself."

"No indeed, Kitty! That would make it six or seven years before he got his profession. There are only a few hundreds left, so they may as well go with the others."

"Light come, light go," sniffed Miss Keturah. "If you'd had to work for that money — What, I repeat, what in the mean time is to become of you?"

"Don't fear for me; the Lord will provide."

"The poorhouse will, you mean! Why in the name of wonder can't he work his way up, as well as his betters?"

"Well, the truth is, Kitty, he's — he's engaged. And of course he wants to be married. And —"

But Miss Keturah had risen from her chair and stalked out, and slammed the door behind her, without another syllable.

Poor Miss Moggaridge. It was but little more than a twelvemonth after this conversation that her noble boy was drowned while bathing; and half broken-hearted, — for she had grown very fond of him through his constant letters and occasional visits, — she never called to mind how her money, principal and interest and education, had gone down with him and left her absolutely penniless, save for the rent of the residue of the house where she kept her two or three rooms. But Miss Keturah did.

Miss Moggaridge was now, moreover, quite unable to do a thing to help herself. Far too lame in her feet to

walk and in her hands to knit, she was obliged to sit all day in her chair doing nothing, and having her meals brought to her by the family, and her rooms kept in order, in payment of the rent: while her time was enlivened only by the children who dropped in to see the parrot,—an entertainment ever new; by a weekly afternoon of Mrs. Morris's, who came and did up all the little odd jobs of mending on which she could lay her willing hands; by the calls of Master Sullivan, glowering at the world out of a pair of immense spectacles, through which he read daily chapters of the Psalms to her; and by the half-loving, half-quarrelling visits of Miss Keturah. She used to congratulate herself in those days over the possession of the parrot. "I should forget my tongue if I had n't him and the hound to talk with," she used to say, in answer to Miss Keturah's complaints of the screeching with which the bird always greeted her. "He is a capital companion. When I see him so gay and good-natured, imprisoned in his cage with none of his kind near, I wonder at myself for repining over my confinement in so large and airy a room as this, where I can look out on the sea all day long." And she bent her head down for the bird to caress, and loved him none the less on the next day,—when Miss Keturah would have been glad to wring his neck,—for the crowning disaster of her life which he brought about that very evening.

For the mischievous fellow, working open the door of his cage, as he had done a thousand times before, while Miss Moggaridge sat nodding in her chair, had clambered with bill and claw here and there about the room, calling in the aid of his splendid wings when need was, till, reaching a match-safe and securing a card of matches in his bill with which he made off, pausing only on the top of a pile of religious newspapers, on a table beneath the chintz window-curtains, to pull them into a multitude of splinters; and the consequence was that presently his frightened screams woke the helpless Miss

Moggaridge to a dim, half-suffocated sense that the world was full of smoke, and to find the place in flames, and the neighbors rushing in and carrying her and the parrot clinging to her, to a place of safety, upon which Miss Keturah swooped down directly and had her removed to her own house and installed in the bedroom adjoining the best-room, without asking her so much as whether she would or no.

"Well, Ann," said Miss Keturah, rising from her knees after their evening prayers, "it's the most wonderful deliverance I ever heard anything about."

"It is indeed," sobbed the poor lady, still quivering with her excitement. "And, under Heaven, I may thank Poll for it," she said, looking kindly at the crestfallen bird on the chair's arm, whose screams had alarmed the neighbors.

"Indeed you may!" the old Adam coming uppermost again,—strange they never called it the old Eve,— "indeed you may,—thank him for any mischief,—picking out a baby's eyes or setting a house afire, it's all one to him. But there's no great loss without some small gain; and there's one thing in it I'm truly grateful for, you can't waste any more money, Ann Moggaridge, for you have n't got any more to waste!"

"Why, Kitty, there's the land the house stood on, that will bring something,"—profoundly of the conviction that her possession was the widow's cruse, and with no idea of ever taking offence at anything that Miss Keturah said.

"Yes, something. But you'll never have it," said Miss Keturah, grimly. "For I'm going to buy that land myself, and never pay you a cent for it; so you can't give that away! And now you're here, I'm going to keep you, Ann; for you're no more fit to be trusted with yourself than a baby. And I shall see that you have respectable gowns and thick flannels and warm stockings and the doctor. You'll have this room, and I the one on the other side that I've always had; and we'll have your chair wheeled out in the daytimes; and I think we shall get along very well together for the rest of

our lives, if you're not as obstinate and unreasonable —"

"O Kitty," said Miss Moggaridge, looking up with streaming eyes that showed how great, although unspoken, her anxiety had become, and how great the relief from that dread of public alms which we all share alike, — "O Kitty! I had just as lief have everything from you as not! I had rather owe —"

"There's no owing in the case!"

said Miss Keturah, tossing her head to the infinite danger of the kerosene from the whirlwind made by her ribbons.

"O, there is! there is!" sobbed Miss Moggaridge. "Debts, too, I never can pay! You've always stood my next best friend to Heaven, dear; and didn't I say," she cried, with a smile breaking like sunshine through her tears, — "didn't I say the Lord would provide?"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE VALLEY OF GASTEIN.

"**G**ASTUNA tantum una," — "Only one Gastein," — said the old Archbishops of Salzburg, hundreds of years ago. "Only one Gastein," echoes to-day on lips and in hearts of all who are so fortunate as to find their way into its enchanted valley.

"From Salzburg to Bad Gastein, by Hallein and Werfen, 70½ English miles, a journey of ten hours with post-horses"; "Route two hundred," in Murray's Guide-Book; that is the skeleton of the story. Even at Murray's best spinning, he only takes six pages to tell it, and probably there have been people who did the whole journey in ten hours. Bodies might; but for souls what a horrible spiritual indigestion must follow quick on the taking at one ten-hours' sitting the whole feast of this road!

We did better. People who do just as we did will begin by losing their temper at six o'clock in the morning with the cross chambermaid of the Goldener Schiff in Salzburg, eating a bad breakfast in its dirty dining-room, taking delighted leave of its inexperienced landlord, and galloping out of town at seven to the tune of one of Mozart's old melodies rung on chime-bells. The great Salzburg plain is a goodly sight of a morning; circling meadows for miles, walled at last by mountains which are so far and so green that it is not easy to believe them six and eight thousand feet high; through the mead-

ows the sluggish Salzach River; in the middle of the meadows, and on the river, the shining Salzburg town; in the middle of the town, high up on a rocky crag, the silent Salzburg castle, gray, turreted, and sure to last as long as the world. Those old Archbishops of Salzburg knew how to live. Wherever one comes upon traces of them, one is impressed with their worldly wisdom. The impregnable castle of Salzburg for a stronghold, with the Mönchsberg for pleasure-grounds, a riding-school cut out of solid rock for exercise, Heilbrunn water-works for amusement, and the Baths of Gastein for health and long life, — what more could these jolly old King Coles ask, except the privilege to kill all who disagreed with them? And that little privilege also they enjoyed for some years, enlarging it by every possible ingenuity of cruelty, as many stone dungeons with racks and *oubliettes* still bear witness.

Four hours steadily up, up. Franz does not urge his horses so much as he might. The nigh horse has no conscience, and shirks abominably on the hills. At last I venture to call Franz's attention to the fact, by a few ill-spoken German substantives and adjectives, with never a verb or a particle to hold them together. "Ja, ja," he says, with unruffled complacency; but pointing to the poor off mare, who is straining every muscle in drawing three quarters of the load, "she is a good one; she

can pull," touching her up smartly with the whip at the same time. We cross the Salzach, which grows muddy and rough, fighting bravely to bring down all the logs it can; we leave the wonderful Dürrenberg Mountain with its three-galleried salt-mine, and we march steadily out towards the Tannengebirge, which looks more and more threatening every minute. Clouds wheel round its top. We know, though we try not to believe, that storms are making ready: they never look, not they, to see who or what they may drown or hinder. Down the rain pours, and we dash dripping into the basement story of the inn at Golling. It was like an Italian inn; carriages, and horses, and donkeys, and dogs, and cocks, and peasants, and hay, and grain, and dirt, and dampness, all crowded under and among damp arches of whitewashed stone, with only two ways of escape,—the low, broad door through which we had driven in, and the rocky stairs up into the heart of the house. How pitilessly the rain fell! Who of all the gods cared that we wanted that evening to see the waterfall of the Schwarzbach, the finest in all the German Alps, and that if we did not see it then we should never see it, because early the next day we must on to Gastein? Still it rained. Why should one not see a waterfall in a rain? They would not put one another out. This was clearly the thing to be done. Ah, how long the poor damp man, who took me in an einspanner to see that waterfall, will remember the smiling, merciless American, who sat silent, unterrified, and dry, behind the stout leather boot, and went over meadow, through gate, across stream, up gully, in the midst of thunder and lightning and whirling sheets of rain, and never once relented in her purpose of seeing the Schwarzbach! Poor fellow! he shifted from puddle to puddle on his low seat, looking furtively at me to see if I really meant to keep on; at last, in a climax of despair, he stood up, emptied the cushion of water, coiled up the ends of the stout leather reins

edgewise into a kind of circular grid-iron, sat down doggedly on it, and never looked around again till we reached the end of the road. Here his triumph began; for was not he to stay warm and comfortable by a friend's fire, while I went on foot the rest of the way to the waterfall? This I had not understood before leaving the inn. "Was it very far?"

"O no, not far."

I never saw a Tyrolese man or woman who would say that a place was far off. You might as well expect a goat or a chamois to know distances. "O no, not far, only a little," they say; and you toil and toil and toil, and sit down a dozen times to rest, before you are half-way there. However, if he had said it was ever so far, I should have kept on.

"There was a path?"

"O yes"; and here out skipped Undine to go and show it to me. I did not need her, for there wound the prophetic little brown path very plain among the trees; but it was a delight to see her flitting along before me. Bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-necked, bare-armed, she did not lack so very much of being bare all over; and I do not suppose she would have minded it any more than a squirrel, if she had been. She looked back pityingly at me, seeing how much my civilized gear hindered me from keeping up with her, as she sprang from tree-root to tree-root, and hopped from stone to stone in the water,—for in many places the path was already under water. On the right hand foamed the stream, not broad, but deep, and filled with great mossy boulders which twisted and turned it at every step; on the right fir-trees and larches and still more mossy boulders. Every green thing glistened, and trickled, and dripped; moss shone like silver; and bluebells—ah, I think I alone know just how bluebells manage in wet weather! Nobody else ever saw so many in one half-hour of glorious rain.

Soon I heard the voice of the fall; a sudden turn in the path and I saw it;

but I looked for the first few seconds more at Undine. She stood, poised like a bird, on an old tree-stump, pointing to the fall, and gazing at me with an expression of calm superiority. The longer I looked the more inscrutable seemed the waterfall, and the wiser Undine, till I felt as I might in standing by the side of Belzoni before an Egyptian inscription. How well she understood it, this little wild thing as much of kin to it as the bluebells or the pine-trees ! But while I looked she was gone, darting up a steep path to the left, and calling me to follow. There was more, then ? Yes, more. O wonderful Schwarzbach Fall ! It will mean little to people who read, when I say that it shoots out of a cavern in two distinct streams ; they blend in one, which falls one hundred and sixty feet between craggy rocks, takes a cautious step or two, wading darkly under a natural bridge of giant rocks and pines, and then leaps off one hundred and seventy feet more in one wide torrent, with veils of silver threads on each side, and a never-ceasing smoke of spray.

Even destiny itself winces a little before a certain sort and amount of determination. Finding me actually face to face with the waterfall, and as thoroughly wet, the storm stayed itself a little, and rent the clouds here and there for me to look off into the grand distances. No sunny day could have given half such delight. This fall is supposed to be an overflow from the Lake Königsee, in Bavaria ; but nobody knows ; it hides its own secret.

Next morning we kept up a running fight with the rain through the Pass Lueg, past the great gorge Oefen, "not to be missed," said Murray. Neither did we miss it, clambering down and in under umbrellas. It is an uncanny place, where thousands of years ago the Salzach River cut a road for itself through mountains of rock, and never went back to see what it had left. Scooped out into arched and moulded hollows, piled up in bridge above bridge, damming up half the river at a

time and then letting it fly, there stand the giant rocks to this day only half conquered. Yellow timbers from the mountains were being whirled through, now drawn under as if in a maelstrom, now shot swift as huge arrows over ledges of slippery dark stone.

In the Pass Lueg was just room for the river and us ; and if it had not been for shelves of plank here and there, the river would have had all the road. This pass is called the "Gate of the Pongau." A very hard gate to open it would be to an enemy, for the solid rocky sides of the mountains have been wrought into fortress walls full of embrasures, whose guns one would think must be worked by elf-men in the heart of the mountain, so little foothold seems there for human gunners.

At Werfen, just beyond the pass, we struck the track of the old Salzburg Archbishops again : the great castle of Höhenwerfen, three hundred and fifty feet up in the air, on a wooded crag overhanging the Salzach River, was another of their strongholds, and was used chiefly for a prison, being within easy reach of one of their favorite hunting-lodges, in the Blühnbachthal valley, only a few hours back ; so when they were tired of hunting chamois at Blühnbachthal they could ride down to Höhenwerfen and torture a few Protestants. Now, a company of Austrian sportsmen owns the lodge, and the castle of Höhenwerfen is used for barracks of Austrian soldiers.

At Werfen we contracted friendship with a shoemaker, who, with his wife, three children, and three apprentices, lives, sleeps, and sews in one stone chamber, up three flights of stone ladder, a few doors from the inn. I can recommend him as a good man who will put a new heel to an old boot and no questions asked.

Just beyond Werfen we passed a panorama of mill privilege never to be forgotten ; eight tiny brown wooden mills, one close above the other, on the side of a hill, and the white stream leaping patiently over wheel after wheel, all the way to the bottom of the hill, like

a circus-rider through hoops. What could decide men bringing grain to be ground, whether to go to the top or the bottom mill? It seemed that the eighth miller up, or down, must stand a poor chance of business.

From Werfen to our bedroom at Schwarzach we did not cease to exclaim at the beauty of the fields and roadsides. Everybody's house looked comfortable; everybody's wife was out tying up wheat or pulling flax; everybody else was wearing a high hat and feather and a broad gay belt, and sitting in the sun smoking; though, to be just, we did see here and there an odd-looking man at work. Hollyhocks ruled the gardens, — superb stalking creatures, black and claret, and white, and rose-pink and canary-yellow, — and all as double as double could be. Crowded along the roadsides, the forever half-awake bluebells nodded and nodded on their wonderful necks, which are always just going to break, but never do. Fields of hemp we saw, and took it for a privileged weed until we were told better. Linseed we saw too, in great slippery dark-blue patches, and in the midst of all Franz suddenly reined up in front of the Schwarzach Inn.

Ah, that Schwarzach landlady! She little dreamed how droll she looked as she stood pompously courtesying in her doorway, with her broad-brimmed black felt hat jammed down over her eyebrows like a thatch. Her figure was so square and puffy, it looked as if it had feathers inside, and was made to be sold at a fair, to stick pins in. At the crease of her waist a huge bunch of keys bobbed about incessantly, never finding any spot where they could lie still. Two tables full of Schwarzach men with beer and pipes, and two lattice-work cages of hens and cocks, we passed to go up to the first floor of the inn.

O, the pride of the pincushion-landlady in her feather-beds, her linen, her blankets, her crockery! She had come of the family of a Herr Somebody, though she did keep an inn and serve

beer to peasants. Her family coat of arms hung in my bedroom, opposite a museum in a cupboard with glass doors. The contents of this museum were only to be explained on the supposition that they were the aggregate result of a century of Christmas-tree. Not an article in the protective tariff of the United States but had been wrought into some queer shape and put away in this Schwarzach cupboard; mysteries of wax, glass, china, worsted, paper, leather, bone. Most distinctly of all I remember a white wax face stuck on top of an egg-shell painted red, with a bit of green fringe for neck, and a bit of black wood for a leg. This impish thing grinned at me all night.

In this inn is a table round which the leaders of the Protestant peasants met in 1729 and took a solemn oath to leave the country rather than abandon their new faith. If the Schwarzach valley were as cold and dark then as it was at the sundown we saw it in, I can conceive of heavier sacrifices than to exchange it for any possible spot in Prussia, Würtemberg, or North America, to which, according to the Guide-Book, the thirty thousand Protestants fled.

Next day sunshine and silver tent webs all along the road at eight o'clock in the morning.

A few more miles to the west, through Lend, a smutty little village where men have been melting gold and silver since the year 1538, and then we turned sharply to the south, to climb up through the wild "Klamme" to the valley of Gastein. At the turn we met a royal messenger, the shining river Ache, which said, "Go up the road I have come. I left Gastein an hour ago."

"Less than an hour ago, we should think, O stream, by the rate at which you travel," said we, as we entered the pass and began to mount slowly up.

Four horses now, and Franz is glad if we all walk. What triumph for a road to keep foothold on these precipices! "Chiefly schistous limestone," whatever that may be, Murray says

that they are; but they look like giant strata of petrified wood. Small bits of the stone lie in your hand like strips of old drift-wood, and crumble between your fingers almost as readily; so that you glance uneasily at the walls of it, to right one thousand feet above your head, and to left one thousand feet more of walls of it, down, down to the boiling river. If some giant were to give a stout pinch to a ton or so of it while you pass, it would be bad.

"Dreadful avalanches here in spring," says Franz.

We are glad it is August, and walk faster. The larches and bluebells and thyme rock away undisturbed, however, and keep the cliffs green and bright and spicy. Here is heath, too, the first we had seen, fairest of lowly blossoms, with tiny pink bells in stiff thick rows fringed with green needle-points of leaves: it crowds the thyme out and makes its purple look dull and coarse.

The Ache seemed to us a most riotous river, all through the Klamme. We never dreamed that we were looking at its sober middle age, and that it had sown its wildest oats far up the Gastein valley.

That is probably one reason it looks so mischievous all through the pass. It knows that people believe it to be doing its best leaping, and it laughs as an old woman who had had mad triumphs in her youth might to hear herself called gay at fifty.

It was through this Klamme that the rich and haughty Dame Weitmoser was riding one day, when she refused to give alms to an old beggar-woman who stood by the roadside.

The beggar-woman cursed her to her face, saying, "You shall yourself live to ask alms."

"Ha, that is impossible; as impossible as that I shall ever see this ring again," replied the wicked Frau Weitmoser, drawing from her finger a diamond ring and throwing it into the Ache. Then hitting the beggar-woman across the face with her riding-whip, she galloped off.

Three days later Herr Weitmoser, sitting at the head of his supper-table, surrounded by a party of friends, cut open a large trout and out flew his wife's diamond ring and rolled across the table towards her. Very pale she turned, but no one knew the reason. From that day Herr Weitmoser's gold-mines began to yield less and less gold, and his riches melted away, until they were as poor as the poor beggar-woman who had been so cruelly treated in the pass. Legends differ as to the close of the story, some killing the haughty, hard-hearted woman off, in season for Herr Weitmoser to marry again and accumulate another fortune; others making her live to repent in her bitter poverty, and, after she had become so kind and benevolent that she shared her little freely with her fellow-poor, giving back to them tenfold their original wealth. At any rate, the Herr Weitmoser is buried at Hof-Gastein; for did we not see the stone effigy of him on a slab in the little church? He lies flat on his back, in puffed sleeves and enormous boots, and two of his gold-miners stand guarding him, one at his head and one at his feet, with lifted hammers in their hands.

At the entrance of this pass, also, is the chapel of Ethelinda, scene of a still wilder story, and, better than all, one which is believed to be strictly true. In the Hof-Gastein church is a picture of its most startling incidents, and there is not a peasant within ten miles of the Klamme but will tell you that on windy nights can still be heard the words "Ethelinda," "Ethelinda," echoing around the chapel walls.

Ethelinda was the wife of another of the rich Weitmosers, who owned the gold-mines in the Radhausberg. Men are alike in all centuries. When Ethelinda died, Ethelinda's husband shed fewer tears than did another of the Weitmosers, Christopher by name, who had loved Ethelinda long and hopelessly. This lover hid himself in the chapel while the funeral rites were being performed. At midnight he went down into the vault where Ethelinda's

body had been placed. A terrible thunder-storm made the fearful place still more fearful. By light of the sharp flashes he saw the face of the woman he loved. He bent over to kiss her. As he pressed his lips to hers she sighed, opened her eyes, and said, "Where am I?" But before either of them could comprehend the terror and ecstasy of the moment, Ethelinda exclaimed, "O fly, fly for help! The pains of childbirth are upon me! Hasten, or it will be too late!"

The lover forgets all danger to himself in his anguish of fear for her, and bursts breathless into the husband's presence with the incredible news that his buried wife is alive, and lying in travail in her coffin, in the chapel. Weitmoser's first impulse is to slay the man whose tale so plainly reveals him as lover of Ethelinda. But he thinks better of it, and, hand in hand, they hurry to the chapel. Angels have been before them, and succored the mother and child. They find Ethelinda kneeling on the altar steps, with her babe in her arms. History wisely forbore to encumber the narrative with any details of how embarrassing it was for them 'all to live in the same village after this; but in the same little church of Hof-Gastein, where is the picture of Ethelinda in her graveclothes, kneeling on the altar steps holding up her child to the Virgin, are the gravestones of Christopher Weitmoser and his wife and children, from which we can understand that time had the same excellent knack then, as now, of curing that sort of wound.

The Gastein valley reveals itself cautiously by instalments, being in three plateaus. Coming out on the first, and seeing a little hamlet brooding over green meadows before us, we exclaimed, "Gastein, O Gastein!"

"No, indeed," said Franz, contemptuously, "only Dorf Gastein."

We wondered and were silent. Miles farther on another sharp ascent and another valley. "Surely this is Gastein?"

"No, no, only Hof-Gastein." We

wondered still more, but were glad, because Hof-Gastein is white and dusty and glaring. The houses elbow each other and are hideous, and the Ache takes a nap in the marshy meadows.

Steadily we climbed on; one mile, two miles, three miles, up hill. Snow mountains came into view. The Ache began to caper and tumble. Cold air blew in our faces: this was the noon weather of Gastein. Pink heath bordered the road; bushes of it, mats of it; it seemed a sin to scatter so much of anything so lovely. Dark fir woods stretched and met over our heads; gleams of houses came through.

"Yes, *this* is Gastein," said Franz, with proud emphasis, which meant, "Now you will see what it is to mistake any other place for Gastein."

Sure enough, wise old proverb: "There is but one Gastein."

For, knows the world any other green and snow-circled village which holds a waterfall three hundred feet high in its centre? One hesitates at first whether to say the waterfall is in the town, or the town in the waterfall, so inextricably mixed up are they; so noisy is the waterfall and so still is the town. Some of the houses hang over the waterfall; some of the threads of the waterfall wriggle into the gardens. The longer you stay the more you feel that the waterfall is somehow at the bottom of everything. From one side to other of this valley an arrow might easily fly. Both walls are green almost to the very top with pastures and fir woods, and dotted with little brown houses, which look as if birds had taken to building walled nests on the ground and roofing them over. To the west the wall is an unbroken line. Behind it the sun drops early in the afternoon like a plummet. Sunset in Gastein is no affair of the almanac. Every point has its own calendar. Long after Gastein — or Bad-Gastein, as we ought to begin to call it — is in shadow, Hof-Gastein, in the open meadow three miles below, is yellow with sun. To the east and south are more mountains and higher, but not in range with each other, — the

Stühle, the Radhausberg, Ankogel, and Gamskarkogel, all between six and twelve thousand feet high. Thus the view from the west side of the valley has far more beauty and variety. There are now on this side only a few houses, but ultimately it must be Gastein's West End.

The geologists, who know, say that where now are the valleys of Gastein and Bockstein were once two great lakes, which the earth in a spasm of thirst some day gulped down at a swallow; all but the water of the perverse river Ache, which would not be swallowed. When the cold water went in, some of the pent-up hot water jumped at the chance of getting out: hence the famous hot springs, great marvel and blessing of Gastein.

There are eighteen of these hot springs, some trickling slowly from the rocks, some bubbling out in the very midst of the cold water of the cascade. They make the best of their loopholes of escape, coming into town at rate of one hundred and thirty-two thousand cubic feet every twenty-four hours. The water is perfectly colorless and tasteless; yet the list of sulphates and chlorides, etc. of which it is made is a long one, numbering nine in all. The recipe is an old one, and probably good, though it sounds formidable.

The legend of its discovery is, that in the year 680 three hunters, following a wounded stag, found him bathing his wounds in one of these hot springs, whose vapor attracted their attention. A little later the Romans, seeking after gold and silver, penetrated to the valley and found living there two holy men named Primus and Felicianus. This was in the days of Rupert, the first of the Salzburg Archbishops. Primus and Felicianus were carried prisoners to Rome and thrown to the lions in the Coliseum. But they still live as the Patron Saints of Gastein. All good Catholics coming to be cured of disease — and most who come are good Catholics — invoke the prayers of Saints Primus and Felicianus, and,

when they go away, leave grateful record in the chronicles of Gastein, beginning: "To God and the Saints Primus and Felicianus be thanks."

The Salzburg Archbishops kept possession of the valley until late in the seventeenth century. Then it went through half a century of political and religious warfares, passing from the Archbishops to other rulers, then to Bavaria, and finally to Austria, which still holds it. There is an Austrian commandant at St. Johann, an Austrian judge at Hof-Gastein, and at Bad-Gastein an Austrian bath inspector and government commissioner.

But still the church holds sway. There is a Roman Catholic curate in every village, a magnificent Catholic church going up in the very centre of Bad-Gastein, and nobody can stay two days in the town without being visited by sweet-voiced Sisters of Charity in black, who ask, and are sure to get, alms for the poor in the name of Primus and Felicianus.

Life in Gastein begins bewilderingly for the newly arrived. How it began for us I would not dare to tell. It would be foolish to throw away one's reputation for veracity on the single stake of an utterly incredible statement as to the number of beds one had slept in in forty-eight hours. But not the most experienced and cautious traveller in the world can be sure of escaping an experience like ours. He will have telegraphed beforehand for rooms, having read in his Murray that Wildbad-Gastein in August is so crowded with the nobility of Russia, Germany, and Austria that it is not safe to go there without this precaution. As he steps out of his carriage in front of Straubinger's Hotel, Gustav, the pompous head-waiter, will wave him back, and explain with much flourish that there is not so much as one square inch of unoccupied room under Straubinger's roof, but that he can have for one day a room in the great stone Schloss opposite. At end of that day Lord A — is coming to take the apartment for a month. By that time Count B — will have va-

cated another, Gustav does not remember exactly where, but he can have it for a few hours; and then when the Prince, or Duke, or Herr, who has claims on that at a fixed minute, arrives, he can move to another which will be sure to be vacant; or if it is not, he can go to sleep at Böckstein, four miles farther up the valley, or at Hof-Gastein, three miles farther down.

There can be nothing on earth like the problem of lodging at Bad-Gastein in August, except jumping for life from cake to cake of ice in the Polar Sea. It is very exciting and amusing for a time, if the cakes are not too far apart. In the mean time, you eat your breakfast on the cake where you have slept, your dinner on the road to the next one, and your tea when you get there. Very good are the breakfasts and teas in all these lodging-houses, served by smiling, white-aproned housekeepers, who kiss your hand in token of allegiance, and bring you roses and forget-me-nots on your name day, if they happen to find out what it is. Good butter, milk, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, figs, tomatoes, grapes, pears, plums, eggs, — all these you can have for the asking; bread which is white and fine, and which they think delicious who have not communed with Liebig and learned to ask for the good, nutritious brans. But with the milk and the fruit and now and then a resolute pull at the native black bread, anise-seed and all, one can breakfast and tea happily. But when you ask for dinner, the face of nature changes. The thing called dinner you can eat at a *table d'hôte* in the hotels, or in a *café*, or you can have it sent to you at your lodgings, in a slippery tower of small white china tubs, which, when they are ranged round you on your table, make you think of a buttery washing-day. What may be in these tubs, Heaven forbid that I should try to describe. Who lives to dine had better not go to Gastein; in fact, who cannot get along without dining had better stay away. He who is wise will fight clear of the hotels and *cafés*, make interest with his landlady

to give him a sort of picnic lunch at noonday, and postpone ideas of a dinner till he returns to that paradise among hotels, the Europa at Salzburg. These hearty, strong, tireless Germans, who climb a mountain or two of a morning for summer pleasure, find it nowise unsatisfactory to stop anywhere on the road, and eat anything for dinner. They do it as naturally as goats nibble a living from one rock to-day and another to-morrow. They are better off than we in being so much less wedded to routine; but it is a freedom not easy to acquire. For the average American to sleep in one house, breakfast in a second, dine in a third, tea in a fourth, and sleep again in a fifth, seems to turn life into a perpetual pass-over, not to be endured for many weeks at a time.

Having made sure of a breakfast, and that Lord A, B, or C will not require your apartment before noon, you go out to look Gastein in the face, hear the sound and feel the heat of its wonderful waters.

Water to right, water to left, cold water, warm water, hot water, water trickling from rocks, water running from spouts, water boiling out of sight and sending up steam, and in and around and above and beyond everything the great waterfall thundering down its three hundred feet, deafening you with noise however far you go, and drenching you with spray if you come near.

"O, which water is for what disease?" we exclaim, curious to taste of all, afraid to taste of any, remembering Hahnemann, whom we revere.

"Go to Dr. Pröll," says everybody. "He is the man to tell you all about Gastein. He knows it thoroughly."

Indeed he does. He may be said to have Gastein by heart.

Between nine and eleven in the mornings there is a chance of finding Dr. Pröll at his tiny, odd, three-roomed office, which is composed of equal parts of bare rock and vapor-bath. At all other hours of the day they who wish to see him must watch and waylay him as sportsmen do game. Each man

you ask will have seen him just the minute before running rapidly up or down some hill, but you will be wise not to attempt overtaking him.

Dr. Pröll is a man whom it belongs to Victor Hugo to describe. Words less subtle than his cannot draw the lines of a nature at once so electric, so simple, so pure, so wise, so enthusiastic, so gentle, so childlike, so strong. Reverently I ask his pardon for saying, even at this distance, this much.

On the table in the room where Dr. Pröll receives his patients stands a dingy little apparatus, at sight of which one idly wonders, — a magnetic needle swinging by pink floss silk under a low oval clock-case of glass, a small electrical battery, and a red glass vessel half full of water. These are the silent but eloquent witnesses which tell the secret of the naiad of Gastein. The doctor's blue eyes sparkle with eagerness as he immerses the battery in the water from the hot spring, and, connecting the wires with the electrometer, watches to see the needle move. He has done this perhaps thousands of times, but the thousandth time and the first are alike to all true lovers of science, — to all true lovers in the world, for that matter.

"You see? you see?" he exclaims.

Yes, we see that the needle swings fifty degrees. The temperature of the water was 14° Réaumur. Then he puts the battery into distilled water of the same temperature; the needle swings but twenty degrees, into common well-water, same temperature, and it swings but fifteen.

"Now I will to you show that the Gastein water is the only thing in this world over which time has no power," says Dr. Pröll, filling the red glass vessel from another bottle. "This is hot spring water, one year old. It would be the same if it were one hundred years old. Look!"

Yes, the needle swings fifty degrees.

"And now remains the most wonderful experiment of all. I will show you how a very little of this magical water can electrify other water, just as one

electric soul can electrify hundreds of commoner natures."

We smile at this. It is not possible in the first moment to be lifted quite to the heights of Dr. Pröll's enthusiasm. But wait! Here is the battery in common boiled water, temperature 26° Réaumur. The needle moves sluggishly, barely ten degrees.

"You see? you see? we will repeat; all experiments should be twice."

Yes, the needle moves barely ten degrees.

"Now we will turn in an equal quantity of the hot spring water two years old, temperature the same. Look! look!" exclaims the doctor, clasping his hands in the delight of the true experimenter.

Sure enough. The heavy boiled water is electrified into new life. The needle swings forty degrees!

"And this is why I say that the water of Gastein is the water for souls," continues the doctor, lifting out the battery with unconscious lovingness in his touch; "and this is why I say in my book on Gastein, that these baths are the baths of eternal youth; and this is why an old physician, more than a hundred years ago, wrote a little poem, in which he makes the naiad of Gastein say to the invalids,

"If I cannot please all
And cannot bring health to all,
That is common to me and God.
Where there lingers in the blood
The poison of sin and passion in the soul,
There can enter neither God nor I."

One is a little sobered by all this. It is nearer to the air of miracles than we commonly come. Under the impressive silent pointing of this magnetic needle-finger, we listened with grave faith to the account of the effect of these waters on wilted flowers. This is a curious experiment, often tried. Flowers which are to all appearance dead, if they are left for three days in this warm water hold up their heads, regain shape, color, fragrance, and live for several days more. No wonder that old madman Paracelsus thought he had discovered in the Gastein waters the elixir of life. No wonder that

to-day the sweet wild paths of Gastein are crowded with old men seeking to be made young, or, at least, to be saved from growing older.

"It is a strange thing, though," says dear, true-hearted Dr. Pröll,—"it is a strange thing, but in all these twenty years never has one woman come to me to be made young. Every year come many men, praying that they may not grow old; but never yet one woman."

Ah, we thought, perhaps the women are less honest than the men, and do not tell their motives.

But there is not time to grow very superstitious over these tales of magic, for there is so much else to be seen. In the rear room of the office is the hot-vapor bath; through a hole in the floor up comes the hot steam, heated no human being can tell how far down in the heart of the earth; night and day the fires go; for twelve hundred years the bath has been standing ready to steam people. Over the hole in the floor is a mysterious wooden structure, looking like a combination of pillory and threshing-machine. In five minutes, the doctor has shown, by a series of slippings and fittings and joinings, how, for every possible disease, every mentionable part of the body can be separately steamed, inch by inch, till one is cooked well. He wound up with imploring me to put my ear to the end of a long, narrow, wooden pipe which he screwed on the apparatus. "This is sure cure for deafness," he said.

I leaped. I should think it might be. In that second I had heard scouring through my brain all sorts of noises from spheres unknown. The ear-trumpet, which Hood's old woman bought, and "the very next day, heard from her husband at Botany Bay," was nothing to it. The doctor could not understand why I should shrink so from listening to this wild rush of scalding steam from the earth's middle. He would have been shocked to know that, to my inexperience, it seemed nothing less than a speaking-tube from the infernal regions.

But we went nearer yet to the central fires. Up, up a winding path, shaded and made sweet like all Gastein's paths by fir-trees, mosses and heath, and bluebells; and there, sunk in the solid rock, was a polished iron gate. A peasant-woman keeps the key of this, and gets a little daily bread by opening it for strangers. She brought suits of stout twilled cloth for us to wear; but we declined them, having learned in the salt-mines of Hallein that, the inside of the earth being much cleaner than the outside, it is all nonsense to take such precautions about going in. A poor sick man who was painfully sitting still on a bench near the gate, seeing our preparations, came up and asked to join our party. I fancied that he had a desire to get a little nearer to the head-quarters of cure, and reassure himself by a sight of the miraculous spring. The peasant-woman went on before, carrying a small lantern, which twinkled like a very little good deed in the worst of worlds. The passage was very narrow and low. Overhead were stalactites of yellow and white; the walls dripped ceaselessly; the path was stony and wet. Hotter and hotter it grew as we went on. How much farther could we afford to go, at such geometrical ratio of heat? we were just beginning to ask, when the woman turned and, setting down her lantern, pointed to the spring. It was a very small stream, running out of the rock above her head fast enough to fill a cup in a few seconds, and almost boiling hot. We all put our fingers solemnly in and solemnly put them to our lips; the woman nodded and said, "Good, good"; crossing herself, I suppose in the name of the good Saints Primus and Felicianus, she led the way out. I felt like crossing myself too. High-temperature underground places are singularly uncanny, and give one respect for the old mythology's calculation of the meridian of Tartarus.

For rainy days—and those are, must we own it? seventeen out of every thirty in Gastein—there is a most cu-

rious provision in the shape of a long glass gallery, four hundred and fifty feet long and twelve wide. Here the noble invalidism and untitled health and curiosity may walk, read, smoke, eat, trade, and sleep too, for aught I know. It is the oddest of places; so many hundred feet of conservatory, with all sorts of human plants leaning against its sides, in tilted chairs; I never grew weary of walking through it, or flattening my nose against its panes just behind the aristocratic shoulders of his Highness the Grand Chamberlain of —, as he sat reading some court journal or other. A little room at the end holds a piano and two tables covered with a species of literature which was new to me, but which all Gastein seemed to feed and subsist on, that is, the lists of all the visitors at all the baths and watering-places in Europe. Pamphlet after pamphlet, they arrived every few days, corrected and annotated with care, the silliest and most meaningless census which could be imagined. But eager women came early to secure first reading of them, and other women with eyes fixed on the fortunate possessor of the valuable news sat waiting for their turn to come. This room is exclusively for women; opening out of it, in continuation of satire on their probable requirements, is a confectioner's shop; next comes the general reading-room, where are all the Continental journals of importance; next a long, empty room for promenading, where your only hindrance will be the appealing looks from venders of fancy wares, who have their glass cases in a row on one side; then comes the covered walk, also four fifths glass, on the bridge over the waterfall; and then comes the Stranbinger Platz, the smallest, busiest, noisiest, most pompous little Platz in the world; one side hotel, three sides lodging-house, and all sides waterfall; lodgers and loungers incessantly walking to and fro, or sitting on benches taking coffee, and staring listlessly at other lodgers and loungers; booths of fruit; booths of photographs; booths of flowers; booths of

shoes; booths of inconceivable odds and ends, which nobody thought of wanting before they came in, but which everybody will buy before they go out, and will wish they had not when they come to pack; here, every day, come bare-kneed hunters, bringing warm, dead chamois slung on their shoulders; black and yellow Eilwagens drive up with postilions in salmon and blue, wearing big brass horns at their sides; Madame the Countess —, dressed with blue silk trimmed with point lace, sits under a white fringed sunshade, on a chair in front of Straubinger's Hotel; and Madame the Frau — sits, barefooted, bareheaded, opposite her, selling strawberries at eight kreutzers a tumblerful, and knitting away for dear life on a woollen stocking; all this and much more in a little square which can be crossed in ten steps. It is like a play; once seated, you sit on and on, unconsciously waiting for the curtain to fall: on your right hand is the orchestra, ten pieces, who play wild Tyrolese airs very well, and add much to the dramatic effects of things. Sunset is the curtain for this theatre, and dinner the only *enter'acte*. The instant the sun drops, the players scatter, the booths fold up; Madame the Countess sweeps off into the hotel; Madame the Frau rolls up her knitting, cautiously mixes together her fresh and her old strawberries, and starts off brave and strong to mount to her chamber in the air, miles up on some hill.

This play grows wearying to watch sooner than one would suppose. After a few days, one finds that all the climbing roads and paths lead to better things. There are the Schiller-Höhe, the Café Vergissmeinnicht, the Kaiser Friedrichs Laube (where the Emperor Frederick III. took baths four centuries ago); the Pyrker-Höhe, named after the patriarch of Erlau, the poet Pyrker, the Rudolfs-Höhe, the Windischgrätz-Höhe, and many more *cafés* or summer-houses on shining heights, all of which give new views of the wonderful Gastein valley, and at all of which whoever is German eats and drinks.

The lure of a table, a chair, and a beer-mug seems a small reward to hold out, when for every additional mile that is walked a new world opens to the eye, but the Germans see better through smoke and beer-colored glasses.

Strong adventurous people, who can walk and climb without reckoning distances by aching muscles, have unending delights set before them for every day in Gastein.

In the K  lshachthal are four thousand chamois. Every summer come royal hunting parties to H  f-Gastein, and they who follow them may see chamois flying for their lives; poor things, so helpless in spite of all their marvellous speed and spring.

Then there is the lofty plateau of Nassfeld, the old "Wet Field" mentioned in Roman history. From this can be seen a great amphitheatre of glaciers and the passage by the Malnitzer-Tauern into Carinthia: this dangerous pass has an ineffable charm, from the fact that it is one of the only two ways out of the smiling Gastein valley. Once in, should any chance destroy the road in that wild Klamme through which the fierce Ache goes and you came, you have no possible way of escape, except on foot or on horseback, by the Malnitzer-Tauern.

After the Nassfeld come the old gold-mines in the Radhausberg, where the old Weitmosers made and lost their fortunes, and every stone has its legend: the B  ckhardt Mountain, with a poisoned lake in which no fish can swim, near which no bird can fly and no flower can grow; the valley Anlaufthal, on one side of which rises the royal hill Ankogel, eleven thousand feet high, and called the Eldorado of mineralogists; and last, because greatest, the snow-topped mountain Gamskarkogel, the Righi of Austria, which looks down upon more than one hundred glaciers.

All this and more for well people. As for sick people their tale is soon told, either here or elsewhere. Hood's definition of medicine was exhaustive. In Gastein, however, little is done with

spoons; people go into their medicine, instead of its going into them. Nobody takes but one bath a day; the stronger invalids take it in the morning before breakfast, and are allowed to go their ways for the rest of the day. The weaker ones take it at ten o'clock in the forenoon, lie in bed for one hour after it, then eat dinner, then are commanded to dawdle gently about out of doors until one hour before sunset, after which they are, upon no excuse whatever, to leave the house. There are they who drink mineral waters from B  ckstein, drink whey, drink goats' milk, eat grapes, eat figs, all for cure. They all look tired of being ill; and they all give a semi-professional and inquisitive stare at each new-comer, as if they were thinking, "Ha, he looks as if he had it worse than I!" Poor souls. It seems a considerable price to pay for the rush-candle, to keep it burning under such difficulties and restrictions.

In a little pamphlet written by Dr. Pr  ll upon Gastein are some explicit directions as to the proper course to be pursued by all invalids who hope to be cured by the Gastein waters. Reading them over, one smiles, quietly, wondering if careful following out of such directions would not be of itself sufficient cure for most ailments.

"Before arriving at Gastein, visit all such places, cities, mountains, mines, as you would wish to see.

"Also close up all your most annoying or engrossing business affairs."

Among the "leading conditions of success in the use of the baths," he enumerates,

"A cheerful, amiable and contented disposition," and

"Implicit obedience to the physician"; and adds that, after the treatment, there must be, during a period of from three to twelve weeks,

"Mental tranquillity.

"No business nor bodily fatigue.

"No long walks nor climbings.

"No remedials, internal nor external; a tepid bath once a week, but no other bath!"

But from the days of the Archbishops until now, it seems to have been held especially incumbent on all persons coming to these baths for help to come with quiet souls and pure consciences. The first volume of the "Chronicles of Gastein" is black and battered and yellow as an old monkish missal. More than half of the writing is entirely illegible; but clear and distinct on its first page stands out the motto, written there in 1681, and copied, I believe, from the bath of some Roman Emperor, —

"Curarum vacuus hunc adeas locum
Ut morborum vacuum abire queas
Non enim curatur qui curat."

Which good advice freely translated, would be somewhat like this, "Whoever comes here to be cured must leave his cares at home; for if he worries he will never get well."

These "Chronicles of Gastein" are a never-failing source of amusement. There are fifteen volumes of them, written by the invalids themselves, from 1680 until now. The records are written in old Latin, old German, old French, all more or less illegible, so that there is endless interest in groping among them on the thousandth chance of finding something that can be deciphered. The books are carefully kept at the *cure's* house, and the volume for 1869 is quite a grand affair, having a mysterious locked brass box in one of the covers. This is to receive the contributions of charitable people who are not sick, and of sick people who are superstitious and wish to propitiate the good Saints Primus and Felicianus.

The box has the following inscription: —

"For the support of the school, and of the poor of both churches of the holy Primus and Felicianus, and the holy Nicholas church at

WILDBAD-GASTEIN.

In order that the Almighty God may bless by the prayers of those holy patrons of the Bath, the noble gift of the health-giving spring to all the patients."

There are many most curious entries

in these chronicles, and no one can look through them without being impressed by the singular unanimity of testimony, during two hundred years, to the efficacy of the waters. Here and there, however, a discontented soul has written out his grumblings; as, for instance, one Count Maximilian Joseph, Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria, who wrote on the 4th of July, 1747, in very cramped and crabbed old French: "Reader, greeting! May God preserve you from the *four* elements of this country which are all equally wonderful, even the ennui"; and an unknown grumbler of the English nation, one hundred and five years later, who was too courteous or too politic to sign his name to this couplet, —

"Drenched with fountain, bath, and rain,
God knows if I've been drenched in vain."

In 1732 Ludovic Frierfund wrote: "The fourth of July I began to use these baths. Now I am so much better, I believe I shall regain my health." (15th July.)

A few days later the grateful Baroness Anna Sophia, of Gera, writes: "To God and the two patron saints Primus and Felicianus shall be the greatest thanks that I have used for the second time these blessed baths."

In 1752 the Countess Anna Maria Barbara Christiana, of Rönigs, declared: "I have finished this cure with the aid of God, and the Holy Mother, and the two saints Primus and Felicianus, and depart in full health on the 17th of July."

In 1830 Babette Brandhuber, may her soul rest in peace! left on one of the pages of the chronicle a little German verse, of which this is almost a literal translation: —

"O holy spring and friendly vale,
I came here full of pain!
My full heart writes this grateful tale,
I leave thee well again."

I am sorry to say that there have been in Gastein two or three Americans and English less poetically gifted than Babette, who have filled several pages of this volume with rhymes for which one blushes.

The two best things I found were a

little record of one "Ruf, a money-changer of Munich," who, probably in a half-defiant display of his unpoetical calling, left only that signature to this couplet:—

"TO THE NAIAD OF GASTEIN.

"A kiss from woman's lips brings luck,
I kissed thee and am well."

And the following French verses. The author's name seems to have been purposely written so that no human being can decipher it, though the date is so recent. But the handwriting is evidently that of a woman:—

"AUX BAIGNEURS.

"Savez-vous qu'est à Gastein
Ou vous baignez pleins d'espérance?
Mes chers amis, j'en suis certain
C'est la fontaine de jouvence.

"Dans ses eaux jettez une fleur,
Rose depuis long temps flétrie;
Bientôt fraîcheur, parfum, couleur
À la rose rendront la vie.

"Ainsi puis qu'on peut y gagner
De quoi prolonger l'existence;
Amis, venez souvent baigner
À la fontaine de jouvence."

(20th July, 1820.)

Half a century ago! Youth and hope are over for her by this time; though perhaps youth and hope are just beginning for her, by this time, the true youth, the immortal hope; but whether she be to-day old on earth or young in heaven, I fancy her all the same, cherishing in her heart the memory of the rare, beautiful, blessed, dear Gastein valley.

Gastuna tantum una!

H. H.

MADAM DELIA'S EXPECTATIONS.

MADAM DELIA sat at the door of her show-tent, which, as she had discovered too late, had been pitched on the wrong side of the Parade. It was "Election day" in Oldport, and there must have been a thousand people in the public square; there were really more than the four policemen on duty could properly attend to, so that half of them had leisure to step into Madam Delia's tent, and see little Gerty and the rattlesnakes. It was past the appointed hour; but the exhibition had never yet been known to open for less than ten spectators, and even the addition of the policemen only made eight. So the mistress of the show sat in resolute expectation, a little defiant of the human race. It was her thirteenth annual tour, and she knew mankind.

Surely there were people enough; surely they had money enough; surely they were easily pleased. They gathered in crowds to hear crazy Mrs. Green denouncing the city government of ten years ago for sending her to the poorhouse in a wagon instead of a carriage. They thronged to inspect

the load of hay which was drawn by the two horses whose harness had been cut to pieces and then repaired by Denison's Eureka Cement. They all bought whips with that unfailing readiness which marks a rural crowd; they bought packages of lead-pencils with a dollar distributed through every six parcels, so skilfully that the oldest purchaser had never found more than ten cents in his. They let the man who cured neuralgia rub his magic curative on their foreheads; and allowed the man who cleaned watch-chains to dip theirs in the purifying powder. They twirled the magic arrow, which never by any chance rested at the corner compartments where the gold watches and the heavy bracelets were piled, but perpetually recurred to the side stations, and indicated only a beggarly prize of india-rubber sleeve-buttons. They bought ten cents' worth of jewelry, obtaining for that amount a mingled treasure of two breastpins, a plain gold ring, an enamelled ring, and "a piece of California gold." But still no added prizes in the human lot-

tery fell to the show-tent of Madam Delia.

As time went on and the day grew warmer, the crowd grew visibly less enterprising and business flagged. The man with the lifting-machine pulled at the handles himself, a gratuitous exhibition before a circle of boys now penniless. The man with the metallic polish dipped and redipped his own watch-chain. The men at the booths sat down to lunch upon the least presentable of their own pies. The proprietor of the magic arrow, who had already two large breastpins on his dirty shirt, selected from his own board another to grace his coat-collar, as if thereby to summon back the waning fortunes of the day. But Madam Delia still sat at her post, undaunted. She kept her eye on two sauntering militiamen in uniform, but they only read her sign and seated themselves on the curbstone, to smoke. Then a stout black soldier came in sight; but he turned and sat down at a table to eat oysters, served by a vast and smiling matron of his own race. But even this, though perhaps the most wholly cheerful exhibition that the day yielded, had no charms for Madam Delia. Her own dinner was ordered at the public-house after the morning show; and where is the human being who does not resent the spectacle of another human being who dines earlier than himself?

It grew warmer, so warm that the canvas walls of the tent seemed to grasp a certain armful of heat and keep it inexorably in; so warm that the out-of-door man was dozing as he leaned against the tent-stake, and only recovered himself at the sound of Madam Delia's penetrating voice, and again began to summon people in, though there was nobody within hearing. It was so warm that Mr. De Marsan, born Bangs, the wedded husband of Madam Delia, dozed as he walked up and down the sidewalk, and had hardly voice enough to testify as an unconcerned spectator to the value of the show. Only the unwearied zeal of

the show-woman defied alike thermometer and neglect. She kept her eye on everything, on Old Bill as he fed the monkeys within, on Monsieur Comstock, as he hung the trapèze for the performance, on the little girls as they tried to peddle their songs, on the sleepy out-of-door-man, and on the people who did not draw near. If she could, she would have played all the parts in her own small company, and would have put the inexhaustible nervous energies of her own New England nature (she was born at Meddibemps, State of Maine) into all. Apart from this potent stimulus, not a soul in the establishment, save little Gerty alone, possessed any energy whatever. Old Bill had unfortunately never learned total abstinence from the wild animals among which he had passed his life; Monsieur Comstock's brains had chiefly run into his arms and legs; and Mr. De Marsan, the nominal head of the establishment, was a peaceful Pennsylvanian, who commonly moved as slowly as if he were one of those processions that take a certain number of hours to pass a given point. This Madam Delia understood and expected; he was an innocent who was to be fed, clothed, and directed, but his languor was no excuse for the manifest feebleness of the out-of-door man.

"That man don't know how to talk no more 'n nothin' at all," said Madam Delia reproachfully to the large policeman who stood by her. "He never speaks up bold to nobody. Why don't he tell 'em what's inside the tent? I don't want him to say no more 'n the truth, but he might tell that. Tell 'em about Gerty, you nincum! Tell 'em about the snakes. Tell 'em what Comstock is. 'Tain't the real original Comstock" (this to the policeman), "it's only another that used to perform with him in Comstock Brothers. This one can't swaller, so we leave out the knives."

"Where s 't other?" said the sententious policeman, whose ears were always open for suspicious disappearances.

"Did n't you hear?" cried the incredulous lady "Scattered! Gone! Went off one day with a box of snakes and two monkeys. Come, now, you must have heard. We had a sight of trouble payin' detectives."

"What for a looking fellow was he?" said the policeman.

"Dark complected," was the reply "Black mustache. He understood his business, I tell you now. Swallowed five or six knives to onst, and give good satisfaction to any audience. It was him that brought us Gerty and Anne,—that's the other little girl. I did n't know as they was his children, and did n't know *as* they was, but one day he said he got 'em from an old woman in New York and that was all he knew."

"They're smart," said the man, whom Gerty had just coaxed into paying three cents instead of two for Number Six of the "Singer's Journal," a dingy little sheet, containing a song about a fat policeman, which she had brought to his notice.

"You'd better believe it," said Madam Delia, proudly. "At least, Gerty is; Anne ain't. I tell 'em, Gerty knows enough for both. Anne don't know nothin', and what she does know she don't know sartin. All she can do is just to hang on: she's the strongest and she does the heavy business on the trapèze and parallel bars."

"Is Gerty good on that?" said the public guardian.

"I tell *you*," said the head of the establishment. — "Go and dress, children! Five minutes!"

All this time Madam Delia had been taking occasional fees from the tardy audience, had been making change, detecting counterfeit currency, and discerning at a glance the impostures of one deceitful boy who claimed to have gone out on a check and lost it. At last Stephen Blake and his little sister entered, and the house was regarded as full. These two revellers had drained deep the cup of "Election-day" excitement. They had twirled all the arrows, bought all the jewelry,

inspected all the colored eggs, blown at all the spirometers, and tasted all the egg-pop which the festal day required. These delights exhausted, they looked round for other worlds to conquer, saw Madam Delia at her tent-door, and were conquered by her.

She did, indeed, look energetic and comely as she sat at the receipt of custom, her smooth black hair relieved by gold ear-rings, her cotton velvet sack by a white collar, and her dark gingham dress by linen cuffs not very much soiled and a cheap breastpin. The black leather bag at her side had a well-to-do look; but all else in the establishment looked perhaps a little poverty-stricken. The tent was made of very worn and soiled canvas and was but some twenty-five feet square. There were no seats, and the spectators sat on the grass. There was a very small stage raised some six feet; this was covered with some strips of old carpet, and surrounded by a few old and tattered curtains. Through their holes you could easily see the lithe brown shoulders of the little girls as they put on their professional suits; and on the other side Monsieur Comstock, scarcely hidden by the drapery, leaned against a cross-bar, and rested his chin upon his tattooed arms as he counted the spectators. Among these Mr. De Marsan, pacing slowly, distributed copies of this programme: —

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR.

MADAM DELIA'S

MUSEUM AND VARIETY COMBINATION
WILL EXHIBIT.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PUBLIC.—*The Proprietors would say that they have abandoned the old and played-out practice of decorating the outer walls of all principal streets with flaming Posters and Handbills, and have adopted the congenial, and they trust successful, plan of advertising with Programmes, giving a full and accurate description as now organized, which will be distributed in Hotels, Saloons, Factories, Workshops, and all private dwellings, by their Special Agents, three days before the exhibition takes place.*

MADAM DELIA WITH HER
PET SNAKES.

MISS GERTY,
THE CHILD WONDER,
DANSEUSE AND CONTORTIONIST,
will appear in her wonderful feats at each performance.

MONS. COMSTOCK,
THE CHAMPION SWORD-SWALLOWER,
will also exhibit his wonderful power of swallowing Five Swords, measuring from 14 to 22 inches in length. It is not so much the beauty of this feat that makes it so remarkable, as its seeming impossibility.

MASTER BOBBY,
THE BANJO SOLOIST AND BURLESQUE.

COMIC ACROBAT
BY MISS GERTY AND MONS. COMSTOCK.

MADAM DELIA,
THE WONDERFUL AND ORIGINAL
SNAKE-TAMER,
with her Pets, measuring 12 feet in length and weighing 50 lbs. A pet Rattlesnake, 15 years of age, captured on the Prairies of Illinois, — oldest on exhibition.

In connection with this Exhibition there are
ANT-EATERS, AFRICAN MONKEYS, &c.
COSMORAMIC STEREOSCOPIC SCENES
in the United States and other Countries, including a view of the Funeral Procession of President Taylor, which is alone worth the price of admission.

Exhibition every half-hour, during day and evening.
SECURE YOUR SEATS EARLY!

ADMISSION 20 CENTS.

 *Particular care will be taken and nothing shall occur to offend the most fastidious.*

Stephen and his little sister strolled about the tent meanwhile. The final preparations went slowly on. The few spectators teased the ant-eater in one corner, or the first violin in another. One or two young farmers' boys were a little uproarious with egg-pop, and danced awkward breakdowns at the end of the room. Then a cracked bell sounded and the curtain rose, showing hardly more of the stage than was plainly visible before.

Little Gerty, aged ten, came in first, all rumpled gauze and tarnished spangles, to sing. In a poor little voice, feeble and shriller than the chattering of the monkeys, she sang a song about

the "Grecian Bend," and enacted the same; walking round and round the stage, whirling her tawdry finery. Then Anne, aged twelve, came in as a boy and joined her. Both the girls had rather pretty features, blue eyes, and tightly curling hair; both had pleasing faces; but Anne was solid and phlegmatic, while Gerty was keen and flexible as a weasel, and almost as thin. Presently Anne went out and reappeared as "Master Bobby" of the bills, making love to Gerty in that capacity, through song and dance. Then Gerty was transformed by the addition of a single scarf into a "Highland Maid," and danced a fling; this quite gracefully, to the music of two violins. Exeunt the children and enter "Madam Delia and her pets."

The show-woman had laid aside her velvet sack and appeared with bare neck and arms. Over her shoulders hung a rattlesnake fifteen feet long, while a smaller specimen curled from each hand. The reptiles put their cold triangular faces against hers, they touched her lips, they squirmed around her; she tied their tails together in elastic knots that soon undid; they reared their heads above her black locks till she looked like a stage Medusa, then laid themselves lovingly on her shoulder, and hissed at the audience. Then she lay down on the stage and pillowed her head on the writhing mass. She opened her black bag and took out a tiny brown snake which she placidly transferred to her bosom; then turned to a barrel into which she plunged her arm and drew out a black, hissing coil of mingled heads and tails. Her keen, good-natured face looked cheerfully at the audience through it all, and took away the feeling of disgust, and something of the excitement of fear.

The lady and the pets retiring, Gerty's hour of glory came. She hated singing and only half enjoyed character dancing, but in posturing she was in her glory. Dressed in soiled tights that showed every movement of her little body, she threw herself upon the

stage with a hand-spring, then kissed her hand to the audience, and followed this by a back-somerset. Then she touched her head by a slow effort to her heels; then turned away, put her palms to the ground, raised her heels gradually in the air and in this inverted position kissed first one hand, then the other, to the spectators. Then she crossed the stage in a series of somersets, then rolled back like a wheel; then held a hoop in her two hands and put her whole slender body through it, limb after limb. To her enter Monsieur Comstock. He threw a hand-spring and gave her his feet to stand upon; she grasped them with her hands and inverted herself, her feet pointing skyward. Then he resumed the ordinary attitude of rational beings and she lay on her back across his uplifted palms, which supported her neck and feet; then she curled herself backward around his waist, almost touching head and heels. Indeed, whatever the snakes had done to Madam Delia, Gerty seemed possessed with a wish to do to Monsieur Comstock, all but the kissing. Then that eminent foreigner vanished, and the odors of his pipe came faintly through the tattered curtain, while Anne entered to help Gerty in the higher branches.

A double trapèze — just two horizontal bars suspended at different heights by ropes and straps — had been swung from the ceiling. Gerty ascended to the upper bar, hung from it by her hand, then by her knees, then by her feet, then sat upon it, sank slowly backward, suddenly dropped, and as some children in the audience shrieked in terror, she caught by her feet in the side-ropes and came up smiling. It was a part of the play. Then another trapèze was hung, and was set swinging toward the first, and Gerty flung herself in triumph, with varied somersets, from one to the other, while Anne rattled the banjo below and sang,

"I fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
A daring young man on the flying trapèze."

Then the child stopped to rest, while all hands were clapped and only the

unreverberating turf kept the feet from echoing also. People flocked in from outside, and Madam Delia was kept busy at the door. Then Gerty came down to the lower bar, while Anne ascended the upper, and hung to it solidly by her knees. Thus suspended, she put out her hands to Gerty, who put her feet into them, and hung head-downward. There was a shuddering pause, while the two children clung thus dizzily, but the audience had seen enough of peril to lose all fear.

"Those straps are safe?" asked Stephen of Mr. De Marsan.

"Law bless you, yes," replied that placid functionary. "Comstock's been on 'em."

Precisely as he spoke one of the straps gave downward a little, and then rested firm; it was not a half-inch, but it jarred the children.

"Gerty, I'm slipping," cried Anne. "We shall fall!"

"No, we sha'n't, silly," said the other, quickly. "Hold on. Comstock, swing me the rope."

Stephen sprang to the stage and swung her the rope by which they had climbed to the upper bar. It fell short and Gerty missed it. Anne screamed, and slipped visibly.

"You can't hold," said Gerty. "Let go my feet."

"You'll be killed," called Anne, slipping still more.

"Let go, I say!" shouted the resolute Gerty, while the whole audience rose in excitement. Instantly the hands of the elder girl opened and down fell Gerty, headforemost, full fifteen feet, striking heavily on her shoulder, while Anne, relieved of the weight, recovered easily her position and slipped down into Stephen's arms. She threw herself down beside the little comrade whose presence of mind had saved at least one of them.

"O Gerty, are you killed?" she said.

"I want Delia," gasped the child.

Madam Delia was at her side already, having rushed from the door, where a surging host of boys had already swept in gratis. Gerty writhed in pain. Ste-

phen felt her collar-bone and found it bent like a horseshoe; and she fainted before she could be taken from the stage.

When restored, she was quite exhausted, and lay for days perfectly subdued and gentle, sleeping most of the time. During these days she had many visitors, and Mr. De Marsan had ample opportunity for the simple enjoyments of his life, tobacco and conversation. Stephen and his sister came often, and while she brought her small treasures to amuse Gerty, he freely pumped the proprietor. Madam Delia had been in the snake business, it appeared, since early youth, thirteen years ago. She had been in De Marsan's employ for eight years before her marriage, and his equal and lawful partner for five years since. At first they had travelled as side-show to a circus, but that was not so good.

"The way is, you see," said Mr. De Marsan, "to take a place like Providence, that's a good show-town, right along, and pitch your tent and live there. Keep-still pays, they say. You'd have to hire a piece of ground anywhere, for five or six dollars a day, and it don't cost much more by the week. You can board for four or five dollars a week, but if you board by the day it's a dollar and a half." To which words of practical wisdom Stephen listened with pleased interest. It was not so very many years since he had planned to run away with a circus himself; and by encouraging these simple confidences, he brought round the conversation to the children.

But here he was met by a sheer absence of all information as to their antecedents. The original and deceitful Comstock had brought them and left them two years before. Madam Delia had received flattering offers to take her snakes and Gerty into circuses and large museums, but she had refused for the child's own sake. Did Gerty like it? Yes, she would like to be posturing all day; she could do anything she saw done; she "never needed to be taught nothin'," as Mr. De Marsan asserted

with vigorous accumulation of negatives. He thought her father or mother must have been in the business, she took to it so easily; but she was just as smart at school in the winter, and at everything else. Was the life good for her? Yes, why not? Rough company and bad language? They could hear worse talk every day in the street. "Sometimes a feller would come in with too much liquor aboard," the showman admitted, "and would begin to talk his nonsense; but Comstock would n't ask nothin' better than to pitch such a feller out, especially if he should sarce the little gals. They were good little gals, and Delia set store by 'em."

When Stephen and his sister went back that night to their kind hostesses, Miss Martha and Miss Amy, the soft hearts of those dear old ladies were melted in an instant by Gerty's courage and catastrophe. They had lived peacefully all their lives in that motherly old house by the bay-side, where successive generations had lived before them. The painted tiles around the open fire looked as if their fops and fine ladies had stepped out of the Spectator and the Tatler; the great mahogany chairs looked as hospitable as when De Noailles was quartered in the house during the Revolution, and its Quaker owner, Miss Martha's grand-uncle, had carried out a seat that the weary French sentinel might sit down. Descended from one of those families of Quaker beauties whom De Lauzun celebrated, they bore the memory of those romantic lives as something very sacred, in hearts which perhaps held romances as genuine of their own. Miss Martha's sweet face was softened by advancing deafness and by that gentle, appealing look which comes when mind and memory grow a little dimmer, though the loving nature knows no change. "Sister Amy says," she meekly confessed, "that I am losing my memory. But I do not care very much. There are so few things worth remembering!"

They kept house together in sweet accord, and were indeed trained in the

neat Quaker ways so thoroughly, that they always worked by the same methods. In opinion and emotion they were almost duplicates. Yet the world holds no absolute and perfect correspondence, and it is useless to affect to conceal what was apparent to any intimate guest, that there was one domestic question on which perfect sympathy was wanting. During their whole lives they had never been able to take precisely the same view of the best method of grinding Indian meal. Miss Martha preferred to have it from a wind-mill; while Miss Amy was too conscientious to deny that she thought it better when prepared by a water-mill. She said firmly, though gently, that it seemed to her "less gritty."

Living their whole lives in this scarcely broken harmony by the margin of the bay, they had long dwelt in concert upon one delicious dream. They had talked of it for many an hour by their evening fire, and they had looked from their chamber windows toward the Red Light upon Rose Island to see if it were coming true. This air-castle was, that they were to awake some morning after an autumnal storm, and to find an unknown vessel ashore behind the house, without name or crew or passengers; only there was to be one sleeping child, with aristocratic features and a few yards of exquisite embroidery. Years had passed, and their lives were waning, without a glimpse of that precious waif of gentle blood. Once in an October night Miss Martha had been awakened by a crash, and looking out, had seen that their pier had been carried away, and that a dark vessel lay stranded with her bowsprit in the kitchen window. But daylight revealed the schooner Polly Lawton, with a cargo of coal, and the dream remained unfulfilled. They had never revealed it, except to each other.

Moved by a natural sympathy, Miss Martha went with Stephen to see the injured child. Gerty lay asleep on a rather dingy little mattress, with Mr. Comstock's overcoat rolled beneath her head. A day's illness will commonly

make even the coarsest child look refined and interesting; and Gerty's physical organization was anything but coarse. Her pretty hair curled softly round her head; her delicate profile was relieved against the rough, dark pillow; and the tips of her little pink ears could not have been improved by art, though they might have been by soap and water. Warm tears came into Miss Martha's eyes, which were quickly followed from corresponding fountains in Madam Delia's.

"Thy own child?" said or rather signalled Miss Martha, forming the letters softly with her lips. Stephen had his own reasons for leaving her to ask this question in all ignorance.

"No, ma'am," said the show-woman. "Not much. Adopted."

"Does thee know her parents?" This was similarly signalled.

"No," said Madam Delia, rather coldly.

"Does thee suppose that they were —" And here Miss Martha stopped, and the color came as suddenly and warmly to her cheeks as if Monsieur Comstock had offered to marry her, and to settle upon her the snakes as exclusive property. Madam Delia divined the question; she had asked and answered it for herself so often.

"I don't know as I know," said she, slowly, "whether you ought to know anythin' about it. But I'll tell you what I know. That child's folks," she added, mysteriously, "lived on Quality Hill."

"Lived where?" said Miss Martha, breathless.

"Upper crust," said the other, defining her symbol still further. "No middlins to 'em. Genteel as anybody. Just look here!"

Madam Delia unclasped her invariable leather bag, brought forth from it a mass of checks and tickets, some bird-seed, a small whip, a dog-collar, and a dingy morocco box. This held a piece of an old-fashioned enamelled ring, and a fragment of embroidered muslin marked "A."

"She'd lived with me six months

before she brought 'em," said the show-woman, whispering.

The bit of handkerchief was enough. Was it a dream? thought the dear old lady. What the ocean had refused, was this sprite who had lived between earth and air to fulfil? Miss Martha bent softly over the bedside, resting her clean glove on the only dirty mattress it had ever touched, and quietly kissed the child. Then she looked up with a radiant face of perfect resolution.

"Mrs. De Marsan," said she, with dignity that was almost solemnity, "I wish to adopt this child. No one can doubt thy kindness of heart, but thee must see that thee is in no condition to give her suitable care and Christian nurture."

"That's a fact," interposed Madam Delia, with a pang.

"Then thee will give her to me?" asked Miss Martha, firmly.

Madam Delia threw her apron over her face, and choked and sobbed beneath it for several minutes. Then reappearing, "It's what I've always expected and mistrusted," said she. Then, with a tinge of suspicion, "Would you have taken her without the ring and handkerchief?"

"Perhaps I should," said the other, gently. "But that seems to make it a clearer call."

"Fair enough," said Madam Delia, submitting. "I ain't denyin' of it." Then she reflected and recommenced. "There never was such a smart performin' child as that since the world began. She can do just anythin', and just as easy! Time and again I might have hired her out to a circus, and she glad of the chance, mind you; but no, I would keep her safe to home. Then when she showed me the ring and things, all my expectations altered very sudden; I knowed we could n't keep her, and I began to mistrust that she would somehow find her folks. I guess my rathers was that she should, considerin'; but I did wish it had been Anne, for *she* ain't got nothin' better in her than just to live genteel."

"But Anne seems a nice child, too," said Miss Martha, consolingly.

"Well, that's just what she is," replied Madam Delia, with some contempt. "But what is she for a contortionist? Ask Comstock what she's got in her! And how to run the show without Gerty, that's what beats me. Why, folks begin to complain already that we advertise swallerin', and yet don't swaller. But never you mind, ma'am, you shall have Gerty. You shall have her," she added with a gulp, "if I have to sell out! Go ahead!" And again the apron went over her.

At this point, Gerty waked up with a little murmur, looked up at Miss Martha's kind face, and smiled a sweet, childish smile. Half asleep still, she put out one thin, muscular little hand, and went to sleep as the old lady took it in hers. A kiss awaked her.

"What has thee been dreaming about, my little girl?" said Miss Martha.

"Angels and things, I guess," said the child, somewhat roused.

"Will thee go home with me and live?" said the lady.

"Yes'm," replied Gerty, and went to sleep again.

Two days after she was well enough to ride to Miss Martha's in a carriage, escorted by Madam Delia and by Anne, "that dull, uninteresting child," as Miss Amy said in the front entry. "So different from this graceful Adelaide." This romantic name was a rapid assumption of the soft-hearted Miss Amy's, but, once suggested, it was as thoroughly fixed as if a dozen baptismal fonts had written it in water.

Madam Delia was sustained, up to the time of Gerty's going, by a sense of self-sacrifice. But this emotion, like other strong stimulants, has its reactions. That remorse for a crime committed in vain, which Dr. Johnson thought the acutest of human emotions, is hardly more depressing than to discover that we have got beyond our depth in virtue, and are in water where we really cannot quite swim, — and this was the good woman's position. During her whole wandering though

blameless life,—in her girlish days, when she charmed snakes at Meddibemps, or through her brief time of service as plain Car'line Prouty at the Biddeford mills, or when she ran away from her step-mother and took refuge among the Indians at Orono, or later, since she had joined her fate with that of De Marsan,—she had never been so severely tried.

"That child was so smart," she said, beneath the evening canvas, to her sympathetic spouse. "I always expected when we got old we'd kinder retire on a farm or suthin', and let her and her husband—say Comstock, if he was young enough—run the business. And even after she showed us the ring and things, I thought likely she'd just come into her property somewheres and take care of us. I don't know as I ever thought she'd leave us, either way, and there she's gone."

"She won't forget us," said the peaceful proprietor.

"No," said the wife, "but it's lonesome. If it had only been Anne! I shall miss Gerty the worst kind. And it'll kill the show!"

And to tell the truth, the show languished. Nothing but the happy acquisition of a Chinese giant nearly eight feet high, with slanting eyes and a long pigtail,—a man who did penance in his height for the undue brevity of his undersized nation,—would have saved the "museum."

Meantime the neat proprieties of orderly life found a poor disciple in Gerty. Her warm heart opened to the dear old ladies; but she found nothing familiar in this phantom of herself, this well-dressed little girl who, after a rapid convalescence, was introduced at school and meeting under the name of Adelaide. The school studies did not dismay her, but she played the jewsharp at recess, and danced the clog-dance in india-rubbers, to the dismay of the little Misses Grundy, her companions. In the calisthenic exercises she threw bean-bags with an untamed vigor that soon ripped the stitches of the bags, and sowed those vegetables in every

crack of the school-room floor. There was a ladder in the garden, and it was some comfort to ascend it hand over hand upon the under side, or to hang by her toes from the upper rung, to the terror of her schoolmates. But she became ashamed of the hard little balls in her palms, where she had grasped the bars, and she grew in general weary of her life. Her clothes pinched her, so did her new boots; Madam Delia had gone to Providence with the show, and Gerty had not so much as seen the new Chinese giant.

Of all days Sunday was the most objectionable, when she had to sit still in Friends' meeting and think how pleasant it would be to hang by the knees, head downward, from the parapet of the gallery. She liked better the Seamen's Bethel, near by, where there was an aroma of tar and tarpaulin that suggested the odors of the show-tent, and where, when the Methodist exhorter gave out the hymn, "Howl, howl, ye winds of night," the choir rendered it with such vigor that it was like being at sea in a northeaster. But each week made it harder, until, having cried herself asleep one Saturday evening, the child rose early the next morning for her orisons, which, I regret to say, were as follows:—

"I must get out of this," quoth Gerty, "I must cut and run. I'll make it all right for the old ladies, for I'll send 'em Anne."

She hunted up such remnants of her original wardrobe as had been thought worth washing and preserving, and having put them on, together with a hat whose trimmings had been vehemently burned by Miss Martha, she set out to seek her fortune. Of all her new possessions, she took only a pair of boots, and those she carried in her hand as she crept softly down stairs.

"Save us!" exclaimed Biddy, who had been to a Mission Mass of incredible length, and was already sweeping the doorsteps. "Christmas!" she added, as a still more pious ejaculation, when the child said, "Good by, Biddy, I'm off now."

"Where to, thin?" exclaimed Biddy.

"To Providence," said Gerty. "But don't you tell."

"But ye can't go the morn's morn-in'," said Biddy. "It's Sunday and there's no cars."

"There's legs," replied the child, briefly, as she closed the door.

"It's much as iver, thin," said the stumpy Hibernian, to herself, as she watched the twinkling retreat of those slim, but vigorous little members.

They had been Gerty's support too long, in body and estate, for her to shrink from trusting them in a walk of a dozen or a score of miles. But the locomotion of Stephen's horse was quicker, and she did not get seriously tired. Fortunately, Madam Delia turned up unexpectedly, that evening, and at the confidential hour of bedtime the child's heart was opened and made a revelation beyond what was expected.

"Won't you be mad, if I tell you something?" she said to Madam Delia, abruptly.

"No," said the show-woman, with surprise.

"Won't you let Comstock box my ears?"

"I'll box his if he does," was the indignant answer. The gravest contest that had ever arisen in the Museum was when Monsieur Comstock, teased beyond endurance, had thus taken the law into his own hands.

"Well," said Gerty, after a pause, "I ain't a great lady, no more 'n nothin'. Them things I brought to you was Anne's."

"Anne's things?" gasped Madam Delia, — "the ring and the piece of a handkerchief."

"Yes 'm," said Gerty, "and I've got the rest." And exploring her little trunk, she produced from a slit in the lining the other half of the ring, with the name "Anne Deering."

"You naughty, naughty girl!" said Madam Delia. "How did you get 'em away from Anne?"

"Coaxed her," said the child.

"Well, how did you make her hush up about it?"

"Told her I'd kill her if she said a single word," said Gerty, undauntedly.

"I showed her Pa De Marsan's old dirk-knife and told her I'd stick it into her if she did n't hush. She was just such a 'fraid-cat she believed me. She might have known I did n't mean nothin'. Now she can have 'em and be a lady. She was always talkin' about bein' a lady, and that put it into my head."

"What did she want to be a lady for?" asked Madam Delia, indignantly.

"Said she wanted to have a parlor and dress tight. I don't want to be one of her old ladies. I want to stay with you, Delia, and learn the clog-dance." And she threw her arms round the show-woman's neck and cried herself to sleep.

Never did the energetic proprietress of a Museum and Variety Combination feel a greater exultation than did Madam Delia that night. The child's offence was all forgotten in the delight of the discovery to which it led. If there had been expectations of social glories to accrue to the house of De Marsan through Gerty's social promotion, they melted away; and the more substantial delight of still having some one to love and to be proud of, — some object of tenderness warmer than snakes and within nearer reach than a Chinese giant, — this came in its stead. The show, too, was in a manner on its feet again. De Marsan said that he would rather have Gerty than a hundred-dollar bill. Madam Delia looked forward and saw herself sinking into the vale of years without a sigh, — reaching a period when a serpent fifteen feet long would cease to charm, or she to charm it, — and still having a source of pride and prosperity in this triumphant girl.

The tent was in its glory, on the day of Gerty's return; to be sure, nothing in particular had been washed except the face of Old Bill, but that alone was a marvel compared with which all "Election day" was feeble, and when you add a paper collar, words

can say no more. Monsieur Comstock also had that "ten times barbered" look which Shakespeare ascribes to Mark Antony, and which has belonged to his successors in the histrionic profession ever since. His chin was unnaturally smooth, his mustache obtrusively perfumed, and nothing but the unchanged dirtiness of his hands still linked him, like Antæus, with the earth. De Marsan had intended some personal preparation, but had been, as usual, in no hurry, and the appointed moment found him, as usual, in his shirt-sleeves. Madam Delia, however, wore a new breastpin and gave Gerty another. And the great attraction, the Chinese giant, had put on a black broadcloth coat across his bony shoulders, in her honor, and made a vigorous effort to sit up straight, and appear at his ease when off duty. He habitually stooped a good deal in private life, as if there were no professional object in

being eight feet high, except before spectators.

Probably no person reared within the smell of sawdust ever quite lost all taste for "the profession"; and Anne, in her promotion, never missed seeing a performance when her wandering friends came her way. If I told you under what name Gerty became a star in the low-comedy line, after her marriage, you would all recognize it; and if you had seen her in "Queen Pippin" or the "Shooting-Star" pantomime, you would wish to see her again. Her first child was named after Madam Delia, and proved to be a placid little thing, demure enough to have been born into the very best society, and exhibiting no contortions nor gymnastics but those common to its years. And you may be sure that the retired show-woman found in the duties of brevet-grandmother a glory that quite surpassed her expectations.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

I.

A FIELD-NIGHT IN THE SPANISH CORTES.

ANY one entering the Session Chamber of the Constituent Cortes, at Madrid, on the night of the 19th of March, 1870, would have observed a state of anxious interest very different from the usual listlessness of that body. For a week or two before, the Budget had been under discussion. The galleries were deserted. The hall showed a vast desert of red-plush benches. A half-dozen conscientious members, with a taste for figures, cried in the wilderness, where there was no one to listen but the reporters. Spanish finances are not a cheerful subject, especially to Spaniards. So while these most important matters were under discussion, the members lounged in the lobbies, and gave themselves up to their

cigarettes, and the idle public shunned the tribunes, as if the red and yellow banner of the Spains that waved above the marble portico were a hospital flag.

But on this night the galleries were crammed. The members were all in their places. The gaslight danced merrily on the polished skulls. I have never seen so remarkable a disproportion between gray hairs and bare pates as in this assembly. There are scarcely half a dozen white heads in the house, while a large majority are bald. This rapid increase of calvity is one of the most curious symptoms of the unnatural life of our day. Formerly a hairless head was a phenomenon. The poet mentions this feature of Uncle Ned as a striking proof of his extreme

age. A king of France who was deficient in *chevelure* passed into history as Charles the Bald. But now half the young bucks in a Parisian cotillon go spinning about the room bareheaded as dancing dervishes. In fact, wearing hair is getting to be considered in the gay world as quaint and *rococo*. The billiard-ball is the type of the modish scone of the period. *C'est mieux porté*, says the languid swell of London. This is perhaps one effect of the club life and *café* life of the time, — the turning of night into day, — burning the candle of life at both ends and whittling at the middle. Nowhere is this persecution of the very principle of life carried farther than in Spain. The frugality of the Spaniards only aggravates the evil. I believe these long nights in the crowded *cafés*, passed in smoking countless cigarettes and drinking seas of cheap and mild slops, are more deteriorating to the nervous system than the mad, wild spees of the American frontiersmen.

The Hall of Sessions is a very pretty semicircular room, the seats of the members being arranged in a half-amphitheatre facing the President's desk. To the left of the President sit the irreconcilable Republicans, next to them the Democrats, then the Carlists and the Union Liberals, and finally, on the extreme right heel of the curving horse-shoe, the Progresistas and the Blue Bench of the Ministers.

The Ministerial Bench is so full tonight that you cannot see the blue velvet. At its head sits a slight, dark man, with a grave, thin-whiskered face and serious black clothes, looking, as an observing friend of mine once said, "like a pious and sympathizing undertaker." He holds in his dark-gloved hands a little black-and-silver cane, with which he thoughtfully taps his neat and glossy boot. The whole manner and air of the man is sober and clerical. *Bien fol est qui s'y fie*. This is the President of the Council, Minister of War, Captain-General of the armies of Spain, the Count of Reus, the Marquis of Castillejos, Don Juan

Prim, in short. A soldier, conspirator, diplomatist, and born ruler; a Cromwell without convictions; a dictator who hides his power; a Warwick who mars kings better than he makes them. We shall see more of him before the evening is over, much more before the century ends.

Next to Marshal Prim is Admiral Topete, the brave and magnanimous soldier who opened to the exiled generals the gates of Spain, and made the Revolution possible. It was the senseless outrage perpetrated upon the generals of the Union Liberal, arresting and exiling them to the Canaries, which drove that party at last into open rebellion. When, still later, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier were sent out of Spain, Admiral Topete was charged with the duty of conveying them to Portugal. He came back to his post at Cadiz the determined enemy of the late government and the earnest partisan of Montpensier. In this scandalous town improper motives are of course attributed to all public men. But it is enough to look in the frank, bluff face of Topete, to see that he is a man much more easily influenced by generous impulses than by any hope of gain. He is no politician. He has no clear revolutionary perceptions. He is a bigoted adherent of the Church. But he saw the country dishonored by its profligate rulers. He saw decent citizens outraged and banished by the caprice of power. He went with his whole soul into the conspiracy that was to right this wrong, not looking far beyond his honest and chivalrous nose. The conspiracy was conducted by Prim with wonderful secrecy and skill; and as if fortune had grown tired of baffling him, the most remarkable luck favored all his combinations. He and Serrano and Dulce, from their far distant exiles, arrived the same night on board Topete's flag-ship in the Bay of Cadiz, and the next morning the band that played the forbidden Hymn of Riego on the deck of the Saragossa crumbled the Bourbon dynasty with its lively vibrations. Rams' horns are as good as

rifled cannon, when the walls are ready to fall.

Topete has preserved his consistency unspotted ever since. He left the Cabinet when the candidature of the Duke of Genoa was resolved upon, and only returned upon the express provision that he came in as an adherent of Montpensier. He has refused all favors, decorations, or promotions. He has fought all the advances which have been made in the way of religious liberty, and proved himself on all occasions a true friend, a true Catholic, and the most honest and awkward of politicians. The caricaturists are especially fond of him, usually representing him as a jolly Jack Tar, with tarpaulin and portentous shirt-collars, and a vast spread of white duck over the stern sheets. La Flaca recently had an irresistible sketch, representing the gallant Admiral as an Asturian nurse with a dull baby lying in her capacious bosom, bearing an absurd unlikeness to the Duke of Montpensier.

We have dwelt inordinately upon Topete, but he is well worth knowing, and you will see him no more after to-night on the Banco Azul.

Next to him a burly frame, crowned by a round-cropped bullet head lighted up by brilliant, sunken eyes; the face and voice and manner of the waggish Andalusian. This is the Minister of the Interior; the man who holds in his hand the thrilling heart-strings of all Spain, who feels the pulse of the people as he used to touch the throbbing wrist of a patient; for Don Nicolas Maria Rivero has been doctor and lawyer and orator before, through the school of conspiracy, he was graduated as statesman. He is a brilliant and impressive talker, and was the idol of the advanced democracy until success and office had exercised upon him their chastening influence. He led the poll in Madrid when elected Deputy, leaving behind him those *Dii majores* of the Revolution, Prim and Serrano. He is a hearty and generous host, and hates a dull table. An invitation from him is never declined. What a culinary

symphony his dinners are, and what exquisite appreciation has presided over the provision of his cellar! Besides the best wines from beyond the Pyrenees, you find in their highest perfection on his table the native wines of Spain, — the Montilla, with its delicate insinuation of creosote, and the wonderful old Tio Pepe Amontillado, with its downright assertion of ether; and, better than these *tours de force* of dryness, the full-bodied, rich-flavored vintages of Jerez and Malaga.

There is still so much good stuff in Rivero, that it seems a pity the Republicans have lost him. They are very bitter upon him, because they once valued him so highly. He has, in spite of his place and his daily acts, a seemingly genuine regard for law and justice. In the autumn of 1869, when the constitutional guaranties had been suspended, Sagasta, the familiar spirit and *âme damnée* of Prim, who then filled the chair of the Gobernacion, planned the arrest of all the Republican members. Rivero, then President of the Cortes, getting wind of this, went in a whirling rage to Prim and denounced the measure roundly as a folly and a crime, and demanded the revocation of the order. Prim shrugged his narrow shoulders and said: "Sagasta thinks it is necessary. Go and talk to him." To Sagasta posted Rivero, and fired his volley at him. The venomous Minister talked back. "D— them, they deserve it. Some of them are plotting treason. Others would if they dared. They are all a worthless lot any how. It will do them no harm to pass a week or two in jail." There was nothing to be done with so airy a demon as this. Rivero went back to Prim, and by sheer screaming and bullying had the matter called up before the Council. In the mean time he and Martos put the threatened men on their guard, and not a Republican slept in his house that night. They were distributed around among personal and political friends, and enemies, also; for the true Spaniard never refuses the shelter he may have to ask to-morrow.

The Minister took no deputies that night, and the next morning Rivero went to the Council, his neck clothed with thunder. They say he smashed the top of a mahogany table with the fury of his expounding. He threatened to call the Cortes together and resign in full session, giving his reasons. The Ministry yielded,—probably to save the furniture,—and the order was revoked, to the undoubted disgust of Mr. Sagasta, who felt, we may imagine, as a cat does when she sees a fat mouse playing about the floor, and dares not devour him for fear of waking the bulldog, asleep with his dangerous muzzle between his paws.

Sagasta is sitting now beside Rivero. In the recent new shuffle of the court cards he was transferred from the Interior to Foreign Affairs,—sent into exile, as he calls it. This has, it is said, still further soured a temper which was not deficient in acidity before. He is thought to be drifting away from Prim into the ranks of the reactionary politicians. He has a dark wrinkled face, small bright eyes, the smile and the scowl of Mephistopheles. He is a most vigorous and energetic speaker, but so aggressive and pungent in his style that he rarely fails to raise a tempest in the languid house when he speaks at any length. He has a hearty contempt for the people and a firm reliance upon himself,—two important elements of success for a Latin statesman.

Figuerola, the Minister of Finance, and Echegaray, the Minister of Fomento, or Public Works, sit side by side; both tall and thin, both spectacled, both bald, both men of great learning and liberal tendencies. They were savants, lecturers, essayists before the Revolution, and often seem to regret the quiet of their libraries, in these stormy scenes.

Mr. Montero Rios, the progressive and enlightened Minister of Grace and Justice, comes next, and the tale of Ministers is completed by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Becerra, a short, stocky, silent man, who used to be a great orator of the faubourg and barricade,

but has now come to take what he calls more serious views of political life. He is, also, a new man in office. He was a schoolmaster. He is a man of great physical nerve. He can snuff a candle at ten paces, firing backward over his shoulder. The Republicans call him a renegade, the aristocracy call him a parvenu. He has an ill-regulated habit of telling the truth sometimes, and this will, in the end, cost him his place.

This is a good night to see the notabilities of the situation. Fully two thirds of the members elect are in their seats, which is a most unusual proportion. Many of the deputies never occupy their seats. Some are attending to their affairs in distant provinces, some are in exile, and some in prison; for the life of a Spanish patriot is subject to both of these accidents. But of those who can come, few are away to-night.

On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes, until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was wellnigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damasked with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering

in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in his delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, "It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully." This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under perfect discipline. He has the world's history at his tongues' end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

His action is also most energetic and impassioned. It would be considered redundant in a Teutonic country. If you do not understand Spanish, there is something almost insane in his gesticulation. I remember a French diplomat who came to see him, on one of his happiest days, and who, after looking intently at the orator for

a half-hour trying to *see* what he was saying, said at last in an injured tone, "Mais ! c'est un polichinelle, celui-là." It had not occurred to me that he had made a gesture. The whole man was talking from his head to his feet.

Finally, as we cannot stay even with Castelar all night, his greatest and highest claim to our admiration and regard is that his enormous talents have been consistently devoted from boyhood to this hour to the cause of political and spiritual freedom. He is now only thirty-two years of age, but he was an orator at sixteen. He harangued the mobs of 1854 with a dignity and power that contrasted grotesquely with his boyish figure and rosy face. During all these eventful years he has not for one moment faltered in his devotion to liberal ideas. In poverty, exile, and persecution, as well as amid the intoxicating fumes of flattery and favor, he has kept his faith unsullied. With his great gifts, he might command anything from the government, as the price of his support. But he preserves his austere independence, living solely upon his literary labor and his modest salary as Professor of History in the University.

Beside him is Figueras, the Parliamentary leader of the Republicans, a tall, large-framed man, with a look of lazy power. He is a fine lawyer, an able and ready debater, and a man of great energy of character. He is, perhaps, more regarded and respected by the monarchical side of the house than any other Republican. Pi y Margall is another strong and hard hitter of the left. He has a hoarse, husky voice, a ragged and grizzled beard, and grave, ascetic-looking square spectacles. If you met him in Broadway you would call him a professor of mathematics in a young and unsuccessful Universalist college.

The centre of the hall is occupied by the deputies of the Liberal Union. Immediately under the clock sits Rios Rosas, the leading orator of that party, an iron-gray man of middle age, an en-

ergetic and effective speaker; Silvela, a tall, handsome, attorney-like person, reposing from the fatigues of the afternoon; he has made a great speech to-day, and may have to make another before midnight; Juan Valera, the courtly Academician; Lopez de Ayala, who has had such a success as a poet and such a failure as a statesman, and who looks like the romantic Spaniards of young ladies' sketch-books. Swinging farther round the horse-shoe, you find the compact phalanx of Prim's supporters, the Progresistas and Monarchical Democrats, now fused into one solid organization called Radicals. Among them are the generals of the Revolution, Cordova, Izquierdo, and Peralta, and the white-haired veteran conspirator Milaus del Bosch (say Bosk, if you please), who has been in every insurrection since he was a boy. He is a gallant, hearty, prodigal fellow, always giving and never gaining, and so was approaching an impecunious old age, when suddenly a few weeks ago an old officer whom he only slightly knew died, like an uncle in a fifth act, and left him a large fortune; and there was not probably a man in Madrid who was not glad to hear it. Another noticeable figure is that of Don Pascual Madoz, the tenacious advocate of the election of Espartero to the crown. I have never seen a man who looked so old. He has no hair whatever on his face, head, or brows. His pink skull shines like varnished parchment. He sits ordinarily with his head tipped torpidly over on his breast, as if lost in recollections of the time of his contemporary Adrian. But, in fact, he is still an able and vigorous politician. Near him lies sprawled over half a bench the enormous bulk of Coronel y Ortiz, whom you would call fifty from his waist and his gray hairs, but who is really but six- and -twenty, barely the legal age of a voter in Spain.

The handsomest man in the house, the *enfant gâté* of the Radicals, is the young Subsecretary of the Interior, who will succeed Becerra as Colonial Secretary, Moret y Prendergast. He

is six feet high, built like a trapeze performer, with a classical, clear-cut face, and like all men of great personal beauty, he has the most easy and elegant manners. He was a comrade and associate of Castilar before the Revolution, but has since given in his adhesion to the monarchy, and is one of their most ready and brilliant speakers. They usually put him into the lists against his eloquent friend. But there is no resemblance between the men. Moret possesses in the highest degree the Southern fluency and ease of diction. His delivery is also most graceful and pleasing. But he speaks utterly without passion or conviction. His talk is all, as Mr. Carlyle would say, "from the teeth outward." A speech from him is as clear and easy-gushing as the jet from a garden-fountain, full of bright lights and prismatic flashes, but it is also as cold and purposeless.

It will require a moment to explain why there is such a gathering of the clans to-night. The bill which now occupies the attention of the chamber is of the character which your true Spaniard loathes and scorns. It is a bill for raising money. Of course a parliament of office-holders recognize the necessity of the treasury's being filled. But they usually prefer to let the Finance Minister have his own way about filling it, theirs being the more seductive task of emptying it. So that financial matters are usually discussed in the inspiring presence of empty benches.

A few days ago Mr. Figuerola, whom his friends call the Spanish Necker, because, as Owen Meredith once observed, it was neck or nothing with their treasury, introduced a bill for the relief of the government and the agonizing municipal councils, authorizing the government to negotiate the bonds remaining over, of the loan of 1868, and those lying in the Bank of Deposits as security for the payment of municipal, individual, and provincial taxes; and also to make an operation of credit upon the mines of Almaden and Rio

Tinto, and the salt-works of Torre Vieja. This was, it is true, a terrible proposition, — like a carpenter pawning his tools, or a lawyer his library; but it was positively nothing unusual in Spanish finance. Its whole history consists in these desperate authorizations, trembling always on the brink of bankruptcy. You will find in the Diplomatic Correspondence of 1842 a statement of a battle wonderfully like the one we are to witness here to-night. Washington Irving writes that the Ministry resolved to take their stand “on the great questions of financial reform. Calatrava, the Minister of Finance, brought forward his budget, showing a deficit for 1843 of about twenty millions of dollars, to remedy which he proposed, among other measures, that the Cortes should authorize the government to contract for a loan of thirty millions of dollars, hypothecating all the revenues and contributions of the state.”

This is the third time Mr. Figuerola has come before the Cortes asking them to bandage their eyes and give him the keys of the national wealth. In the first days of the Revolution he asked to be authorized to contract a loan, on his own terms, for fifty million dollars. This was to be the last. Shortly afterwards another demand was made for an operation on tobacco and other important revenues. This was also granted. And now, at this alarmingly short interval, comes this third summons to the nation to roll up its sleeve and be bled, without explanations.

The most remarkable feature to foreign eyes, in all these authorizations, is that no man in Spain but the Minister of Hacienda knows how much these various loans produce. There exists in Paris a singular and mysterious corporation called the Bank of Paris, which conducts the financial operations of the Spanish government. The process is said to be this: the government, having obtained its authorization, applies to the Bank of Paris to place the loan. It places in the vaults of the Bank a sufficient quantity of its own

bonds on hand to serve as security for the Bank in the operation. The Bank puts the loan on the market, and gets its commission. It rehypothecates the hypothecated bonds, and gets a commission. It buys the bonds on its own account, and pays itself a commission for the sale; it sells them again to its own customers, being thus forced reluctantly to pocket another commission. To sustain the weight of the loan in a dull market, it is forced to borrow money from itself at a high rate of interest; and every such ingenious operation results in this self-sacrificing corporation increasing its risks and perils in that celestial needle's-eye, by the additional bulk of another commission. The sum which came to the government from that loan of a hundred millions is as profoundly unknown as “what song the sirens sang.” Some say twenty-six, and there are evil tongues that assert that not nineteen millions ever entered the treasury.

Still, all this is quite regular in Spanish politics, and no party hitherto has ever shown a disposition to abolish a convenient custom from which each profits while in power. But to-night the government is evidently greatly alarmed in regard to the passage of the bill. Every available man is in his place. The President of the Council has for several days past been using his whole arsenal of persuasion of threats and promises, but not successfully. The opposition is of the most kind and courteous character that can be imagined. The amendment presented by the Liberal Union, and defended to-day in a long and powerful speech by Silvela, is apparently as innocent and reasonable as possible. It merely provides that the conversion of the securities in the Bank of Deposits shall be at the option of the municipal councils, and of individuals, to whom they belong; that the mines of the state shall not be themselves hypothecated, but only their products.

It would seem impossible to reject so reasonable and moderate a proposition. But the government has deter-

mined to fight its battle on this amendment. It has announced that it will make the vote a Cabinet question, standing or falling with the bill. The Union Liberal, on the contrary, protest that nothing is further from their minds than to attack the government; that this is a friendly amendment which the government ought to accept, throwing over the Minister of Finance if necessary, who is leading the country to perdition. This was the burden of Silvela's dexterous speech this afternoon. It was not a question of confidence in the Ministry; it was a question of prerogative in the Cortes. The country had a right to know what was done with its money. It could not give up the right of control in its own affairs: the deputies could not continue forever throwing the whole national wealth into an ever-yawning crater.

He was answered with great energy by Mr. Figuerola, who contended that the condition of the country was so critical that the operations for which authority was requested must be made solid and at once, to save the national credit, and to begin the era of financial reform. Ruiz Gomez also defended the report of the committee, and, evidently fresh from the reading of a Congressional Globe of thirty or forty years ago, he rebuked Mr. Castelar for his apathy in financial matters, informing him that to-day in the United States Adams, Jackson, Clay, and Madison are much more interested in questions of tariff and slavery compromise than in Michael Angelo and the Parthenon.

The session closed for dinner and cigars, and opened again about ten o'clock. There is no longer any doubt about the serious nature of the crisis. In spite of all the fair words used, the fight is to be a final and desperate one. The Liberal Union, by adhering to its amendment after the government has declared its intention to stand or fall with the original bill, has placed itself in opposition. It is useless for it to declare that its attitude is friendly,

and that only considerations of patriotism have forced it to take this position. It did the same thing when it was in power, and would do it again to-morrow. All parties in Spain talk of retrenchment and reform, but all adopt a policy of expedients and makeshifts as soon as they are seated on the Blue Bench.

Every one feels that the hollow truce of the last year and a half is over; that the coalition of the three parties that made the Revolution, the Progressista, the Liberal Union, and the Democrats, is nearing its agony. It is a wonder that it has lasted so long, surviving the successive shocks of universal suffrage, freedom of worship, and the establishment of individual rights. It seems a marvel to us that the same party could so long have contained Martos the abolitionist, and Romero Robledo the advocate of slavery, Echegaray the rationalist, and Ortiz the ultramontane, men who worship reason, and men who worship the Pope, men who insist that human rights are above law, and men who believe in the divine right of kings. But the powerful cohesion of private and party interests have kept them together so far, and it seems as if these same exigencies were to sunder them to-night.

On one side is the government, with its faithful cohort of Radicals; on the other the Liberal Union, the conservative element of the late coalition, which has become convinced that it can no longer control the policy of the majority, and has therefore apparently resolved to destroy the majority, and trust to its political shrewdness and aptitude to build up some advantageous combination from the ruins; the Republicans, who can consistently support the Silvela amendment, as it merely embodies their own principle of parliamentary control; and the Carlists, the partisans of the absolute royal power, who strike hands with their enemies purely from opposition to the government: a most heterogeneous accidental compound, and one on which no parliamentary government could be founded,

if it should succeed in overthrowing this Cabinet.

The session was opened by a speech having no reference to the question. Mr. Puig y Llagostera, the new deputy from Catalonia, was to have made an interpellation in the afternoon, but was cleverly thrown out by the ruling of the President, and his speech postponed until the evening. It was a dangerous experiment for any man to try to gain the attention of an assembly in such a state of tense expectancy. But this brilliant, wild Catalan feared nothing, and, as the result showed, had nothing to fear. He made one of the most remarkable speeches, in severity, in feverish eloquence, in naïve paradox, that was ever addressed to an assembly claiming to be deliberative. It was an attack upon the government all along the line. Whatever was, was wrong.

He is a large manufacturer, employs a great number of operatives, and is a man of limited education, but great natural talents. He believes, as many Catalans do, that Spain cannot exist without a high protective tariff. He therefore thinks that Mr. Figuerola, who leans toward free trade, is the evil genius of the country; and so when young Paul Bosch, who is son-in-law to the Minister of Finance, came down from Madrid, in the innocence of his heart, to be elected deputy, the fiery Catalan entered the lists against him, and, supported by Republican votes, was elected. He is in no true sense a Republican; it would puzzle him to define his politics. He wants food cheap for the benefit of his operatives, and grain dear for the benefit of farmers. He recognizes the difficulties of the problem, and calls loudly on the government to solve it.

I have never seen anything so like Gwynplaine in the House of Lords,—this earnest, brilliant, honest man, with his whole heart in his words, coming up from his fellow-workers, grimed with the smoke of his factories, to deliver to the *fainéant* gentlemen of the Cortes the message of the toilers and the sufferers.

The beginning of his speech was unique. He begins by resigning his charge of deputy. He has come to give them an hour of candor, and will then go back to his people.

He has not come, he says, to ask the government questions about the state of the country. He has come to *tell* them;—in one word, misery. “You, my lords Ministers, may think this exaggeration. I tell you, while you are sitting comfortably in your jewelled palaces, the majority of the Spanish people have no clothes to wear nor bread to eat. Among the working classes poverty is becoming famine; in what you call good society, the paupers in frock-coats are the majority. Do not judge from Madrid, with its four armies, soldiers, office-holders, pensioners, and harlots, who all have enough and to spare. Go into the provinces and see the people, who beg in shame or starve in pride.

“And to this hungry people Mr. Figuerola says, for their consolation, that ‘the grass is beginning to grow.’ For the gentlemen of the budget, I doubt not the grass is growing rank and green; but for the country, Mr. Figuerola, it is the graveyard grass that is growing!”

He went on to show how the misery of the land was due to the bad management of the treasury, leaving industry and agriculture without sufficient protection. “For want of corn-tax the kingdom is flooded with the products of the Danube; and the Spanish farmer perishes in poverty among his grain-sacks. It is not the blighting winds nor the mouldering rains, farmers of Spain! that rob you of the fruit of your toil; it is the law; that law imposed by a school of sciolists, who have never shed one drop of sweat in your furrows, but who devour your first-fruits; who spend Spanish money and eat foreign bread; who preach honor for Spaniards and profit for strangers.”

Mr. Figuerola in this matter had sinned against light and knowledge. The speaker had come from Catalonia long ago to warn him, but he would not

be convinced. "When I showed him how the decline of production was leaving a surplus of intelligent labor which would thus be driven into emigration, depopulating the farming regions of Spain, he answered cynically, 'Let them emigrate: we will have seven million Spaniards left.'

"Why will General Prim make a Cabinet question over a Minister capable of uttering such a blasphemy? If it were not that he throws into the balance his great personality, who supposes the majority would vote to fling away the last that remains to us of credit and bread, the last rag that covers the nakedness of this wretched nation?

"The people clamor for economies, but what care you for that? You are more royalist than the king. You vote the state more than it asks. You all have a cover at the feast. If you eat and do not pay, what care you if the people pay and do not eat? Not only in your hall of sessions, but in your lobbies and corridors, I am shocked and grieved: I seek everywhere for patriotism, and find only an inordinate greed of office."

At this point the noise and confusion in the hall became so great that the orator was compelled to pause for a moment in his denunciation. Such language is never heard in a European congress, where the most exquisite courtesy of expression always characterizes the most heated debates. This Scythian oratory was new to the conscript fathers. The President intervened and severely rebuked Mr. Puig y Llagostera. He went on with renewed vehemence, which occasioned renewed tumult, and finally he ceased to worry the sensitive office-holders, and returned to the state of the country.

Like a true Catalan he had his word to say of Cuba, and it was of course in praise of the brutal and bloody volunteers. He despised and abhorred all discussion of reform for the colonies, and cried, "Perish principles and save the colonies!"

He thought the interregnum was a

source of woes unnumbered, and said, "Let us get out of it, at any cost, — with Montpensier, with Don Carlos, with Prim, with the Devil, if you like, — but be quick about it": which certainly showed a spirit above party. He summed up in a few nervous words the wants of the country: security for capital, labor for the workingman, a field for intelligence, development of the public wealth, — this was government. Less speeches and better laws; less office-seeking and more production; less clubs and more workshops; less beggars and more bread; in a word, less politics and more government.

This speech, wild and illogical as it was, profoundly and disagreeably impressed the house. Figuerola, who was reserving his strength for the attack in front, refused to meet this flank movement, and his friend Echegaray answered for him. He made a sensible reply, showing that it was not the function of a government to abolish poverty or create riches, and that, after all, the picture drawn by Mr. Puig was darker than the facts justified.

To which the Catalan orator rejoined, in a graphic metaphor, that no doubt the situation looked very bright to those who stood in the radiance of the treasury, but far off, in the darkness, the country was weeping in misery.

After this exciting interlude, the Chamber returned to the evening's serious work. Mr. Figuerola rose to complete the speech he had begun before dinner, and made one of those skilful arguments that so often confuse the listener, until he imagines he is convinced. Although the Minister knew his political existence depended upon the issue of this night, he was as cool and passionless, and as exquisitely courteous in his references to the perfect candor, good faith, and patriotism of his adversaries, as if it were the weight of Saturn's rings that was under discussion.

He was followed by Rivero, Minister of the Interior, who defended the Cabinet in general from the vigorous attack made upon them the night be-

fore by Canovas del Castillo, the sole representative in the Chamber of the partisans of the late queen. While Rivero is not deficient in those chivalrous civilities to opponents, which mark all Spanish debate, he is an honest and square adversary, and makes a speech which cannot be misunderstood. There seems to be a singular affectation, among Spanish politicians, of denouncing the *status quo*; of lamenting the evils which exist, and promising something better to-morrow. The monarchical deputies appear to consider it a sort of treason to their unknown king to be contented before he comes. We hear everywhere and every day jeremiads over the interregnum. But the fact is, that Spain has rarely had so good a government as this truce of monarchy. Rivero is the only member of the government who appears to have the pluck to say this. To-night, after neatly disposing of Mr. Canovas's pretensions to sit in judgment on the government of a Revolution he does not recognize, he goes on to say: "Gentlemen, there is one phrase I hear continually, 'Madrid is tranquil, but the provinces are not.' I confess I myself entered the Gobernacion under this impression. But I have not encountered, — I say it frankly before this assembly, — any element of disorder which would not be easy to destroy completely, with a good administrative system, with a loyal and sincere observance of the principles contained in the Constitution, with an active and vigorous execution of the laws. I believe and say this, though this should be the last night I should occupy this place; I believe that public order in Spain is by no means so uncertain or so easily disturbed as some fear and many pretend to fear." These are truer and more honest words than have often been spoken by a Spanish Minister of the Interior. The traditional custom has been to magnify the office, to represent the people as a dangerous beast, who must be kept carefully chained and muzzled.

Silvela made his closing argument,

which was chiefly significant for the pleading earnestness with which he strove to impress it upon the government that his amendment was their best friend, and would be the salvation of the Revolution. This did not create much interest. The deputies were growing tired of the long skirmishing. It was now after one o'clock. Every one wanted to hear Prim, and vote.

The Marquis of Perales, Vice-President, said, as Silvela took his seat, "The President of the Council of Ministers has the word."

Prim slowly rose, holding his eyeglasses in his gloved hands. His face was as colorless and impassive as that of a mummy. There was a rustle of movement, as the house, now wide awake, bent forward to catch his first words. They were full of soldierly bluntness: "I am not going to discuss this law. I know nothing about these matters, and never talk about things I do not understand. I have full confidence in the Minister of Hacienda, and so believe this law is a good one. This opinion is shared by my companions in the government."

Nothing could be more simple and frank than these words; yet they were deeply pondered and perfectly fitted to the occasion. No art could have improved them. They at once enlisted the sympathy of his followers, and set an example of party discipline. He continued, expressing his inability to understand the cause of this attack from the Union Liberal: "I can understand the opposition of Mr. Tutan; the Republicans desire the fall of the present government and that of Mr. Muzquiz also, for the Carlists wish the disappearance of this Cabinet and this Chamber; for the same reason I was not surprised at the assault of Mr. Canovas." Here his voice and manner, which had been as mild as an undertaker's, suddenly changed, and he said with great dignity and solemnity, turning to the Unionist fraction, "But I cannot understand — I declare it with the sincerity of an honest man — the attitude of the gentlemen of the

Union Liberal, because, though my distinguished friend, Mr. Silvela, has clothed his opposition with beautiful and elegant forms, still, opposition, and of the rudest, it is, which his Lordship makes, not only to Mr. Figuerola, but to the whole government." He continued for some time, showing the disorganizing and disastrous results that would follow the success of the Unionist attack, declaring that the Cabinet would immediately resign in a body. He recounted the efforts he had made to prevent the rupture; and his voice and utterance had something almost pathetic as he narrated his fruitless endeavors to find some ground of agreement. But as he closed, a sort of transformation came over him. He seemed to grow several inches taller. He stood straight as a column, and his voice rang out like a trumpet over the hall: "They present us the battle. There remains no more for me to say than, *Radicals! defend yourselves! Let those who love me, follow me!*"

What tremendous power there lies in the speech of a man of action! If any deputy but Prim had said these words, how coldly they would have fallen! But from him they were so many flashes of lightning. The house was ablaze in a second. The Radicals rose, cheering frantically. It was a battle-field speech, and had its deeply calculated effect. The phalanx was fused into one man.

As the cheering died away, Topete was seen to rise from his seat by Prim and take him by the hand in sign of farewell. The gallant sailor uttered a word of energetic protest, too low to be heard in the tumult, and then passed over to his friends of the Liberal Union. It was now their turn to burst out in a shout of defiance. They surrounded the Admiral, embracing and welcoming him. For some minutes this wild agitation reigned in the Chamber. There was an excited tremor in the voice and the bell of the President, as he rang and shouted his unavailing appeals for order.

At last a comparative calm was

restored, but the ground-swell of emotion prevented any further serious discussion. Silvela spoke again, deprecating the soldierly rashness with which, as he said, General Prim had made this question a matter of life and death. The President of the Council responded, this time with admirable coolness, affecting great surprise at the effect his words had created, but reiterating his statement of the all-important character of the vote. The members, now thoroughly aroused and eager for the fray, began to clamor *à volar!*

The voting began in an intense silence. Each member rises in turn in his place, gives his own name, and votes *si* or *no*. As the vote went sweeping around the red plush semicircle, it was so close that the coolest hearts beat faster. But the last ayes are gathered in on the Federal mountain, where Castelar, Figueras, and Louis Blanc are enthroned, and they are not enough by six. The Cabinet is saved, and the coalition is broken.

The power of Prim is consolidated anew for the present. He has successfully withstood an attack from a combination embracing every possible shade of opposition, and founded upon a just vindication of parliamentary prerogative. It is scarcely within the limits of possibility to conceive that Unionists and Carlists can plant themselves again on a platform where the Republicans can consistently aid them. In the hope of destroying the Ministry, the reactionary parties for one instant seized the weapon of right; and the progressive Monarchists, to preserve their organization, availed themselves of the discipline of absolutism. People talk for a day or two of the chilling majority of six as being a virtual government defeat; but it can be more correctly regarded as an attack made by the opposition in the best conceivable conditions of success, received and repulsed by the government at the weakest point of its defences.

The incident shows a positive progress in Spanish politics. The coa-

lition which has thus fallen to pieces resembled in some respects that aggregation of parties that drove Espartero from the Regency in the height of his power, a quarter of a century ago. Then, however, there was so little cohesion in the mass of conspirators, that the coalition only survived the victory a week or two. The country lived in anarchy until the queen was declared of age, at thirteen years, and Mr. Olozaga was placed at the head of the government. For five days there was a deep breath of relief and public confidence. But the Camarilla of the Palace poisoned the mind of the baby sovereign against the Premier, and induced her to make a solemn charge against that grave and courtly statesman, that he had locked her up in her *despacho*, and by physical violence forced her to sign a decree which he wanted; an utterly absurd and fantastic falsehood, but one which broke up the government, and brought into power the vulgar despot, Gonzalez Bravo, — a convincing proof of the precocious corruption of the queen and the terrible disorganization of parties.

On the other hand, we see this later

coalition lasting in something like harmony nearly two years: working together in the formation of a Constitution freer than that of any European monarchy, and at last broken by the secession of the more conservative fraction, who were aghast at the apparently serious march of reform undertaken by the majority. They choose with great skill and judgment the most favorable battle-ground. They make an issue upon a violation of a just prerogative of the Cortes, where they are sure of the aid of the always consistent and uncompromising Republicans. The attack is made with vigor and prudence. But in the face of this formidable combination, the government has obtained cohesion enough to gain a substantial victory.

It gains by the very secession. It is now able to move forward with unshackled feet in the path of progress. It is free to seek its true inspiration in the ranks of the democracy. It may now be sure that a combination of plunder is a mere rope of sand, and the requirements of the time can only be met by parties founded on the principles of practical liberty.

John Hay.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

THE form of the eye, its structure, and its powers, call forth fresh admiration as they successively claim our attention. Its form affords the greatest resistance to external violence, and is most perfectly adapted for the fulfilment of the function of vision; as it allows of the continued exercise of its powers during the act of turning the eye, which could have been accomplished in no other way. Had its shape been different it would have been less strong, unless made up of heavier materials; and its glance could not, as now, have strayed at will from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, reading, near and far, the ever-present lessons of light and beauty.

Even bone would have been a less perfect protection for the delicate internal parts than is the light tissue which forms the framework of the globe, so yielding in its elasticity, yet so firm in its tough resistance. In front, we find the strong white membrane, the sclera, modified to a transparent structure, the cornea, an equal safeguard against intruding enemies, and giving unimpeded entrance to light alone.

The nerves and blood-vessels, which if placed in it would have weakened the fibrous envelope, are included in another interior membrane, the choroid, and within these is spread out the delicate nervous perceptive tissue, the

retina, to which all the other parts are auxiliary and subservient. Upon this images of all visible nature are pictured; from it the fleeting impressions are telegraphed to the brain, and we are conscious that we *see*.

But to this function of seeing other conditions are essential. The eyeball, the most perfect of optical instruments, must have its focal powers completed by the presence of refracting substances, the aqueous and vitreous humors and crystalline lens; which, at the same time, give form to the globe, and by their quiet pressure keep the nervous tissue expanded and in readiness for its appropriate work. By a combination of these refracting agents the rays emanating from objects are transmitted and concentrated so as to render the image upon the retina distinct and well defined.

Furthermore, the passage of rays through these transparent media is regulated by a curtain, the iris, of which the circular opening, the pupil, expands and contracts according to the amount of light, the movements of the curtain being self-impelled, without any effort of the will. Thus, contracting in a strong light, it protects the retina from being injured by the glare, and expanding where the light is dim it allows a larger number of rays to enter, so as to form a clear image. Like the choroid, this curtain is lined with dark coloring matter, not only to absorb any irregularly refracted rays and prevent reflections from side to side within the globe, but to exclude the entrance of light through the coats of the eye, except in the direction most suitable for refraction, through the cornea and pupil.

To complete the noble endowment of capacities, the eye has yet another power. It is a self-regulating optical instrument. We may turn our eyes from the printed page to gaze at a distance, or withdraw them from space to fix them upon a minute atom, and the eye adapts itself instantly to each of these uses. By means of a circle of delicate fibres, so small that till lately their existence and uses were unknown,

— the ciliary muscle, — the convexity of the crystalline lens can be increased and its focal power varied; and thus, without conscious effort, the eye may contemplate the glories of the firmament, or catch the first flitting expression of an infant's love, or explore the mysteries of microscopic existences.

Finally, we have *two* eyes. Not merely that we may be doubly provided against the danger of accidental loss of the inestimable privileges of vision, but to enable us to estimate the size, form, and distance of objects with more correctness than we could with one eye alone. To a single eye everything would have appeared as a plane surface, and it would have been difficult to determine whether objects had solid or only superficial dimensions, or whether they were near or far. With two eyes the impressions made on each mutually correct one another, and combine to convey to the brain perceptions of the properties of things which could otherwise have been gained by the touch alone.

HOW TO USE THE EYES.

Every normal eye is capable of a great variety and amount of use. It sees near or far with the same ease and with equal clearness. But these powers, extensive as they are, may be overtasked. Because the eyes can see minute objects without difficulty, it does not follow that they should be kept almost constantly looking at small objects. They were intended for varying use, and, like any other organ of the body, they may be enfeebled or injured by having their most delicate powers continually and exclusively employed in one manner.

One of the first rules laid down by a teacher to his pupils should be, *not* to keep their eyes fixed upon their books. Apart from the probable injury to the eye itself by too close application, I am satisfied that lessons, especially those requiring thought, cannot be as well committed to memory when the eyes are fixed upon the page, as if they are permitted to wander. The eyes must of course look at the book often and

long enough to take in the idea, but if they are too steadily kept there the perceptive power seems to occupy itself with the visible objects to an extent which is unfavorable to other mental processes. A distinguished engraver once said to me, "I know now how to make a face think." And he explained that the secret lay in giving a certain expression to the eyes by causing their axes to have a very slight divergence from each other. This corresponds with my observation; and this *position of thought* is exactly the opposite of that assumed by the eyes when looking at a book.

For the sake of even normal eyes, it would be most desirable that education should be simplified; that children should not be required to learn an infinity of details which they are sure to forget, and which could be of no possible use to them if retained; that they should be taught to think as well as to remember,—and in fact as a means of remembering,—instead of giving all their time in school, and often out of school, and by artificial light, to acquiring a parrot-like facility of repeating lessons which they do not comprehend. It might require more pains, but it would certainly be a great advantage if teachers would *teach* children what they know, rather than content themselves with being mere hearers of lessons which may have been learned by the eye, but often not by the understanding.

It would scarcely seem to be necessary to say a word of warning in regard to imprudent testing of the power of the eyes; but instances are not rare where children or adults have done their eyes serious harm by trying to look at the sun, or by observing an eclipse without using a smoked glass. The direct solar light and heat seems in these cases to destroy the perceptive power in a greater or less portion of the retina. Injury may also result from using the eyes for looking at small objects by moonlight, which does not give sufficient illumination for such purposes.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS.

There comes a time when normal eyes find their powers grown limited, and require more light, or assistance from glasses, when looking at small near objects. When this period arrives it is an error to persist in endeavors to do as formerly with the eyes; but much use must be avoided except in a clear light or with the required auxiliaries. It is also a mistake, as will hereafter be shown, to suppose that glasses should not be worn while it is possible to avoid doing so. On the contrary, they serve to prevent straining of the eyes, and preserve rather than injure vision.

Certain defects of refractive power are due to malformation of the eye, either existing from birth or acquired afterwards, and are not to be removed by remedies or by manipulation. It is a mischievous error to suppose that the form of an elastic globe, filled with fluid or semi-fluid substances, can be changed, except for the moment, by pressing upon it with the fingers, as has been recommended by charlatans. All the theories that the eye can have its form favorably modified by rubbing it always in one direction, or by any other manipulation, have no foundation in facts. But while persistent squeezing, according to these methods, can never do any permanent good, it involves great risks. It may lead to congestion and hemorrhage within the eyes; or give rise to destructive inflammation or the formation of cataract by dislocating the crystalline lens; or cause almost immediate loss of sight by separation of the retina from its neighboring parts; or may increase the giving way of the back part of the globe, which is already often begun in near-sighted eyes.

The same warnings will apply with equal force against the use of the eye-cups fitted with rubber bulbs, to alter the form of the eyeball, as is asserted, by suction. Valueless and dangerous as they are, persons are often persuaded to purchase and try them,—sometimes to their sorrow.

VARIATIONS FROM THE NORMAL
STANDARD OF SIGHT.

Every eye ought to see distant objects clearly. If it cannot do so, its refractive power is at fault or it is the subject of disease. The eye ought also to have clear perception of small objects, such as print, etc., when held at a proper distance. If it has not, the fault may lie in either the refractive power or the accommodative function, or there may be disease of some of its parts.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

Myopia, or "near-sight," is by far the most important, as it is also one of the most common of the refractive defects of the eye. In the other forms of abnormal refraction we have merely a defect of construction, giving rise, it is true, to annoying disabilities, but having no tendency to further changes of structure or function. Near-sightedness, on the contrary, where it exists in a high degree, is not simply an infirmity, as is usually supposed, but is in many cases associated with grave disease of the posterior parts of the eyeball, having progressive tendencies, and not seldom resulting in loss of all useful vision. It has, furthermore, a strong disposition to hereditary descent, reappearing in the children or grandchildren of myopes.

The defect in form, in short-sighted eyes, does not consist, as was formerly supposed, in an undue prominence of the front part of the eye, but in an elongation of the whole globe from before backwards, so that it assumes an olive or egg shape, instead of being round. This lengthening mostly occurs at the back part of the eyeball, and is not to be observed at first sight; but in many cases we may see that the eye has this altered form, and extends back farther than usual in the socket, by drawing the lids apart at the side next the temple, the eye being at the same time turned towards the nose.

All the coats of the eye are implicated in these changes, which take

place, sometimes by gradual expansion at every point, but usually by a more considerable giving way around the entrance of the optic nerve. In examination of such eyes after death, a positive bulging of the sclera is seen at this point. During life we can observe these changes, and watch their progress, by means of the ophthalmoscope. This instrument, by which we are enabled to illuminate and explore the interior of the eye, has thrown new light upon the whole subject of near-sightedness. By its aid we are able to follow the morbid changes as they are successively developed. We can distinctly observe the progressive giving way of the retina, optic nerve, choroid, and sclera, to form the bulging which is termed posterior staphyloma; can notice the congestion and other changes following imprudence; and, too often, can see the advent of separation of the retina from the choroid, with its accompanying loss of sight.

As the retina expands with the general enlargement, the nerve tissue, in that layer of the retina which is the seat of its especial function, is of course extended over a larger surface and its perceptive power proportionally weakened. Many such eyes are therefore unable to see distant objects with normal clearness, even with the glasses which most completely correct their myopia, although they see small near things perfectly well. It seems to be necessary that a larger number of rays should fall upon a given area of the retina in order to produce a distinct impression. This lack of acuteness of vision is often much greater in the evening, so that persons thus affected cannot see to drive a horse safely or distinguish the outlines of objects.

Eyes which are but slightly myopic often see nearly as well as others at a distance by the aid of suitable glasses, and they have almost microscopic vision of near objects, and can read in a dim light; these facts have given rise to the popular belief that near-sighted eyes are stronger than others, and able to bear every kind of use and abuse;

and the delusion is encouraged by the disposition shown by myopic persons to choose occupations requiring close sight, and by their ability to read at an advanced period of life without glasses. This belief would be well founded, but for the tendency to the gradual changes already described.

The progress of the alterations in the posterior parts of the eye is favored by the stooping position of the head, which allows the blood to accumulate in the vessels of the eyeball, and by too long-continued use of the eyes upon minute objects, which requires such action of the external muscles that the globe is compressed from side to side, and is thus made to yield still further at that part where the already thinned tissues offer but slight resistance. With each degree of change the process becomes easier, the eyeball grows misshaped to a degree which limits its motions in the socket, and the eye most affected no longer acts with its fellow, but is disposed to turn outwards, and to give up attempts at vision.

With increased implication of the retina in the morbid changes, its perceptive acuteness is more or less reduced, especially as regards distant objects, and glasses no longer give them the same clear outlines.

The morbid processes may be arrested at the early stages of their development, and by good fortune and prudent management the eyes may retain through life nearly the normal powers; or if even considerable changes have taken place, these may remain stationary and give rise to little inconvenience. But if they are not recognized, and means taken to avert their progress, they may go on till the retina becomes useless, being separated from the choroid by fluid which collects between these membranes.

The changes I have described are insidious in their course. Slight warnings are sometimes felt, but, as a rule, the eyes, unless examined with the ophthalmoscope, exhibit and feel no symptoms calculated to excite alarm,

except, perhaps, an increase of the myopia, which frequently, but not invariably, occurs, often unnoticed by its subject. After reaching a certain degree, there is little hope that further changes will be averted by any care or skill. The conditions have become so unfavorable that the morbid tendencies can no longer be successfully opposed, and each year sees a downward progress. Even where the staphylomatous enlargement has not been excessive, separation of the retina will sometimes suddenly occur. I have repeatedly seen cases where this had taken place within a single twenty-four hours, after some unusual exertion of the eyes, and where blindness was already nearly complete.

It is quite time that the attention of the community was drawn to a matter of so much importance. At least in some classes of society, the possibility of blindness at or near middle life from changes incident to excessive near-sightedness, as well as the predisposition to transmit the same infirmities and liabilities, ought to be taken into account in forming matrimonial alliances, like any other impending disability from incurable ailment. The fact of its being frequently inherited once understood, parents should watch for any early manifestations of its presence in their children, and take measures to prevent its progressive increase. Teachers should impose upon myopic eyes as little as possible of studies requiring close application, even though at the time the child makes no complaint. It is questionable if our system of education, augmenting as it does the frequency and degree of near-sightedness, is an advance in civilization. It would be better to go back at once to the oral teachings of the schools of Athens, than to go on creating our favorite type of educated men and women, at the expense of their own and their children's eyesight.

No medical skill can bring back these delicate tissues, once distended, to their former healthy condition, or even in some cases prevent the steady

onward march of the disease. But prevention is in a measure within our power. Myopic eyes should not be used continuously for small objects, and especially with the head bent forward; fine and bad print should be a fatal objection to a school-book; the use of lexicons, or close mathematical work, should be limited and interrupted; written exercises should be almost dispensed with; and the child should be spared search upon the map for unimportant places. The book should be held up when possible, and the pupil should not keep his head leaned over his desk, nor be allowed to study by a feeble light.

If by these precautions the child reaches adult age without any considerable development of his myopia, he will thenceforth be comparatively safe, as changes are less likely to occur after this period. But if, from thoughtless mismanagement, large and progressive structural alterations of his eyes have been brought on during his years of study, he may not only find himself disabled from pursuing such other occupations as he may desire, but may be in a condition foreboding further misfortune.

Except when slight, myopia lessens little if at all with age; but it sometimes happens with those who are only a little near-sighted that, while still requiring concave glasses for clear vision of distant objects, they will, after middle life, also need convex glasses for reading.

There are a few cases of apparent myopia where this does not really exist; as sometimes in children or aged persons affected with cataract, or where ulceration or other disease has existed. But it is sufficient here to refer to these as possible, without attempting their description.

The axis being too long in myopic eyes, parallel rays, such as proceed from distant objects, are brought to a focus at a point so far in front of the retina, that only confused images are formed upon it. Such a malformation, constituting an excess of refractive

power, can only be neutralized by concave glasses, which give such a direction to rays entering the eye as will allow of their being brought to a focus at the proper point for distinct perception. It is therefore irrational and useless to attempt a substitution of other means instead of resorting to these glasses, which, by rendering parallel rays divergent, adapt them for the excessive refraction of the myopic eye, thus relieving an infirmity which is not to be removed.

The use of glasses for distant vision is often objected to by parents and friends, from an idea that the short-sightedness will thus be increased, or in the expectation that the eyes will become of normal power at a later period if glasses are not worn. Both of these opinions are erroneous. Myopic eyes are not injured by wearing suitable glasses; but, on the contrary, are often preserved from injurious pressure on the globe in the indulgence of the habit of nearly closing the lids in order to obtain a clearer impression of the images of distant objects, as is commonly done when glasses are not worn. Nor will the myopia be appreciably lessened by abstinence from glasses. It is best, therefore, not to deprive young people of the many pleasures arising from distinct vision of things around them, in the illusive hope that the great sacrifice thus made will be compensated by any benefit.

Such glasses should be selected as make distant objects clear without lessening their size and giving them an unnatural brilliancy. If no glass gives this clearness, the acuteness of perception may have already become impaired, or there may be a complication of the myopia with astigmatism. Many myopes use the same glasses for reading or music which they wear for distant vision. It is best, however, when the myopia is but slight, to dispense with these in reading, sewing, etc., or to wear a lower number, such as will allow of distinct sight at the distance where the book or music would ordinarily be placed.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O Sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

J. G. Whittier.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER I.

IN the good old times before the Flood, in the times which our retired silver-gray politicians allude to when they say, "There were giants in those days," the new, commodious, and elegant steamship *Mersey* set out on her first voyage across the continent.

The *Mersey* was one of a line of steamers which had lately been started between England and the United States of America. On the side of England this line sailed from Liverpool, one of the mightiest of the commercial queens, or perhaps we should say deities, of the world, — a deity whose storm-winged and steam-winged angels fly to all lands, and whose temples of trade resound with all tongues. On the side of the United States it sailed from a city less known to the human race at large, but which we Americans shall recognize when we come to it.

This city thought the strongest kind of beer of itself. It held that in intellects, morals, and manners it stood head and shoulders above any other American municipality. It believed, to use a French phrase, that it marched at the head of civilization, at least so far as concerned the Western continent. There was, also, a general faith in this city that nothing had prevented it from being the commercial metropolis of the Republic but a lack of sufficient commerce. A sufficient commerce it had, therefore, decided to have; and, as the first step towards this end, the first step towards heading off the mercantile rivalry of New York, the first step towards monopolizing the export and import business of a vast back country, it had established this line of steamers; the next step being a sort of informal proclamation, running from mouth to mouth, to the effect that every citizen of the city, and of the State attached to it, must go in said

line, and send his goods by it, however slow and costly it might be.

Well, the *Mersey*, built in England, owned mainly by Englishmen, and manned by an English crew, but commanded by a home-made captain, had started on her first voyage. Started at night, come to light next day in a foaming tempest; sailed sixty hours on her lee bulwark, or precious near it; not a passenger able to keep his legs, and only two able to eat; steward and stewardess flying wildly from state-room to state-room; in short, a howling, rolling, disgusting, miserable sixty hours of it. It is such kind of weather which has decided what peoples shall rule the seas and do the great colonizings. It is such kind of weather which has shown what poles can knock the persimmons of commerce.

At last the wind folds its hands, and the sea doffs its battle plumes; the waves are fine enough to be admired and not too fine for comfortable travelling; passengers resurrect, break away from that undertaker, the steward, and come on deck, much occupied in mutual staring, never having seen each other before. The two who have not been sick are of course out, and are smoking their cigars with an heroic air, as much as to say, "Old sea-dogs!" They seem to be old acquaintance, and familiar ones, for they hit each other in the ribs and address each other with, "I say, Duffy," and, "I say, Bill Wilkins." Just now there is some bantering going on between them as to a young lady who is looking out of the companion door, as if she wanted to come upon the quarter-deck, but did not like to venture alone.

"Wilkins, go and offer your arm," says Duffy. "Family trades at your shop."

"O, get out," returns Wilkins, with an air of despising Duffy as being a man who does not know when to joke.

"I know where I ought to put myself, if you don't."

"I say, Wilkins, you don't like that," chuckles Duffy, his flat, expressionless face puckering with a simper which he, mistaken man, supposes to be sly.

"Don't like what?" demands Wilkins, rather too scornfully for mere pleasantry.

"Calling your bran-new store a shop," grins Duffy, clearly one of the smallest of wits.

"That's just like you, Duffy. I never knew you make a joke, but what you had to explain it."

Duffy, considerably cut up, keeps on smiling like a wax doll, and tries to think of something severe.

"By Jehu, somebody ought to offer her an arm," resumes Wilkins, his dusky, twinkling, good-humored, and yet keen eyes glancing sideways at the young lady. She really wants to get out here. If it was any of the Beaumonts that I know, I'd venture."

"Bill Wilkins, I never saw you modest before," says Duffy, at last laying hands on a bit of satire. "Must be somebody's threatened to give you a licking."

And O, how Duffy enjoyed his hit, and how eagerly he looked out of the corner of his eye at Wilkins, as if expecting to see him too enjoy it.

Scorning to reply, Wilkins, an intelligent-looking, civil-mannered man, though evidently not aristocratic, was about stepping out in the direction of the young lady, when he saw something which checked him.

"Go in, Bill," whispered Duffy, giving his friend a dig under the ribs. "Bet my money on you."

"No. She's got some one. Jehu! what a tall fellow! By Jehu! that man could wade ashore. Shut up now, Duffy. They're coming this way. Don't make a fool of yourself *all* the time. I can stand it, but other folks can't."

Duffy shut up, and both men drew aside respectfully as the young lady passed them, her gloved fingers just touching the arm of the tall gentleman who escorted her.

The young lady's face was handsome, and, what is more, it was interesting. It was as different from the commonplace handsome face as a cultivated voice is different from the cackle or twang of the ordinary untutored windpipe. Quite young, not more than eighteen apparently; maidenly purity there, of course. But this purity was so remarkable, it amounted to something so like a superior intelligence, that it almost imposed upon the beholder, at the same time that it attracted him. In short, this was one of those rare countenances in which girlish innocence rises to the nobleness of matronly dignity and manly power, without losing its own youthful, fascinating, appealing grace. As she passed our two prattlers on the quarter-deck, even the stolidly jocose Duffy became humble in remembrance of the way he had jabbered about her, feeling much as a man might feel who should discover that he had been saying sly things of Santa Cecilia or the Mater Amabilis. O, potent influence of mere speechless, unobtrusive, carefully veiled and yet splendidly visible womanly purity! It has done, how much we cannot fully discover or declare, towards civilizing and sanctifying the other sex.

This young lady lifted her face a little shyly and yet with perfect self-possession toward the man whose arm supported her. It was obvious enough that she did not know him, and that she had only accepted his assistance because she needed it, and not with the slightest thought towards flirting.

"Do you wish to get on deck?" he had ventured to ask as he passed her in the breezy house on deck which enclosed the companion-way. "I judged so by your looking out. May I offer you my arm and give you a seat?"

"I was waiting for my aunt," she replied. "But she does not seem to come."

Then, finding it very uncomfortable there, with the wind sucking through the door in a gale, she passed her hand over his sleeve, saying, "If you will

take me to a seat, I will be much obliged to you."

"We have had a horrible time of it," he was remarking as they passed the respectful Duffy and Wilkins. "The weather has treated us like enemies and criminals."

"I am so glad to get on deck once more!" she said, her face lighting and coloring, like an eastern sky under the rising of the sun. "O," here was the enthusiasm of young life, "how beautiful the ocean is!"

He looked down upon her with pleasure because of her admiration. Who at twenty-four does not look upon eighteen as childhood, and rejoice in exhibiting marvels to it, and sympathize with its wonder! The next moment, remembering what had been asked of him, he halted and placed a chair for her.

"Thank you," she said. "Don't let me trouble you further. I see that my aunt is coming. You are very good."

Thus liberated, or rather perhaps graciously dismissed from his charge, the tall young man quietly touched his brimless cloth cap, turned on his heel with the dignity natural to giants, walked to the other side of the quarter-deck, leaned a yard or so over the bulwark, and watched the swift whirls of white and blue water, as they boiled out from under the paddle-box and raced along the ship's side.

The aunt, a stoutish lady, inviolably veiled, — not disposed clearly to be blown to pieces before fellow-passengers, — was in charge of a far stouter man, the captain of the *Mersey*. The captain got the aunt a chair, slapped it down in a jolly way alongside the niece, and then planted himself bolt upright in front of the two, babbling and boasting louder than the weather, as if he were all speaking-trumpet.

"Yes, a fine ship, noble ship. Never commanded a better. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen knots. Make the passage before you could dress a salad. It's the beginning, ladies, of a great enterprise. At last our State will stand

on its own feet, do its own business, put its money in its own pocket. Independent of New York? Of course we will be. It's high time. Don't you think so? I agree with you."

Captain Brien talked loud and bragged much, partly because he was of Celtic blood and born in Ireland (only a baby at the time; raised in the American marine), and partly because he had found that passengers, and especially women, were cheered and humbugged by that sort of thing. After a certain amount of his hurrah-boys talk, he felt that he had done his duty by the ladies, and he prepared to leave them. It was time; he was running out of conversation; when he had shouted and huzzaed a little, he had done; such was Captain Brien as a member of society. So he glared at the helmsman; then he threw a glance aloft, as if he were still in a sailing-vessel and carried top-gallants; then, with a sudden lurch and a sharp shuffle, he was away. Next he was looking over the side, not far from the tall young gentleman, guessing at the ship's speed by the flight of the water. As he was about to move off — the uneasy, restless, hyena-like creature — the giant lassoed him with a question.

"Well, Captain Brien," he said, with the air of one who may have money to invest, "how is the new line to succeed?"

"Succeed? Prodigious!" promptly shouted the skipper, in his loud, cracking voice, — a voice full of cheerful and almost frolicsome brag and bluster, a voice which had an undertone of humbug. "Sure to pay. Pay right off. Keep paying. First great step in the right direction. Change the channels of trade in our country."

Captain Brien was very short and very thick; what our Southern mountaineers would call a chunk of a man; not protuberant nor even corpulent, yet every ounce of a two-hundred-pounder. His face was flat, broad, nearly four square, ponderous in jowl, with cheeks as plump and solid as a pig's. His complexion was a dark, rich,

and curiously mottled mixture of sun-tanning and whiskey tanning. So long as you merely looked at him, you thought him a bluff, frank, honest sailor; but the moment you heard him talk, you suspected him of being a humbug, admitting, however, that he might be a good-hearted one, as well as a jolly one.

"It is not easy to change the channels of trade," observed the tall young gentleman. "It frequently takes centuries to do that. New York has an immense start."

A serious-minded person he seemed to be; one of those persons who love to speak veracities and to hear veracities uttered, who, perhaps, takes some offence when you offer them a mess of undisguisable claptrap.

Captain Brien looked up quickly at hearing his enthusiastic prophecies questioned. He did not frankly turn his face of bronze and mahogany; he merely slewed his gray and piggish, yet furtive and quick-glancing eyes. In an instant he had warned himself: "This man is not to be fooled with, at least not at times; and this is one of the times."

"You are right, sir," he said, dropping his trumpet bluster to a confidential, honest undertone. "New York has an immense start."

"Only two vessels in the line, I believe," continued the passenger.

"Only two," answered the captain, briefly, not caring to continue the conversation, since he could not splash and spout and play the whale in it.

"And the other is not yet built?"

"Not yet built," softly admitted the captain. He began to look around him for duty: leaking at this rate was not agreeable nor wise.

The passenger saw that the subject was no longer a welcome one, and he dropped it. There was a silence of a few seconds, during which the captain glanced two or three times at the young man, as if trying in vain to call him to mind, or as if struck with his appearance. An imposing young fellow, really; height something quite extraordi-

nary; could hardly have measured less than six feet four. His face, too, notwithstanding its fine pink and white complexion, and notwithstanding the softness of his curling blond hair and long blond whiskers, was not such a face as one prefers to shake a fist at. Although the features were, in general, pleasing, the cheekbones were broad and the jaws were strong, showing a character full of pluck and perseverance. In other respects a charming expression; there was a wealth of both dignity and benignity in it; it reminded one somewhat of the portraits of Washington.

"We have had rough weather," he said presently. "This is my first morning on my legs. Who are my fellow-passengers, may I ask?"

"All of the right sort, sir," shouted the captain. Surely this was a subject that he might brag upon, without giving offence,— "all of the right sort, and from the right spot," he blustered ahead. "Such people as I like to carry. A most elegant lady, sitting over there just now, a perfect lady, sir. Her niece is one of the most charming, innocent, modest, — bless you, just the kind that we raise and brag of — just our own best kind, sir. Her brother Tom, too —" the captain stopped here and looked at his helmsman, headstays, bobstays, etc. It seemed as if he had not so very much to say in favor of the brother Tom.

"What is the name?" inquired the tall gentleman, who doubtless had his reasons for wanting to know.

"The name is Chester; no, beg pardon, the aunt's name is Chester, — Mrs. Chester. The young lady's name is Beaumont. The Beaumonts of Hartland!" repeated the captain, proudly.

The tall young gentleman did not start; he merely looked as if he had heard before of the Beaumonts of Hartland; he also looked as if he were not pleased at meeting them.

"Ever been in Hartland?" inquired the captain. "Lovely village, — town, I should say."

"I have been there," was the brief and dry answer.

"Perhaps you have known the Beaumonts, then? I dare say they would be pleased to —"

"I never knew them," interrupted the youngster, more drily than before.

"In a little company like this —" continued Captain Brien.

"I dare say I may make their acquaintance, at a proper time."

His intentions towards an immediate introduction being thus bluffed, the captain fell silent, and looked once more at his helmsman, bobstays, jackstays, etc.

"How many days more of it?" inquired the passenger, after some seconds of grave meditation, his face meanwhile turned from the Beaumont group, as if he might wish to avoid recognition.

"How many days? Why that depends, you know. The weather comes in there. So does the newness of the engine. I shouldn't like to prophesy, Mr. McMaster."

The young man gave the captain a singular glance, had the air of being about to speak, and then checked himself. Could it be that his name was not McMaster, and that he had reasons for letting the error go uncorrected? After another meditation, he swung slowly away from the captain, his back still toward Mrs. Chester and Miss Beaumont, strode forward to the waist of the vessel, lighted a cigar, and smoked in deep thought.

Meanwhile Wilkins and Duffy, the latter with his narrow gray eyes constantly fixed on the tall passenger, were conversing about their own affairs.

"Duffy, how much do you suppose we've made by going to England?" queried Wilkins, puckering the corners of his mouth into satirical wrinkles.

"Made? How should I know? Foot it up at the end of the season. What do you think we've made, yourself?"

"Made damn fools of ourselves."

"O, you'd better jump overboard,

and done with it. You're always looking at the black side of things. How do you figure that out?"

"Well, figure it yourself; you can cipher, can't you? Expenses going and coming just four times what they would be to New York, taking in board at the St. Nicholas, a course through the theatres, and a blow out generally. It cuts down all my profits and eats into the capital. I think, by Jehu, we'd better let importing alone. It may do from a seaport; but hang me if I ever try importing into an inland village again. If we had n't been as green as swamp meadows, we would n't have been got out of our little two-penny shops on any such business. And I believe the whole line will turn out a flam. O, it's all very well as a spree. That's it, a big spree. But we can't make fortunes on spreeing it."

At this moment the tall passenger passed them on his way forward to the waist. Duffy followed him with his eyes, then hurried to the companionway and took a long, sly look, then came back, staring inquiringly at his chum.

"I say, Bill Wilkins, how about that fellow?" he demanded.

"Big chap," returned Wilkins, turning his face upward and surveying every point of the horizon.

"Yes, but who is he?" persisted Duffy.

"How should I know?" returned Wilkins, trying to look indifferent, but unable to conceal annoyance.

"Don't know him, eh?" continued Duffy, smiling and triumphant. "Ever live in Hartland?"

"Yes, of course I've lived in Hartland, twenty years or thereabouts. But he's no Hartland man."

"He may have been a Hartland boy, though."

Wilkins squared his back on Duffy, and walked aft; but Duffy would not be got rid of in this fashion; he followed, and continued his subject.

"Don't know him, hey? You know those people opposite, don't you?"

"What, Mrs. Chester and Miss

Beaumont? Yes, I know who they are."

"And where they live?"

"Yes, and where they live."

"Well, you know the people on the other hill?"

"What other hill?"

"O, now make believe you can't understand anything," said the indignant Duffy. "Why, *the* other hill. Other side of the town. Straight back of your store. Two miles back."

Wilkins would not answer, and persisted in staring at every nook and corner of the weather, as if he did n't hear his gabbling comrade.

"That's one of the —" began Duffy.

"Shut up!" broke in Wilkins.

"The youngest one," went on Duffy. "Been abroad eight years, studying and travelling. Changed wonderfully. I ciphered him out, though. I tell you, it's Frank —"

"Shut up, for God's sake," implored Wilkins.

"Yes, and you knew it all the while, and would n't tell me of it," said the aggrieved Duffy.

"Yes, I *did* know it all the while," admitted Wilkins. "I recognized him the evening we came aboard. And I did n't tell you of it; and do you know why?"

Without answering or apparently noticing this question, Duffy pursued: "Yes, by jiminy, that's him. Sold him peanuts and candy many a time. I'll go and shake hands with him."

He started to go forward. Wilkins caught him by the skirt of his black swallow-tailed coat and hauled him back.

"Don't be a damn fool!"

"Why not?" demands the innocent Duffy.

"Because it's ridiculous to be a damn fool *all* the while, and because it makes mischief. Do you want to get up a muss on board? There are those Beaumonts, — that young devil of a Tom Beaumont; don't you remember all the trouble between the two families?"

"O, exactly," returns the abashed Duffy.

"O, exactly!" scornfully repeats Williams. "Well, you see it now, don't you? *They* don't know him. He passes for Mr. McMaster on board. I heard the captain call him so, and he answered to it. He's quite right. It ain't best they should know him."

"If they should, there might be a devil of a row," observes the at last enlightened Duffy.

"I should guess so, by Jehu," mutters Wilkins, wrathful at Duffy for not having seen it all before.

CHAPTER II.

IF Mr. McMaster, as we will call him for the present, expected to keep at a distance from the Beaumonts during this voyage, he was disappointed.

After he was seated at the dinner-table the three members present of that family, the aunt, the niece, and the nephew, followed each other into the eating-saloon and took places opposite him, the young lady acknowledging by a slight inclination of the head her remembrance of his service in the morning. This was what he had not expected; in fact, this was just what he supposed he had guarded against; but the steward, being slightly beery that morning, had misunderstood him, and thought he wanted to be close to the belle of the steamer. So there was nothing for Mr. McMaster to do but to return the girl's zephyr-like salutation, to glance rapidly at the faces of aunt and nephew, and then quietly fall to eating.

Meantime Duffy and Bill Wilkins, paired away much farther down the table, looked on breathlessly out of the corners of their eyes. They expected, it is not best now to say precisely what, but clearly it was something remarkable. Duffy whispered, "That's curious, hey, Wilkins?" Wilkins responded with a grunt which signified as plainly as possible, "Shut up!" And when Duffy failed to understand, and so stated in an audible whisper,

Wilkins hissed back between his teeth, "By Jehu! if you don't shut up, I change my seat." Whereupon Duffy, turning very red under the reproof, looked around fiercely at the listening waiter and called for a bottle of champagne, being a man who under such snubbings needed spirituous encouragement.

Presently Mrs. Chester began a conversation with the mysterious giant. Mrs. Chester was aristocratic; in fact, she was in a general way disagreeably haughty; not at all the sort of lady who habitually seeks intercourse with strangers. But the giant was — barring his too great height — decidedly handsome; and, what is more fascinating still to a woman, he had an air of distinction. "Then why not be pleasant?" she thought; "such a little party as we have on board; awkward not to speak to one's *vis-a-vis*: moreover, he has been civil to my niece."

So Mrs. Chester astonished Duffy and Wilkins by saying to the tall gentleman, with that sweet smile which haughty and self-conscious people often have, drawing it out of the depths of their condescension, "The sea is still a little troublesome, sir. It is safer on deck for a gentleman than for a lady."

The captain, seated in his Olympus at the head of the table, immediately thundered his introduction: "Mr. McMaster, let me present you to Mrs. Chester, Miss Beaumont; Mr. Beaumont, Mr. McMaster; we are all friends of the line, I believe; travelling comrades. Let's be jolly while we are at sea. Time enough to be solemn on shore."

No notice taken of Duffy and Wilkins, nor of several other persons around the foot of the table, all of whom Captain Brien knew by instinct to be of a different breed from the Beaumonts of Hartland.

The tall passenger made three slight bows, and each of the Beaumonts made one. Even while he was bowing, the former was querying to himself whether he ought not to deny the name of Mc-

Master, and make public the one which belonged to him. But he decided against it; and evidently it was an important decision; one could see that by the wink which Duffy threw at Wilkins, a wink which the cautious Wilkins totally ignored.

"I think, madam, that we shall now have a quiet time, at least for a few days," said the so-called Mr. McMaster, in a full, round tone, and with a cultivated accent, very pleasant to hear. "The barometer seems to promise as much."

"O, does it?" smiled the lady. "I am so glad anything can prophesy in these days. Well, we ought to be patient, even with a long voyage. It is homeward. It is towards our dear native country. I shall be so delighted to see its shores again! If you have been absent as long as we, you must be able to sympathize with me."

"I have been in Europe eight years, Mrs. Chester."

Spasmodic winking here from Duffy, who thought the secret was coming out and the muss at hand.

"Eight years!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "And I was gone only one year. How can an American stay abroad eight years?"

"I have been engaged in a course of studies which made the time pass very rapidly."

"O, I understand. My niece has been three years at school in England and France. We ran over after her, and took a year on the Continent. Europe is the best place, I suppose, for a thorough education. But eight years! Dear me! how glad you must be to return!"

"I can't quite say that. I leave great things behind me. Compared with America, Europe is a completed and perfect social edifice."

"Excuse me!" objected Mrs. Chester, quite sincerely and warmly, "I don't consider them our equals. Look at their hordes of brutal peasants. And even their aristocrats, I don't consider them equal to our gentlemen and ladies, our untitled nobility. Where will you

find anything in Europe to compare with our best families?"

Duffy whispered to Wilkins, "That's so," and Wilkins, in reply, muttered, "Confound her!"

The tall gentleman waived the comparison of manners; he alluded, he said civilly, to art, literature, and science.

"But look at our list of noble names," urged Mrs. Chester, pushing on from victory to victory. "The authors of the Federalist,—Legaré, Cooper, Irving, Bancroft,—Washington Irving."

The lady's lore, it will be perceived, was of early days; she had read "the books which no gentleman's library should be without."

The tall young man seemed to hesitate about contradicting a woman; then he seemed to find a reason for speaking plainly, even at the risk of giving offence.

"I admit those and a few others," he said. "But how few they all are! And we are a nation of thirty millions. We have been a civilized people a hundred years and more. I can't account for the sparseness of our crop of great intellects. I sometimes fear that our long backwoods life has dwarfed the national brain, or that our climate is not fitted to develop the human plant in perfection. Our painting can't get into European exhibitions. Our sculpture has only done two or three things which have attracted European attention. Our scientific men, with three or four exceptions, confine themselves to rehearsing European discoveries. Our histories are good second-class; so are our poems, the best of them. Even in novels,—one would think we might do something there, we have a wealth of strong incidents and curious characters,—but what is the result? The American novelist either can't draw a character, or he can't make a plot. In general he is as dry and dull as a school geography. I don't understand it. There is only one poor comfort. It is not given to every nation to produce a literature. There have been hundreds of nations, and

there have been only six or eight literatures."

Evidently this Mr. McMaster, or whatever his name might be, was a frank and resolute fellow, if not a downright wilful one. At the same time his manner was perfectly courteous, and his cultivated voice was even insinuating, though raised in contradiction. In spite of annoyance at hearing her native land criticised and her own importance thereby considerably depreciated, Mrs. Chester was confirmed in her opinion that he was a young fellow of good blood.

"How can an American attack his own country?" was her only remonstrance, and that sweetened by a smile.

"I beg your pardon; I don't call it attacking. If I should discover a leak in our vessel here, I should feel it my duty to tell the captain of it. How can we mend our imperfections so long as we persuade each other that we are already perfect?"

"By Jove, you're right there, sir," put in Tom Beaumont, a genteel but devil-may-care looking youth, perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two years old. "If I see a fellow going wrong, especially if he's a friend of mine, I say to him right off, 'Look here, old chap, allow me to tell you, by Jove, that that sort of thing won't do.' Yes, sir," continued Tom, who had taken a straight cocktail before dinner and was now drinking liberally of champagne, "your doctrine suits my ideas exactly. As to America, I hurrah for it, of course. We can whip the world, if we could get at it. But when it comes to palaces and picture-galleries and that sort of thing, by Jove, we're in the swamps; we're just nowhere. We have n't anything to show. What can you take a man round to when he travels amongst us? The only thing we can offer to pass the time is just a drink. Show him up to a bar; that's what we have to come to. And that's the reason, by Jove, that we're always nipping."

It seemed as if Mr. McMaster thought that Tom had nipped too much that morning to allow of his con-

versation being profitable. He turned to the sister. He had, by the way, no business to turn to her. Even Mr. Duffy, though not very bright, was aware of that; he showed it by hitting his knee against the knee of his friend Wilkins; for Duffy could not endure to have an idea without letting some one know it. Nevertheless, a brief and rather shy conversation took place between Mr. McMaster and Miss Kate Beaumont.

Yes, she agreed with him, at least in part; she had been long enough abroad to like people abroad; the English she liked very much; the French not so well. The English were so frank and straightforward and honest! You could depend on them. It was strange that it should be so; but it seemed to her that life was more simple with them than with other people; they had less guile and pretence than other people. Perhaps, she admitted, she had seen the best side.

He looked pleased; seemed to think it much to her credit that she should see the best side; probably thought that only good people can fully discover goodness.

"Women are fortunate in being so situated as to see mainly the best side," he added. "I have sometimes thought it would be an angelic existence to see all the good there is in the world and none of the evil."

Whether Miss Kate felt that there was a compliment in this, or whether she perceived that the young gentleman looked at her very steadily, she colored a little. He noticed it, and immediately stopped talking to her; he was astonished and indignant at his own folly; what right had *he* to be paying *her* compliments? The girl's face and air and manner had actually made him forget who she was. No wonder; if not a perfectly beautiful face, it was a perfectly charming one; one of the faces that make both man and woman long to offer kindness. An oval contour, features faintly aquiline, abundant chestnut hair, soft hazel eyes, a complexion neither dark nor light, a con-

stant delicate color in the cheeks, were not enough to explain the whole of the fascination. It was the expression that did the beholder's business; it was the sweetness, the purity, the unmeant dignity; it was the indescribable.

Mrs. Chester once more grasped the reins of the conversation; and was allowed to have them, so far as her niece and the stranger were concerned; the genial Tom alone making an occasional grab at them. It was noticeable that while this lady talked with Mr. McMaster, she was mellifluous and smiling; but from the moment her own family joined in the discussion, she acquired a sub-acid flavor. "One of those women who have a temper of their own by their own firesides," judged her new acquaintance. When the meal was over, however, all parties rose from the table on seemingly excellent terms with each other.

Once on deck, Mr. Duffy drew his friend Wilkins aside by the elbow and muttered in profound amazement, "Ever see anything like that, Bill Wilkins?"

The prudent Wilkins, looking as non-committal as a mummy, responded by an incomprehensible grunt.

"What would old Beaumont have said, if he'd happened in?" pursued Duffy.

Wilkins looked cautiously about him: "Don't speak so loud, man. You'll split with it yet."

"I hain't mentioned the other name," declared Duffy.

"Yes, but by Jehu, you want to. I know you, Duffy. By Jehu, I'd rather trust my grandmother with a secret than you. I wish to Heaven you'd shut up on the whole subject till we get ashore. If you don't, there'll be a fuss aboard."

"O, you be hanged, Bill Wilkins!" retorted Duffy, walking away in great offence, and would not speak to his friend again for half an hour.

Meantime the Beaumonts, clustered in a little group on deck, were discussing this Mr. McMaster.

"Seen him before, by Jove!" mut-

tered Tom, bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair. "By Jove, Aunt Marian, I've seen him before. Where was it?"

"Tom, I wish you would n't by Jove it quite so constantly in my presence," replies Mrs. Chester. "You seem to take me for one of your own fellows as you call them."

"By — I beg your pardon; there it pops again," says Tom. "I was going to say it would n't do at all among the fellows. Takes something stronger than that to make *them* look around."

"I care very little how you address them," retorts Mrs. Chester with peppery dignity. "What I do care for is how you address *me*."

"Well, all right. Beg pardon, as I said before. Catch another hold. Who *is* this tall chap?"

"He looks like so many young Englishmen," suggests Kate. "Only he is taller."

"So he does," nods Tom. "Perhaps that's it. Dare say I saw him in England and took him for a John Bull. Though, by — never mind, aunt — did n't let it out — try another barrel — what was I going to say? Oh! I can't for the life of me remember where I did see him. Was it in Scotland? Give it up."

"At all events, he is a gentleman," decides Mrs. Chester. "I did n't hear him by Joving it at us."

"Come, Aunt Marian!" said the young man, speaking with sudden seriousness and even dignity. "Allow me to suggest that that is going a great ways. Do you notice that you insinuated that I am not a gentleman?"

Mrs. Chester appeared to be struck by the protest; she looked up at her nephew with surprise and gravity.

"Tom, you are quite right," she said. "I trust you will always repel that insinuation, from whomsoever it comes. I did not mean it."

"All right," returned the youngster, dropping back into the easy, good-natured way which was habitual with him. "Now, if you don't mind it, I'll light up."

During this short tiff, Kate Beaumont glanced gravely and thoughtfully from one to the other of the pair. It is evident that she has been long enough away from her relations to forget their characters a little, and that she is studying them with an interest almost amounting to anxiety.

"So you like the English, Kate?" recommences Tom, with a bantering smile, — the smile of a good-hearted tease. "Honest, steady-going chaps are they? I wonder how you will like us. Seen any Americans yet that you fancy? What do you say to me?"

"You are my brother, Tom."

"O, that's all, is it. What if I was n't? I almost wish I was n't. What a fancy I would take to you! You'd have an offer this trip. Perhaps you will, as it is. This Mr. McMaster is looking a good deal your way."

"Nonsense, Tom!" And Kate colored as innocent girls do under such remarks.

"So I say," put in Mrs. Chester. "Tom, you talk like a school-girl. They babble about matches in that style."

"Do they!" wonders Tom. "News to me. Thought I'd suggested a new train of thought to Kate. But this Mr. McMaster —"

In short, there was much talk among the Beaumonts concerning this Mr. McMaster. For various reasons, and especially perhaps because of the mystery attaching to him, he was a favorite. On board ship any subject of curiosity is a delight, and any tolerably fine fellow may get the name of a Crichton. Even the fact that the young man did not seek the Beaumonts was rather a recommendation to people who were so sure of their own position. He was not a pushing fellow; consequently he was a gentleman. Mrs. Chester sent for him to join in whist parties, and Tom clapped him on the shoulder with proffers of drinks and cigars.

As for him, he wished heartily that they would let him alone, until there

came a time when he could not wish it, at least not heartily. In his first interview with them he had contradicted Mrs. Chester's glorification of America, not altogether because he did not agree with her and because it was his nature to be sincere and outspoken, but partly also to leave a bad impression of himself upon her mind, and so evade an awkward intimacy. It was awkward in more ways than one. His time was valuable to him; he had in his state-room thick German volumes of mineralogy and metallurgy which he wanted to master; and he had proposed to make this voyage an uninterrupted course of study. In the second place, there was between this family and his family a disagreement too inveterate and serious to be rubbed out by a chance acquaintance.

At times he regretted that he had not at first announced his name and individuality. He had not done it, from good motives; he despised and detested the old family quarrel; he did not want to be dragged into it personally; did not want a voyage of pouting and perhaps of open hostility. A momentary impulse, an impulse strengthened by the surprise of finding himself face to face with Beaumonts, had induced him to accept the false name which somehow had fallen upon him. Now that he had time to think over the matter coolly, was the impulse to be regretted? On the whole, no; notwithstanding that he hated to sail under false colors, no; notwithstanding that he was in a ridiculous position, no. As McMaster he could go through the voyage peaceably; and after it was over, he should never meet the Beaumonts again; although they lived within a few miles of each other, there was no chance of a meeting.

But if he voyaged with these people under a false name, he must not become intimate with them. On this, for the first two or three days, he was resolved; and on this, after two or three days, he was not so resolved. The temptation which led him into this change of feeling, the strongest temp-

tation to which a man can be subjected, was a woman. If the youngster needs excuse, let us remember that for the last four years he had been studying with a will, and had had scarcely an idea or a sentiment outside of chemistry, mineralogy, and metallurgy. He had rarely spoken to a woman, except his elderly, hard-working landlady, and the fat, plain daughter of his landlady. If there had been any pretty girls in the little town of Göttingen, he had failed to see them. For four years he had not been in love, nor thought of being in love. And, all of a sudden, here he was face to face with a young lady who was handsome enough and sweet enough to make a sensation in any society, and who, in the desert of the Mersey, with only Mrs. Chester and the stewardess for rivals, seemed of course the loveliest of women.

She was a mighty temptation. He could not help looking at her and studying her. If she needed helping from a dish within reach of his long arm, he must perforce anticipate the waiter. If she wanted to walk the deck, and her fly-away, devil-may-care brother was larking below among the beer-bottles and punch-glasses, he could not help saying, "Allow me." If she asked questions about life in Germany or about the studies in a German university, he did not know how to evade telling her many things, and so making an interesting conversation. Each link in this intercourse seemed in itself so unimportant! And yet the whole made such a chain!

Of course, this intimacy, so singular to those who knew all its circumstances, could not fail to draw the sidelong wonder of Messrs. Wilkins and Duffy. As the tall young man and the graceful young woman pace the quarter-deck in company, Duffy, clothing his flat face with puckers of deep meaning, pokes a spasmodic elbow into his friend's ribs and mumbles: "I say, Bill Wilkins, that's the queerest start out. That may be a love affair before we get home. What then?"

"Humph!" grunts Wilkins,—a grunt of contemptuous unbelief,—that fool of a Duffy!

"If it should," pursues Duffy, dimpling and simpering, "might collapse the whole fight; put a complete stopper on it."

Wilkins utters another incredulous, scornful grunt and turns away; that Duffy is too much of a ninny to be listened to with any patience.

"I didn't say it *would*," explains Duffy. "I said it *might*." Old Beaumont himself would n't—

"Shut up!" mutters Wilkins, grinding his teeth through his cigar, but looking innocently, diplomatically, at the foam in the steamer's wake. If that secret was to be divulged on board, it should not be the fault of the tongue, or face, or eye of Bill Wilkins.

CHAPTER III.

A LONG voyage. There was time in it for quite a little romance. And the time was not misimproved; for, if we should narrate minutely all that happened on board the *Mersey*, we should have a volume. That, however, would by no means do; we must simply indicate how things went.

In the first place, there was Mrs. Chester's flirtation. She was nearly fifty years old, and yet she was not too old for coquetry, or at least she did not think so. More elderly people are thus minded than the young imagine; many a man well stricken in years has thoughts of captivating some chit of a girl; he not only wants to win her hand, but he trusts that he may win her heart; actually hopes, the deluded senior, to inspire her with love. Same with some women; can't believe they have passed the age of fascinating; make eyes at young dandies who don't understand it at all; would beggar themselves for a husband of twenty-two.

Mrs. Chester was well preserved; complexion brunette, but tolerably clear,—from a distance; dark hazel

eyes, still remarkably bright,—also from a distance; hair very black, to be sure, but honestly her own, even to the color; a long face, but not lean, and with high and rather fine features; on the whole, a distinguished countenance. Her form had not kept quite so well, being obviously a little too exuberant, notwithstanding the cunning of dress-makers. What was repellent about her, at least to an attentive and sensitive observer, was her smile. It was over-sweet; its cajolery was too visible; it did not fascinate; it put you on your guard. Even her eyes, with all their fine color and sparkle, were not entirely pleasing, being too watchful and cunning and at times too combative. On the whole, it was the face of a woman who had long been a flirt, who had long been a leader of fashion, who had seen trouble without getting any good out of it, who had ended by becoming something of a tartar, and all without ceasing to be a flirt.

Mrs. Chester was a widow. A country belle in her youth, a city lady during middle life, she had lost her husband within the last six years, found herself without a fortune, and retired upon a wealthy brother. Disappointed woman; thought she had not had her fair share of life's sweetness; still uneasily seeking after worldly joys. Old enough to be Mr. McMaster's mother, old enough to matronize him wisely in society, she was unable to give herself the good advice to keep from flirting with him. She had courted his acquaintance at the table of the *Mersey* for his own sake. It was not because he had been civil to her niece; it was because she wanted him to be sweet upon herself. Could n't help it; old habits too strong for her sense; old habits and a born tendency.

Of course, he did not understand her. No man of twenty-four can have the least suspicion that an elderly woman wants him to flirt with her. Mr. McMaster (not his real name, please to remember) helped Mrs. Chester around the vessel in the innocence of ignorance. Did not want her company,

but could not help getting it. "Mr. McMaster, will you oblige me with your arm up these stairs?" And then he was in for a long, prattling promenade on deck. "Mr. McMaster, will you please take me into the cabin?" And then he found himself caught in a maelstrom of whist. He had meant to keep away from the Beaumonts; but he could not manage it because of Mrs. Chester. The result was—the terribly pregnant result—that he saw a great deal of Miss Kate.

Pretty soon, say in about a week, there was a muddle. While he was talking to Mrs. Chester, and while Mrs. Chester supposed that she was his point of interest, he was really talking for the sake of Miss Beaumont. The aunt, as innocent of any such gentle purpose as a bald eagle, gathered these two chickens under her chape-ronic wings and brooded in them thoughts of each other. Had she known what she was doing, she would have snapped at Kate, insulted Mr. McMaster, shut herself up in her stateroom, and had a fit of the sulks.

Results were hastened by rough weather. Mrs. Chester, losing her sea-legs once more, became to a certain extent bedridden, or lay about the decks inert. By this time our tall young friend was under a spell which promised pleasures and would not let him see dangers.

"Miss Beaumont, you need some one to assist you"; "Miss Beaumont, shall I annoy you if I walk with you?" He can't help saying these things; sees the folly of them, no doubt, but still says them; resolves that he will do nothing of the sort, and breaks his resolution; very clear-headed youth, but getting ungovernable about the heart. Of course one likes him the better for this weakness, and would hardly have a man of twenty-four behave differently. But the result? Long walks and long talks; getting more interested every day; cannot learn too much about Miss Beaumont; finds her school-girl reminiscences more delightful than chemistry. The young lady,

handsome by daylight, seems to him a goddess by moonlight. He experiences a pure, exquisite, almost unearthly pleasure in looking down at her bright, innocent face, and seeing it look up at him. He does a great deal of reading (not in chemistry) in the cabin, Miss Beaumont being always one listener, if not the only one. What a change has come over him, and how rapidly it has come! If this thing is to go on as it has begun, he will soon be indisputably in love. And then?

"Wonder if he ain't getting himself into a scrape?" thinks the diplomatic Wilkins, careful, however, not to utter the query aloud, lest babbling Duffy should repeat it and make mischief. "Well," he continues, still speaking in strict confidence to himself, "that's the way with all youngsters, pretty much. Women *will* get the better of them. They've tripped *me* pretty often." (Mr. Wilkins, now nigh on to forty, has not been badly tripped as yet, being still unmarried.) "*That* girl might upset me now, well as I know her breed. Pretty girl, devilish pretty girl, and looks like a good one, too, in spite of her breed."

There are moments when our tall fellow wonders at himself as much as Wilkins wonders at him. He is one of the wisest of youngsters; at least he has that reputation among his acquaintance; he has even had it with himself. Though of an impulsive race, and partly because he is aware that he is of such a race, he has proposed to himself to be practical, has set up practical-mindedness as his nirvana, and has stubbornly, self-repressively striven after it. For years he has not meant to do anything which was not worth while, nor even to do anything which was not the best thing to do. Many of his younger associates have considered him disagreeably well-balanced; have felt repressed, cramped, and chilled by his rational conversation and sound example; would have liked him better if he had had more emotions, enthusiasms, and whims.

And this sagacious youth has allowed his heart to draw him into a scrape ; as the philosophical Wilkins puts the case, a woman has got the better of him. At the breakfast-table, no matter what may have been his resolves during the night, he can't keep his eyes from bidding Kate Beaumont something kinder than good morning. If he sees her in need of a chair, he can't help bringing her one. If he finds her pacing the unsteady deck alone (her aunt rolled in shawls, and her brother talking horse below to boozing companions), he must offer her his arm, or jump overboard. When Mrs. Chester, anxious in her least sickish hours to have him near her, proposes an evening family party of whist, he takes the cards. And, subsequent on the game, when the elder lady leans back in a corner, does her dizzy best to be agreeable, and, despite herself, falls into a series of dozings, how can he quit Miss Beaumont, or how be dull with her ? One little weakness after another makes a whole day of unwisdom and wrong-doing.

Excuse him ? Of course we can, and do it joyfully. We do not forget that pregnant saying, "A woman in the same house has so many devilish chances at a fellow" ; and we remember that in a ship she has even more chances than in a house. Miss Kate had no rival young lady on board the Mersey. She had not even a rival, at least not for a long time past, in the emotional memory of Mr. McMaster. He was like Adam alone when he first beheld Eve the unknown. The oversoul of his sex, the great necessity of loving some one of the other sex, the universal instinct which is too strong for any individuality, had begun to take complete possession of him, and to upset his boasted common sense, self-command, and so forth. A man may be upright and sensible ; but a man's a man for a' that.

It was simple folly. He knew perfectly well who were the Beaumonts ; he was informed, at least in a general way, of the long feud between them

and his own family ; he could not show for his conduct a ray of the excuse called ignorance. Before his mind's eye rose the two houses : the roof of the one visible from the roof of the other, separated by only four miles of God's blooming, joyous earth, yet never an act or message of friendship between them, rather a ceaseless interchange of wrongs and hate. It is one of the rare cases of a spite which has outlasted two generations, and which is so violent in its deeds and so outspoken in its words that all men know of it. It is a stand-point, a fixed fact ; no one expects it to pass away. And yet, knowing all this bitter history, he has become surreptitiously intimate with Beaumonts, and has dared even to pay surreptitious courtship to a Beaumont girl.

Of course he reproved and bullied himself for it with distressing plainness. "What do I mean ?" he said ; and meanwhile he meant nothing. He no more proposed to fall in love than a man proposes to get drunk who takes glass after glass of a liquor which is too pleasant to be refused. And still less did he intend to make this charming and innocent young lady fall in love with himself. *That*, he thought, would be dishonorable ; for there could be no good end to it. It was, humanly speaking, impossible that a Miss Beaumont should marry one of his family ; and if it should happen, it would almost certainly divide her from her own blood, and so make her more or less wretched for life. So, marriage being out of the question, all love-making was futility, and was even wickedness. He did not purpose it ; resolved over and over that he would have none of it ; and all the while, led by the great race instinct of loving, went on with it. Terrible downfall for a man of solid sense and strong principles, born into high ideas of gentlemanliness, bred for years among philosophers, accustomed to do analyses and other accurate things, able to analyze even himself, and so thoroughly a being.

On the twelfth day of the voyage,

some time in the still, cloudy, sombre evening, this young man received a shock. The irrepressible Duffy, blind as a bat from coming out of the bright cabin on to the murky deck, halts a few feet from Mr. McMaster without seeing him, plants his back against the weather bulwark, rests his lazy elbows upon it, puffs gently at his cigar, and mumbles to the invisibly deprecating Wilkins, "Seems to me that tall chap is getting himself either into a marriage or a muss."

The subject of the observation immediately stole away to meditate. This outside comment, this voice of the world at large, more potent than any of his own reflections, startled him into a terrible sense of his situation. What brought the comment more forcibly home to him was a suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, that the speaker knew him. Duffy he had long since recognized, and Wilkins also; but he had believed until now that they did not remember him. Absent eight years; a boy when he left home; grown twelve inches or more since then; broad shoulders, side whiskers, mustache, and all that; — he must surely be changed beyond recognition. Now he believed that these two had found him out; and consequently he felt as if he were standing on a mine. Any day the Beaumonts might be informed who he was; and then what judgment would they pass upon him to his face? "You a gentleman!" they would sneer, or perhaps storm. "Sneak among us and listen to our talk under a false name! Even if you were an indifferent person, such conduct would be shabby. As things are between our families, it is scoundrelly."

And then would arise the old, stupid, hateful quarrel, more violent perhaps than ever, and to some extent rational in its violence, because justified by his folly.

A young man has a vast power of repentance. When he sees that he has committed an error, he sees it in awful proportions. Our giant lay awake

over his sin nearly all that night, and writhed in spirit over it all the following day. A gentleman, sensitively a gentleman, — what one might call chivalrous, what one might even call quixotic, yes, chivalrous in spite of his assumed name, quixotic in spite of his long struggle to be practical, — he was tormented by remorse. How could a man of honor, who had caught himself falling by surprise into a dishonorable action, how could he do sufficient penance? Moreover, his blunder might lead to disastrous consequences; what chivalrous feat could he perform to prevent them? After a severe storm of emotions, after suffering spiritually more in one day than a nation of savages could suffer in a month, he hit upon one of the most irrational and yet perhaps one of the most natural plans that could be imagined. Only a young man could have devised it, or at least have decided upon it. The young are so wise and so foolish! They are such inspired idiots! Sometimes uninspired ones!

It was a moonlit autumn evening, strangely summer-like for the season, when he led Miss Beaumont on deck alone, ostensibly to take a walk with her, but really to carry out his plan.

We can imagine the hesitation and futility of his first steps toward a confession. There were two persons in him; the one intent upon being straightforward and prompt, the other shying and balking. It was like a man trying to ride an Indian pony up to a band of music. All the young fellow's introductions seemed to lead in a circle and bring him back to where he had started. So hard is it to avow an error which is both intellectual and moral, when one is anxious to preserve the respect of the listener, not to mention a tip-end of self-respect. It seems at the moment as if confession were a new crime, instead of a justifying virtue.

At last, out of patience with himself, Mr. McMaster (we will soon give his true name) made a direct plunge at his subject.

"Miss Beaumont, I beg your serious

attention for a moment to a very serious matter."

No start from this most innocent of young ladies. A girl more experienced in society, or in novels, or in reveries, would have sniffed an offer of marriage. This one was ingenuous enough to be merely puzzled, to turn up her handsome face in the moonlight with calm wonder, to say with perfect simplicity as he hesitated, "What is it?"

"My name is not McMaster," he proceeded; then, after scowling a moment, "It is McAlister."

"I beg you will hear me out," he hurried on, anticipating that she would leave him, perhaps before he could begin his apology.

But Kate was as yet simply puzzled. Four years of absence from home, of far-away ideas and of hard study, had rendered some of the notions and feelings of her childhood vague to her, so that the word "McAlister" did not at first rouse an association.

"I don't know how the captain got the idea that my name was McMaster," pursued the penitent. "Perhaps my illegible handwriting; I engaged my passage by letter. Never mind. He introduced me by that name. I thought—it was a great mistake, it looks like unhandsome conduct, but I honestly thought—it best to let it pass."

"It was odd," hesitated Kate, feeling that she ought to say something, and not knowing what to say.

"You cannot blame me more severely than I blame myself," he added.

"I did not mean to blame you," Kate puzzled on. "If it was a joke?—Well, I don't know what I ought to tell you, Mr. Mc—"

The moment she began to pronounce the name *McAlister*, she remembered the quarrel which it represented. She stopped; her hand fell out of his arm; she stood away from him and stared at him.

"I beg of you!" he implored. "Will you not do me the favor to hear my reasons? I appeal to you as a woman, who cannot sympathize with these old bitternesses, and who must wish for—

at least not enmity. You had a brother on board. I did not want to resume the ancient quarrel with him. I hate the whole affair. It is a point of family honor, I know; it seems to be held a duty to keep up the feud. But I have learned other ideas. The quarrel appears to me—I beg you will excuse my frankness—simply barbarous. I have no more sympathy with it than I have with a scalp-hunt. Well, you can guess what I had in view. I wanted a peaceful voyage. I wanted not to be known to you or your relatives in any manner whatever. I assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that those were my motives for letting my name go unrevealed. Can you blame me for them?"

Kate, in spite of her astonishment and a certain measure of alarm, felt that she was called upon to be a woman, and she was capable of being one. After drawing a long breath to make sure of her voice, she said quietly, and with a really dignified firmness, "No, Mr. McAlister, I cannot blame you."

"I thank you sincerely," he replied, so greatly relieved that he was almost joyous. "I did not expect so much kindness. I only hoped it."

"I have lived away from home, like yourself," she went on. "I suppose I have lost some of the home ideas. But," she added, after a moment of reflection, "I am going home."

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said. "You cannot control your circumstances. I must give you up as an acquaintance."

Kate, looking frankly up at him, her handsome face spiritualized by the moonlight, nodded her head with a rather sad gravity.

"There is one thing more," he proceeded. "I am going to Hartland. I shall perhaps be seen there and recognized by some of your family. Then this deceit, this unhappy deceit of mine, will be discovered. And then the old quarrel may blaze up hotter than before."

"I hope not," murmured Kate, fearing however that so it would be.

"It is for that that I have told you what I have," he explained. "I have made my confession to you. I have begged your pardon. If you should say thus much to your father and brothers, they might perhaps be persuaded that I meant no insult. It would pain me horribly," he declared, stamping his foot slightly, and scowling at himself, "if I should find that I had rekindled the old spite."

Kate's head had drooped; it seemed to her that a heavy load was being laid upon her; she could not tell what to decide and to promise.

McAlister (we give him his true name at last) was also perplexed, and for a time silent. The weightiest part of his plan was still unfinished, and he was in great doubt whether he ought to carry it out.

"No; even that is insufficient," he broke out, shaking his head. "There is still room to claim an impertinence, an insult. I am justified in telling you all that is upon my mind. Let me offer you one more reparation, Miss Beaumont. It is myself. I lay all that I am at your feet. I suppose you will refuse me. Never mind, I am sincere. I shall not change. You need make no reply now. But whenever you choose to speak, your answer shall be binding. Do not go. One single word. You can tell your family this; I wish you to tell them. All the consequences that may attach to this step I am prepared to take. I shall live and die by it."

Kate was stupefied. Wonderful as the interview had been thus far, she had not expected any such ending as this. While he (no flirt, be it understood) had supposed for days back that he was paying her unmistakable attentions, she was so little of a flirt that she had not guessed his meaning. The time had passed pleasantly; she had begun to respect and admire and even like this tall young gentleman; but that was all that had come into her heart or head. And now, bang! bang! one shot after another; here was a mask thrown off and a lover falling at

her feet. She was not angry; she had no recollection just then of the family feud; she was simply amazed, and in a certain sense shocked. It was as if he had taken a liberty; as if, for instance, he had tried to kiss her; and he almost a stranger, a nine days' acquaintance!

The first words that she found to say were, "Mr. McAlister, I cannot talk to you. I think I ought to go."

And in her confusion and alarm she was about to leave him and traverse the staggering deck alone.

"Let me help you," he begged, offering his arm so gently and with such dignity that she took it. "Please allow me one word more. How may I address you during the rest of the voyage? As an acquaintance, I hope."

It was terrible to Kate, young as she was and inexperienced in the gravities of life, to be called on to decide such questions. She would consult her aunt; no, that would not answer at all; that might lead to great mischief. Her native sense—a wisdom which one might almost say was not of this world—enabled her to regain her self-possession and make a judicious answer.

"We will speak to each other," she murmured. "But I must not walk with you alone any more. I will still call you Mr. McMaster."

At the top of the cabin stairway she left him, obviously in great trembling of body and agitation of spirit; so that, as he turned away, he was full of remorse at having given her such a shock.

Some minutes later he remembered that she had not answered his offer of marriage, and, walking hastily up and down the darkling deck, he fell to querying whether she ever would answer it.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Kate Beaumont came to breakfast on the morning after that unexpected and astonishing offer of marriage, our friend McAlister saw, by the pallor of her face and the bluish circles around her eyes, that she had not slept.

A smaller-souled man might have been proud of accomplishing at least thus much ravage in a woman's spirit, especially after she had not deigned to accept that offer which is the greatest of all man's offers, and had not even deigned to notice it. But this young fellow, we must understand once for all, had nothing petty about his soul any more than about his physique. A gentleman, a kind-hearted gentleman, full of respect for the girl whom he had terrified, and even to a certain extent loving her, he looked with humiliation and remorse upon his work.

"No sleep?" he gasped in his heart. "Was it I who kept her awake? I might have known it; shame on me for not having foreseen it!—a man who has looked into medicine, as well as other science! But have I not done for the best, in the end? Was it not incumbent upon me that I should say all that I did say? After insulting her—under the circumstances it was an insult—by forcing my forbidden company upon her incognito, could I do less than place my whole self at her feet, to be spurned if she chose? Certainly not; I must be right there; every gentleman would say so."

So he saw it; looked at it, you observe, through the most chivalrous of spectacles, through spectacles, too, which, unawares to him, were colored by more or less of love's glamour. A young man who has been a little smitten is not to be trusted with reasoning about the lady who has moved him. He has fallen among the most amiable delusions, and is plundered of his wits without being aware of it. He is as much at the mercy of this one subject as a country greenhorn is at the mercy of a professional gambler. But we will not now judge the wisdom of Mr. McAlister's plan; we shall see in the course of time how it turned out.

No more walks and talks alone with Kate Beaumont. In lieu of her, Mrs. Chester; ocean being quiet again, *that* Venus rises from the depths; and finds plenty of chances to attract McAlister,

or rather to grab him. It was, "Steward, please say to Mr. McMaster that we are making up a party of whist"; or, "Captain Brien, if you are going on deck, have the kindness to tell Mr McMaster that we ladies are quite alone in the cabin"; or, "Tom, you walk so unsteadily that I should really be obliged if you would get Mr. McMaster to relieve you."

Velvet glove, though hand of iron, you see; a domineering soul, but gracious language. Indeed, it must not be guessed from any light-minded remarks of ours that Mrs. Chester was either vulgar or stupid. On the contrary, she was a woman whom most of us, if we should meet her in society, would treat with profound respect. What with some force of character, considerable experience in the ways of the world, and a high and mighty family position, she was a figure of no little dignity. Only men of a seared character laughed at her, and they only when by themselves. The laughter was mainly about her fancy for young fellows. It was almost a mania with her; it had grown upon her during her married life with a husband twenty years her senior; and now that she was a somewhat elderly widow, she was fairly possessed by it. Always a youngster dangling at her apron-strings, held there by Heaven knows what mature female magic, and making both himself and her more ridiculous than should be.

But our friend Mr. McAlister did not love to dangle. Not of the dangling sort; modestly but intelligently conscious of his own value; tolerably well aware, too, that he could not dangle gracefully; for one thing, much too tall for it. Moreover, although his liking for Kate Beaumont was sufficient to make him try to like every one who belonged to her, he could not fancy Mrs. Chester. He discovered in the lady, as he thought, a certain amount of hardness and falseness; and, gentle, sincere, frank almost to bluntness, he could not yearn after such a person. Besides, he was sore-hearted, anxious about the result of his late great step,

fearful lest his incognito might yet work mischief, so that he was not in spirits to bear the first woman who chose to take his arm. Accordingly he went heavily laden with Mrs. Chester, and, quite unintentionally, he gave her cause to suspect it. There was a slowness about joining her; there was a troubled absent-mindedness while conveying her; at times he excused himself from the whist parties on very slight grounds; at other times he was so busy with his books (scientific stuff) that he did not look up when she passed.

The annoyed Mrs. Chester, just like a conceited old flirt, suspected a rival. She watched the gentleman, noted his expression when his eyes fell upon her niece, and guessed the cause of his indifference to herself. Then followed some sly pumping of Kate: "A very handsome man, this Mr. McMaster."

"Do you think so, aunt?" replies the girl, who really had not fixed opinions as to the man's beauty, so little was her heart touched. "He is so very tall! Too tall."

Mrs. Chester, a veteran trickster, could not see through one thing, and that was feminine sincerity. She inferred at once that, because Kate had questioned the gentleman's handsomeness, therefore she did think him handsome. A good deal afraid of such a fresh rival, and also remembering her chaperonic duty towards her niece, she immediately uttered the warning cluck, "I wish we knew better who he is."

Kate, who did know who he was, and who had been thinking about the offer of marriage and the family feud, was by this time coloring sumptuously. New alarm on the part of Mrs. Chester; the girl already in love with this stranger, it may be; there must be an avalanche of chaperonic discouragement.

"We have n't the least knowledge of him," she broke out, almost spitefully, for her temper was quick and not easily held in rein. "He is the most singularly uncommunicative and even evasive person! I am half suspicious

at times that we have done wrong in encouraging his advances." (Poor McAlister! he had made none.) "We may find that we have a — what do you call it in English? — a *commis voyageur* on our hands. Of course travelling companions can be got rid of. That is why I have allowed him to play whist with us, and so on. But even in travelling companions one wants a little less mystery."

"I thought you liked the mystery, aunt," remonstrated Kate, who, for some reason, perhaps only an emotion, had not been quite pleased to hear Mr. McAlister called a bagman. *

"O, I have been interested by it a little," admitted Mrs. Chester, who had indeed been greatly interested by it, having gone so far as to suspect the youngster of being a German baron, and all because he read High Dutch scientific books. "Yes, the mystery has been amusing. Anything to pass the time at sea. But we must be careful about him."

After a moment's meditation, she added with sincere eagerness: "I really wish we knew something. Tom gets nothing out of him; does n't try, I suppose. Has he never dropped a word to you, Kate, by which you could guess him out?"

Mrs. Chester's eyes suddenly became very sharp, and under them Kate colored again. The girl was grievously burdened with her secret; not accustomed to have an idea of such magnitude about her; acquiring womanliness under the pressure, but acquiring it painfully.

"Why should he tell *me* anything?" she asked, fairly driven into a hateful equivocation by her relative's reconnaissance.

Mrs. Chester was more or less informed and infuriated. Evidently, as she decided, this man had told Kate something about himself. If he had done that, if he had felt free or felt obliged to open his history to the girl, it was because he was in a state to open his heart to her. Engaged in love-skirmishes since her earliest teens,

Mrs. Chester was always on the alert for love-skirmishes. Although she kept her self-possession under her discovery, she in the depths of her soul bounded with excitement. No more words on the matter; frankness was almost impossible with the woman, except in overpowering anger; but she resolved to keep a constant eye on Kate, and to ferret out this Mr. McMaster.

An hour later, sitting on deck alone (a spider prefers to watch in solitude), she observed Messrs. Duffy and Wilkins engaged in muttered conversation, and discovered by Duffy's nods and jerks of the elbow that the talk referred to her man of mystery. That blithering Duffy! just the person to pump successfully! She knew him well by sight as a "store-keeper" in Hartland; why had she been so awkwardly haughty as not to recognize him heretofore? With the detective instinct of woman, she fixed at once upon Duffy as a subject for her catechism, rather than upon the diplomatic-faced Wilkins.

After a while her predestined victim dropped away from his comrade, and sauntered up and down the deck alone, hands in pocket, fingering his small change, and head thoughtfully drooped, calculating his profits. The second time that he passed her, Mrs. Chester leaned suddenly forward in her chair, as if she had that instant remembered him, and called, "Mr. Duffy!"

He halted, his flat, doughy face coloring up to the eyes, and all his veins thrilling with excitement, under the honor of being addressed by Mrs. Chester.

"I am right, am I not?" asked the lady. "It is Mr. Duffy of Hartland?"

"Why, Mrs. Chester!" stammered the simple, modest man. "Just so. Mr. Duffy of Hartland. Had the pleasure of selling you goods now and then, ma'am," he added, not being above his business and wishing to show an agreeable humility. "How have you enjoyed your voyage, Mrs. Chester?"

Before continuing the conversation, the lady signed to him to take a chair beside her, sweetening and enforcing

the invitation with a smile. Lifting his hat and feeling as if he ought to remove the shoes from off his feet, Duffy seated himself.

"The voyage has been fairly pleasant," resumed Mrs. Chester. "A little lonely, I must say, — such a small company! I should have claimed your acquaintance before, Mr. Duffy, if I had recognized you. Why didn't you speak to me? Hartland people ought not to be strangers, especially when they meet away from home."

"Beg pardon," smirked Duffy, quite abashed at his error. "Did n't feel exactly sure you would recall me. You see, Mrs. Chester, I never had the pleasure of speaking to you except across the counter, and that ain't always a claim."

"Ah, yes! we live so far from the town!" said the lady, in sidelong apology for not having invited the shopkeeper to the Beaumont mansion. But Duffy needed no such apology; had never expected to be asked into that "old-time" society; felt himself more than well treated in being spoken to once a year by Mrs. Chester. Still, he was so far encouraged by this graciousness, that he ventured to cross his legs and thus put himself more at ease on the small of his back.

"Been on the Continent, Mrs. Chester," he proceeded, slightly rubbing his hands.

"Ah, indeed? And how did you like the Continent?"

"No. I have n't been there. Beg your pardon. I meant *your* party."

"O yes. A delightful tour. And have you only seen England? Really, Mr. Duffy, you should have given a month or two to the Continent."

"Could n't, Mrs. Chester. That's the way with a business man; he has to go where he has to; always on his muscle — I mean business. I went over to look into importing, and it took up every snip of time that I could spare from home."

"I am so sorry. However, I ought not to regret it, except for your sake. Your business is of the *greatest* conse-

quence to Hartland. You men of enterprise are our — our main-stay. I hope, Mr. Duffy, that you met others of our townsmen abroad, engaged in profiting by the new line."

"None that I know of. O, yes; Mr. Wilkins here; but we went together."

"And how few Hartland people we have on the steamer," added Mrs. Chester, by way of closing this preliminary prattle and gliding on to the subject of her man of mystery. "Only you two gentlemen and my party."

"N-no, — y-yes," stammered Duffy, glancing uneasily at McAlister, just then pacing the midships, his lofty blond head plainly visible. Mrs. Chester had also seen the young man there, and she now noted the merchant's singular glance towards him.

"Do you know that gentleman?" she asked, as quick as lightning and with telling directness.

"N-no. Ah, yes. That is. Let me see. What *is* his name?" was the blundering response of the entangled Duffy.

Mrs. Chester would not help him; she might have suggested that the name was McMaster, but she was too shy to do it; she had guessed that Duffy knew something about the youngster, and she was resolved to make him tell it: if he would not, he must do his own lying, without assistance from her.

"I see," she added. "To tell the truth, I have had my suspicions all along. Can't you put me out of doubt? It would be quite a favor."

Duffy was scarlet; he looked about for Wilkins; did n't see him and drew a long breath.

"That, Mrs. Chester," he began, leaning forward and speaking in a whisper. "Well, I've been wondering all the while you did n't recognize him. Thought perhaps you did. Could n't tell what to make of it. Why, it's Frank, the youngest. Been in Europe eight years. Changed as much as ever I saw a feller."

"Oh!" responded Mrs. Chester, who was still quite in the dark, not

knowing much of the McAlisters. "So it's the youngest? Frank?"

"Yes. And they do say he's the best of the lot," continued the pacificatory Duffy, anxious to prevent a "muss." "I do suppose, if there's a decent fellow on that hill, a fellow who don't want to make trouble for nobody, it's this same Frank McAlister."

At the word "McAlister" Mrs. Chester came very near bursting out with an amazed and excited "Oh!" It cost her all her strength as a social gymnast to enable her to catch her breath, bend her eyes to the deck with an expression of remembrance, and say in a quiet tone, "So it is Frank McAlister. He has been called, I understand, Mr. McMaster," she presently added.

"Well, yes — McMaster — McAlister — some mistake perhaps," suggested the gentle-minded Duffy. "May be, too, that he let it go so, not wishing to be unpleasant to you. Beg pardon. You know the old difficulty. Excuse me for mentioning it. I forgot myself, Mrs. Chester."

"No offence, Mr. Duffy," replied the lady, proud of the feud as of a family heirloom, unmistakably aristocratic. "The thing is a matter of public notoriety, I believe."

She changed the conversation; there was some talk about the fine sights of London; presently Duffy perceived that he had stayed long enough and went.

"I'll bet you one thing," whispered the scoffing Wilkins when they were alone together. "You've been letting out everything to Mrs. Chester."

"No, *sir*," weakly replied the conscience-stricken and abashed Duffy. "Damn *me*, if I tell her anything of *that*," he tried to bluster. Then, under pretence of wanting a cigar, he went below in great bitterness of spirit to get a drink, mentally cursing himself, Wilkins, Mrs. Chester, and women generally. "Bla - ast the women!" groaned the humble telltale. "They always will bore it out of a feller."

But Duffy is of no account, and we

must lay him aside like a sucked orange, just observing that the secret was worth nothing in his bosom, while now it is where it may bear fruit. It makes a difference with a coal of fire whether it is in a potato-bin or a powder-magazine.

The nature and history of the quarrel between the Beaumonts and the McAlisters will be told in due season. Just here it is only necessary to say that Mrs. Chester, notwithstanding her twenty years of marriage, was what she called "Beaumont all through," keeping up family prejudices and grudges with the family loyalty of a woman, and, for instance, abominating the McAlisters as her father had abominated them before her. A sly and spiteful breed she thought them; people whose strength it was to strike when you were not looking; people always ready to take a mean advantage of the noble Beaumonts. What could such a woman think when she learned that Frank McAlister, son of that old fox (as she called him) Donald McAlister, had been palming himself upon her as a stranger, accepting her pettings under a feigned name, allowing her to pinch his arm (if she did pinch it), and — well, and so on? A trick, she decided; a mean and dastardly trick; perhaps a piece of espionage; perhaps a studied insult. One or the other; it was some one of these things; and whichever it was, it was an outrage.

"I'll teach him!" she muttered, as she remembered pretty phrases which she had murmured to the young man, and suspected him of having laughed at them in his sleeve. "Playing his jokes on a lady!" gurgled this vain, excitable, easily angered, and not so easily pacified woman. "An insult to our whole family!" was another stinging reflection, envenomed by a family pride as strong as corrosive sublimate. People of average unsuspiciousness and mild temper will find it hard to imagine how entirely this old baby looked at the offensive side of the discovered deceit, and how suddenly furious she had become over it. Not a supposition

crossed her mind that McAlister had meant no harm, or had meant only good. She instantaneously imputed hostility to him, and in return she was instantaneously hostile.

Well, what to do about it? Cut the man, of course; but that was not enough for good old Beaumont hate, inflamed by a new wrong; he must be visited with a more efficacious punishment. Revenge, however, was easier to wish for than to devise, even with spiteful Marian Beaumont Chester, the cause heretofore of more than one quarrel between man and man. To be sure, if she should tell her harum-scarum nephew what had happened, he was just the youngster to take a pint of whiskey aboard, break out copiously in profane language, make a scandal at all events, and pick a fight, perhaps. But Tom, adroit and audacious as he was in squabbles, did not seem to her a match for this cool-headed giant. Furthermore, Mrs. Chester felt that all the responsibility of an immediate disagreement would rest upon her, and did not find herself quite willing to shoulder it alone. Had the whole family been here, had there been some weighty soul at hand to set her on, or even to hold her back, how promptly and loudly would her voice have been raised for war! As it was, responsibility, man's special burden, how should she shoulder it?

Not a word to her niece, nor a thought of consulting her. So simply and single-mindedly angry was she, that she had actually forgotten her suspicion that Kate knew or guessed who this man was, as well as her other suspicion that there was some small matter of heart intelligence between the two. She merely remembered the girl as a child, quite incapable of feeling or deciding properly concerning such a grave situation as this, and no more to be consulted as to the family honor than if she were still a denizen of cradles and trundle-beds. It is generally difficult for old heads to conceive that young heads have lost their pulpiness, until the junior craniums knock it into

the senior ones by dint of well-directed and vigorous butting.

Late in the evening (no whist after tea that day) Mrs. Chester's load of wrath became so intolerable that she manfully resolved to bear it alone no longer. She sent for Tom to her state-room, saying to herself that here was business for masculine muscle, and that it was high time for her nephew to show himself a chip of the old Beaumont timber.

But the McAlister firebrand, notwithstanding that it had dropped into Mrs. Chester's powder-magazine of a temper, was prevented from producing an immediate explosion by a deluge of still more tremendous intelligence.

When the nephew presented himself, he looked surprisingly sober for the time of day, and evidently had something very serious on his mind.

"Tom, come in and shut the door," began Mrs. Chester. "I have something very important to tell you."

"Yes, and, by Jove, and I've got something to tell *you*, and, by Jove, I may as well tell it," responded the youngster.

"What is it?" asked the lady, suspecting that her secret was out, and half disappointed at not being the first to publish it.

"The ship is on fire," said Tom. "Yes, by Jove, on fire, as sure as you're born. Yes, it is."

J. W. DeForest.

AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

AUGUST 12th. — We are in France. We entered it by the way of Calais. Our first impressions were delightful. I had wished to go directly on to Paris without stopping at Calais; but I was quickly converted to the contrary opinion when we came to the hotel where we were to pass the night. The court-yard was gay with flowering-shrubs. Large vases, with plants in full and vivid bloom, stood on each side of the doorsteps, and were ranged along the entry. Coming from the dingy, stifling boat, it was like passing into fairy-land. We had a charming suite of rooms, looking out on a beautiful garden. The people of the hotel were more than courteous; they were kind. If we had been expected guests in an old-fashioned, large-hearted house, where all the domestics had the habit of hospitality, we could not have been waited on with more solicitude.

We arrived in Calais yesterday, the 11th. We came on to Paris to-day. We are at the Hôtel de Londres.

August 15th. — Yesterday we went

to see M. Gachotte's school. It is in a very pleasant part of Paris, — the Faubourg St. Honoré. The house has a court-yard about sixty feet square. Behind the house are the play-grounds, shaded by large trees. M. Gachotte showed us everything, even to the kitchens, and told us all particulars in regard to study-hours, playtime, food, etc.

The boys have eight hours' study in the day; but are never allowed to work more than two hours at a time. I had heard so much about the light diet of French boarding-schools, that I had felt some misgivings on this point; I was not, therefore displeased, to hear M. Gachotte say that "boys who work well must eat well."

The dormitories are spacious rooms, with little white beds ranged along the sides. A master sleeps in each dormitory. A most exact order reigns in everything. The rules of the school are very strict. No books are allowed, except those used in the school, or such as are provided by the head mas-

ter. The boys are not free to employ even their leisure moments in their own way. In study-time they must study; in recreation-time they must recreate.

It may be a good thing for American youth to be subjected to this discipline for a time; but I should think it would be very cramping to boys who have never known any other system.

It seems that the boys in French schools are never allowed to walk in the street alone. Even in going home, or to a friend's house, and returning, they must have an attendant. We asked M. Gachotte to exempt our boys from this necessity, and to permit them to come home by themselves when we do not call for them.

It is vacation at the school now, but the boys are to enter at once, that they may become familiar with the language before the term begins. Next Monday, the 18th, is the day fixed upon. We have stipulated that we are to take them out frequently, during the vacation, to see the monuments, galleries, etc., of Paris.

August 17th.—A very remarkable paper has just appeared, signed by Lamennais, Schoelcher, Michel de Bourges, and other eminent Republicans. It foreshadows the Republic of the United States of Europe. It has called a storm of rage, as might be supposed, on the heads of the signers. The *Univers* speaks of this project as "a grotesque idea," and ridicules the enthusiasm with which the writer of the paper "describes the happiness of the republican world." But ridicule is not the worst assault that these men, and men like these, have to encounter. The names I have given are associated, surely, with goodness, courage, and ability; but appended to a document which sketches a better future for suffering Europe, they represent men to be denounced as "enemies of religion, of the family, and of property."

Accusations like these are the favorite weapons of the reaction; and they are effective ones. They detach from the reformers all the timid good, a numerous flock, who find safety and force

by herding closely together, and who do not suffer themselves even to turn their regards towards the quarter from which they are told danger threatens, but bless themselves that somebody somewhere is on the lookout for it. It alienates from the reformers the ignorant and humble good, who content themselves with the practice of the modest virtues and who have not the presumption to believe that their voice could aid in making the world a better one for others, which they do not ask to have made better for themselves.

The selfish side with the selfish, as of course; this is a solidarity which never fails. There remains as audience for the innovators the class of those who unite in themselves probity, courage, intelligence, and instruction; a class from which are still to be withdrawn those who, from constitution of mind, from habit, from respect to revered elders, brace themselves against suggestions of change; and those whom engrossing employments withhold from examination of theories which do not seem to be of immediate application. Of those who receive a truth and welcome it because it is truth, the greater part enjoy its satisfactions serenely in their own minds, not seeking to impart it, still less to carry it out to practical result.

Thus it is that ideas of the greatest simplicity, of, it would seem, the easiest acceptance, stand long before the world, disregarded apparently, but, more and more, unconsciously perceived and admitted, until their day comes almost unheralded, and they enter on their reign as if it had always been their recognized right; as if it had not once been denounced as the reign of anarchy.

But those who pleaded and battled for the ignored truth in its adverse times, those who were persecuted and maligned for it,—they do not always triumph with their work. The world has many an injustice yet to repair, as it has many a delayed sentence to execute.

The judgments of our country upon

European merit or demerit ought to be like those of the other world. But too often our sight is dazzled by a delusive halo, too often it is hindered by the mists of defamation gathering about a noble head. We ought to be on the watch to hail our own, to offer them that cordial of sympathy which hearts strong and brave enough to do without it crave, perhaps, even more than weaker ones.

That evil is spoken of men whose only offence is love of humanity, cannot surprise us. It was foretold that this should be part of the earthly portion of those who work for God in godless times. All efforts to revive primitive Christianity are met as primitive Christianity itself was.

When I hear Lamennais numbered among "the enemies of religion and the family," there comes to my mind a passage in his *Book of the People*. It concludes the chapter on *The Family*:—

"If there be upon earth true joys, a real happiness, these joys, this happiness, are found in the bosom of a well-ordered family, whose members are strictly united by duty. For happiness here below does not consist in the uninterrupted enjoyment of what are called the goods of this world, but in the mutual love which softens the ills inseparable from our present existence, and mingles with them I know not what distant emanation from a future, mysterious felicity."

Does this man know what a home is?

Monday, August 18th.—To-day we set off at half past nine in the morning to look for an apartment. We drove about through the streets to which our search was limited, stopping whenever we saw the yellow placard which indicates furnished apartments, until two o'clock. Then we went back to the hotel to take the boys to their school. Willie was very eager to go. Dear little fellow, I hope he will like it as much as he thinks he shall, but he does not know what it is to be away from home. My heart was very heavy when

the great gates banged to, shutting us out and them in.

Alfred will be contented as soon as he is once fairly at work. But how will it be with our little republican of eleven?

In London, Willie was telling us one day what he should do when he got to Paris. Among other things, he talked of making exploring expeditions about the city. I told him he could not do this; he would not be allowed to go beyond the school enclosure. "But I shall go," he said. "You cannot; it is against the law." "What! against the law of France?" "No; but of the school." "O," with a movement of the head expressive of sovereign disdain, "I shall not obey it. I shall say it is unconstitutional."

I do not know what you would say to another suggestion he has thrown out with regard to life in France. You know we arrived in Liverpool on Sunday. This and our not going to church made it seem so like a week-day, that the children could hardly believe it was indeed Sunday. Willie was particularly struck with this novel order of things, and asked many questions as to what was and what was not done on Sunday in England. His sister told him that, in France, they amused themselves more on that day than on any other. Whereupon mamma remarked sagely that, of course, American boys in Paris would keep to the customs of their own country. "Well, I don't know," said Willie, with quite a man-of-the-world air; "perhaps it is as well to conform to the customs of the country you are in, in some respects."

Tuesday, August 19th.—The home is found. We went round yesterday all day, as I told you, unsuccessfully. This morning we set forth again. White placards abounded, and invited to pleasant-looking houses; but the yellow ones were not only fewer in number, but also, it seemed, far less attractive in what they had to offer. We went up, however, into a great many apartments. In some we only gave a glance round and retired, apolo-

gizing for the trouble we caused. Others we explored very thoroughly, and considered and reconsidered, trying to think that this defect or that inconvenience was counterbalanced by certain prettinesses or advantages. As the day wore on, I was ready to sit down and take possession of every apartment we looked at which had the requisite number of rooms and was within a reasonable distance of M. Gachotte's school. Happily, I was overruled.

Half past two was our time for going to see the boys. So at half past two we turned our horses' heads in the direction of the Faubourg St. Honoré. As we were passing down a pleasant street into which we turned from the Avenue des Champs Elysées, we caught sight of a yellow placard. We spoke to the coachman and he stopped at the gate. After a brief parley with the portress, our courier opened the door of the carriage. We alighted, passed through a court-yard, up a broad flight of steps, into a handsome entry, from which a pretty staircase led to the apartment. The staircase was carpeted,—a thing to be noted in Paris. Everything was fresh and well cared for; unlike some of the houses we have seen to-day, in which the entries and staircases were like public thoroughfares. The apartment corresponded to the idea I had formed of it while we were mounting the stairs. It seemed to have been planned precisely for us; the right number of rooms and the right sort; large enough, not over large. They seemed to have been furnished by the persons who had lived in them; not by an upholsterer, to order. The salon had an air of quiet, simple elegance, with a something of old-fashioned about it too, that suited me entirely. What is more than all, the windows look into beautiful gardens. One thing that I liked very much about this apartment was that the sleeping-rooms of the domestics were nicely furnished. It looked as if good and considerate people had presided over the arrangements.

In all the other apartments in which

I had installed myself in imagination, I looked forward to a large share of that domestic satisfaction which is found in ingenious expedient, in skilful arrangement, in triumph over difficulties. In all those apartments I said, "But these things will look very differently when it is our home." This apartment announced itself at once as our home; our real home, exactly prepared for us.

The proprietor, who bears an historical name, occupies the *rez-de-chaussée*. His sister has the rooms over those we were looking at. They are the only occupants of the house, so that it will be very quiet. I am for engaging the apartment at once. I am afraid somebody else will take it if we do not secure it. But—there must be a but to everything in this world—it is "far off." "You must not go above the Rond Point," every one tells us. If we come here, we shall transcend the American limit. We shall be far from the theatres, far from the shops. But then we shall be near M. Gachotte's school, within a walking distance; and that is everything to me. And again, this is the healthiest part of Paris. But it was not worth while to be precipitate. We went to the boys' school. M. Gachotte received us, and, after a few polite expressions, sent for the boys. He withdrew discreetly when they appeared. I knew they would be homesick, and the first glance told me that they were so indeed.

"What is it, Alf?" I asked, for he was looking very dignified.

"O, it is so monotonous!"

Only imagine an American boy, who has always enjoyed a complete independence, even as regards his studies, finding himself in a place where everything is planned out for him, no call or opportunity for the exercise of his own will in any direction. It is hard.

Willie, in the mean time, was standing close to me, holding my hand. I knew by the tightness of the pressure that his heart was full. But he was brave still.

We asked all the questions we could think of, and did not find that there

was anything amiss, except the dullness and the separation from home. We were chiefly solicitous about Willie, because he has not been well lately. The voyage, the irregular hours which we cannot avoid when we are travelling, have told upon him. Within a few days he has lost his bright color, and has had a sediteness which does not belong to him. If he had not been so determined to go to school at once, we should not have sent him, but we thought it better to let him have his own way. We hoped that the regular hours and quiet life of the school might prove to be the best thing for him; but to-day his eyes looked so large and wistful, and his little cheeks so delicate, that I feel very heavy-hearted about him.

M. Gachotte came back before we went. We asked him his opinion of the situation of the apartment we had seen. He answered that it was in every respect desirable; and that it was a great advantage to have a proprietor with whom we could never have any petty, vexatious questions.

The boys went with us to the gate.

"Well," said their father, "you know you need not stay a day longer than you like. Only say the word and you shall go back to the hotel to-night."

They are not at that point yet. No doubt the consciousness that they have the whole responsibility keeps them from rash decisions.

We return to our apartment; I, on the way, indulging in visions of receiving the boys in it on Saturday. But is it ours? Will it be ours? The yellow placard is in its place,—a favorable sign. The courier rings the bell and puts his head in at the opening gate. I half expect to see him withdraw it, obedient to a negative sign and brief explanation from the portress, and then to see the gate close, while he returns with, "Engaged, ma'am, since you saw it."

Carter steps back from the gate, but remains with his face towards it. It closes; but only as a preliminary to the opening of the great gates. The

portress has accepted our return as a proof of serious intentions. She sees in us future patrons; our carriage is worthy to enter the court-yard and to draw up before the very steps.

The lady who has the charge of letting the apartment arrived while we were taking our second survey. The matter was soon arranged; the contract drawn up and signed upon the spot; so that the apartment is now our own. No, not quite; that is the only disappointment; we cannot have it until Saturday at noon.

It will, I believe, add to the interest of our apartment in your eyes, as it certainly does in mine, that it was once occupied by the wife of Henri de la Rochejacquelein, the hero of La Vendée. Our proprietor is their son.

When we had decided to take it, M. de la Rochejacquelein came in to see us. He is a stout, elderly gentleman, very republican in his appearance and dress, although a stanch legitimist, as one of his name should be. I remember to have seen reports of his speeches in the Assembly. We have engaged the apartment for three months. This fixes us in Paris for that period; but I do not believe we shall be willing to leave the boys even then.

Wednesday, August 20th. — We went to see the boys again to-day. We felt very anxious as to how we should find Willie. His father told me to make him talk freely, and to ascertain whether he was staying because he really wished it, or out of pride or consistency. I find that he knows what he means, and that he had not been looking forward to school life as to a life altogether of pleasure. He was evidently aware that there was to be a good deal of tedium and hardship. But he says he knows "it will be better for him in the end"; that he "shall be more of a man for it." Alfred has no doubt about staying, and I know he must feel satisfied that Willie is well off as to essentials, or he would advise us to take him away.

August 22d. — This morning our

courier called our attention to a curious circumstance. A white dove had alighted on the head of the bronze statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme. We went out upon the balcony and saw it. It remained there for more than an hour. Crowds collected round the monument, looking up. It was a very striking and beautiful sight, this pure white dove on the top of the black figure. Without doubt this singular circumstance will be received as an omen, and will be variously interpreted, according to the different political views. On the one hand, white is the color of the Bourbons. It might seem to signify the supremacy of this race over that of the Napoleons. But the Napoleonists may view in it a visible manifestation of the Divine favor; a descent of the Holy Spirit upon the head of the house of Napoleon; perhaps a consecration of that family to the imperial office. And the Republicans? They do not ask after signs. But, while I was looking at the lovely apparition, I could not but see in this white dove of peace an emblem of the pure republic, which, more beautiful for the hard, black, soulless age on which it will descend, shall one day fix all eyes and draw all hearts.

Our future neighbor, Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein, is the candidate of the liberal legitimists for the Presidency. *L'Ordre* of to-day, August 22d, has an article signed A. Chambolle, which gives a short account of each of the parties in France. It speaks thus of the party of which Monsieur de la Rochejacquelein is the leader: "The *Gazette de France* would have a right to complain if we were to omit the legitimists of the *Droit National* and of the *Oriflamme*, who demand universal suffrage more loudly than the Mountain, and who find themselves able to reconcile in their programme, we hardly know how, a genuine monarchical fidelity with many republican maxims and revolutionary traditions; who, in short, find themselves admirably represented by their candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, Mon-

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sieur le Marquis de la Rochejacquelein." The candidate of *L'Ordre* itself is the Prince de Joinville, who, it is maintained, may legally be a candidate for the Presidency, though not for a seat in the National Assembly, to be eligible to which his name must be found on the electoral list. The Constitution only requires the President to be a Frenchman, thirty years of age, in possession of his civil rights. Of these exiles has not deprived the Prince. There is no legal objection to proposing him as a candidate for the Presidency, although the Assembly might prevent his election by refusing to revoke the decree of exile. Such are the views of the supporters of this candidatureship. In the mean time it is not understood that the Prince de Joinville has proposed himself for it.

The candidate whose pretensions are most talked of is one who is certainly and avowedly ineligible,—the actual President.

By the terms of the Constitution, he cannot be a candidate until after the expiration of four years from the time of his going out of office. It is understood that he intends to evade this provision by not going out of office at all. Precisely how this object is to be accomplished is as yet obscure. Various plans are attributed to him. Some of them are of an incredible audacity,—incredible to American ears, at least; and the coolness with which they are referred to, and the evidences of their existence discussed, would seem to indicate that there is no profound apprehension of their reality.

The first and most obvious means to his end is a revision of the Constitution with a view to the abrogation of article forty-five, which prevents him from offering himself as a candidate for the Presidency in the elections of 1852. The Constitution provides for its own revision, but has taken its precautions to prevent rash changes, carried by surprise. A decree of revision by the Assembly requires three fourths of the whole number of votes. The Assembly which decides on this measure is

not the one to carry it out. A new election must first take place, that the people may choose their representatives with a knowledge of the responsibility to be intrusted to them.

Louis Napoleon has already attempted to obtain a decree of revision from the National Assembly. The measure was defeated through the determined opposition of the Republicans.

The Republicans do not regard the Constitution as incapable of improvement; but they believe that, under the present circumstances, any change in it is more likely to prejudice than to benefit the Republic. In any case, they will not hear of revision until the electoral law of the 31st May, 1850, shall have been repealed. They maintain that an Assembly elected under the restrictions of that law will not have been legally elected; that all the acts of such an Assembly would be invalid; that the revision of the Constitution whose framers were elected by universal suffrage can be made only by an Assembly the result of universal suffrage.

August 23d. — We are here at a most interesting time. The magnitude of the consequences to Europe and to the world of what is about to take place in France gives to the controversies and discussions now going on here a solemn importance. The legal term of the present government is approaching. What is to succeed? This is the all-engrossing question, which each one answers according to his hopes or fears. All feel that what is before France is, in fact, a revolution, though perhaps a peaceful one. All agree that 1852 is to see a new order of things. Is it to see the liberation of the Republic? the restoration of the old Monarchy? the passage of a member of the house of Orleans through election to the Presidency, to election to the throne? Finally, is it to see the empire?

Of all the parties which are watching and working, each on its own account, the Republican, the most depressed at the present time, appears the most con-

fident of the future. The Republicans have the Constitution on their side; they believe that they have the majority of the people with them. Imperialists and Royalists must rely on the aid of exceptional measures; but the regular, legal course of things conducts the Republicans, so they believe, to certain triumph in the elections to which all are looking forward.

The first step towards this victory and its necessary condition is the repeal of the law of the 31st of May, 1850. This law, by which suffrage was restricted, and which has been, ever since its passage, a source of agitation and discontent throughout the country, they hope to see abrogated in the next session of the Assembly, which is to come together early in November.

When the people found themselves, in 1849, called upon for the second time to choose their legislators by universal suffrage, they thought that all was settled, their privileges secured beyond recall. Great pains had been taken to inspire them with distrust of the liberal leaders, whom they had been taught to regard as erratic, untrustworthy men; immoral, ambitious, mere self-seekers, who flattered them to delude them. In short, it had been instilled into them that the most dangerous enemies of the Republic were the Republicans. The Royalist candidates, meanwhile, themselves condescended to cajolery, and, when it served, were eloquent in praise of poverty and labor. The people chose as their representatives these men, whose names were familiar to them; men to whom they had been in the habit of looking up; men of education, talent, and position. It did not occur to them that such men could be false to a trust. It is to be feared that some of them accepted this trust only to be false to it. What is certain is, that the majority of this Assembly, chosen by universal suffrage, soon showed itself openly reactionist, and early in its second year presented the monstrous spectacle of a representative assembly disfranchising its constituents.

This law of the 31st May, 1850, by which, in violation of the Constitution, three millions of electors had their names struck from the electoral lists, was, by the President who proposed it, and by the majority of the Assembly which passed it, intended as the death-sentence of the Republic. He saw in it a means of the revision of the Constitution for his own advantage; they, a safe and easy way back to royalty.

But this measure, designed for the utter discomfiture of the Republicans, proved the instrument of their defence and vindication. It justified them before the people, who had been sedulously taught that the Republican chiefs were enemies of all law, all government, all rights; but who now saw in them the defenders of the law, the supporters of the true government, the maintainers of rights legally acquired and arbitrarily withdrawn.

This measure had not, even from those whom it did not personally affect, the approbation that was expected. Many who would have approved a restriction of suffrage legally accomplished, saw that if the Constitution could be thus violated in one of its most important provisions, the Constitution was a mere farce, and there was no security for any right held under it. There is a large class of people whom this law does not instantly affect, but who may easily, by a change of circumstances, be brought under its exclusions. These cannot be friends of the law or of its framers. As for the disfranchised millions themselves, it is not to be doubted that the first use they make of their recovered privileges will be to reward their champions of the Assembly and the press.

This law does not seem to have profited its contrivers. At least, it has not profited the reactionist majority of the Assembly. There are those who think that Napoleon entrapped them into this imprudent measure, and that it is among his designs to take the initiative in proposing its repeal, thus placing himself before the country in the attitude of the defender of popular

rights, and leaving to the Assembly the whole burden of their joint usurpation.

There is not now among the different parties of the Royalists the harmony there was, when in 1848 they united in Louis Napoleon to prevent the Republic from founding itself. The old Legitimists think it very audacious in the Orleanists to be setting up a candidate of their own, and are disdainful of the Legitimists of the new school, who see that, if royalty is to return, it must return republican.

The primitive Legitimists, and the Orleanists, however inimical on other points, are agreed in clinging to restricted suffrage.

Will the Royalist majority of the Assembly yield their ground on this question? They must desire their own reelection, and can hardly obtain it by universal suffrage. And then, in case no one of the candidates for the Presidency receives the number of votes required for election by the people, the choice falls to the Assembly. Such an occurrence would greatly change the face of affairs for the Royalists. And it is more likely to happen under restricted suffrage.

But it is hoped that, in view of the unpopularity of this law, and, above all, in view of the dangerous designs now freely imputed to the President, a sufficient number of the members of the Right will unite with the Republicans, to remove this cause of agitation and pretext for usurpation.

In the mean time, the Napoleonist cry is for "revision" and "prorogation"; for the elimination, that is to say, of the inconvenient article forty-five from the Constitution, and the extension of the Presidential term.

The President and his partisans are working zealously to influence the public mind in favor of these measures. Agents are sent into all the departments to win adherents, by whatever means. Efforts are made to obtain evidences of a popular demand for revision, in the form of resolutions of the councils of the *arrondissements*, and

of the councils general of the departments ; as also in that of signatures to petitions industriously circulated.

Great account is made of the resolutions of councils favorable to revision ; and no hint is given that these councils, whose business is simply to administer the affairs of their department, are exceeding their province in volunteering an opinion upon national questions. But if a council happens to entertain views different from the President's, as the council of the arrondissement of Limoges, for example, mark what happens. This audacious council passed a resolution to the effect "*that the Constitution ought to receive its entire execution ; and that the laws contrary to the Constitution ought to be repealed or modified.*" It instanced the laws concerning the freedom of the press, and the right to hold meetings.

The President of the Republic forthwith issues a decree declaring that "*such resolutions are illegal ; that they are insulting to the great powers of the state, and an interference with the rights of the Legislative Assembly.*"

The effrontery of this government would be laughable, if it were not formidable.

Saturday, August 23d : Evening. — We took possession of our apartment this afternoon. At eight o'clock we were all in order and sent for the boys. They are enchanted to be at home, although they are now almost reconciled to the school. Alfred admits that it is a good school. He says that the eight hours' study are so divided that they do not seem more than five.

August 27th. — The Bonapartists are giving up all expectation of obtaining a revision of the Constitution from the National Assembly. There is no hope of a three-fourths vote in its favor. The opposition of the Republican minority is too determined. "The mountain," says *La Patrie*, a leading Napoleonist journal, "with its two hundred members perfectly disciplined and resolved, would suffice to prevent the revision of the Constitution."

What does this avowal say for the

"Mountain," for the Republican minority of the Assembly? In a time of corruption, of intrigue, of treasons, more or less plausibly varnished, — of unprincipled selfishness, in short, — this little band of two hundred stands firm for France. What would not Napoleon give to seduce ten or twenty of these men from their allegiance? What might not these leaders aspire to who must now see the places which are theirs by every right of character, of ability, of energy, of patriotism, vauntingly enjoyed by their revilers?

The hope of revision through a vote of the Assembly as at present constituted being thus abandoned by the Napoleonist party, new schemes arise to take its place. One truly Napoleonic is put forth by *La Patrie*.

The National Assembly is elected for three years. At least forty-five days before the expiration of its own term, it must fix the time of the new elections. If it should fail to do this, the electors have a right to assemble thirty days before the close of the session, and elect a new Assembly, which shall enter on its functions the day after those of the preceding one expire.

La Patrie asserts that, though the Constitution requires the Assembly to fix the time for the election of a new one at least forty-five days before its own dissolution, yet there is nothing to prevent it from fixing this time much earlier. "To obtain the object proposed," says that journal, "it is necessary that these new elections should take place early in December." "Doubtless," it proceeds to explain, "the Constitution has fixed at three years the duration of the legislative assemblies, but that is a right which is conferred, not a necessity imposed. They have the power, but not the obligation, of sitting three years."

But how can the party of order assure itself that the vote taken in December will be favorable to revision and to the prolongation of the powers of the actual President?

"*There is a very simple means,*"

says *La Patrie*, "of assuring to the electors complete security and the most entire liberty."

This means is a law which shall direct that the elections, instead of taking place on the same day, shall be held on different days in each of the departments composing a military division. "Each general might, therefore, send successively to the different points where an election was taking place the troops necessary to prevent the guilty excesses of the demagogical party."

Under these conditions, it is thought that the elections cannot fail to result favorably to revision and prorogation. Under similar conditions universal suffrage would not probably endanger the hopes of the empire.

Now, which of these parties feels itself strong with the people? The Napoleonists who know and own that they must rely for success on armed force; the Royalists, who have no hope, except in restricted suffrage; or the Republicans, who, without other means of control than logic and eloquence, ally their prospects with the free and universal vote of France?

That Napoleon does not feel himself well assured of his own popularity, is proved by the repressive measures which are found necessary. Day after day we hear of editors or writers fined or imprisoned for seditious articles. Day after day appear announcements of the removal or suspension of mayors of communes, suspected of "demagogical opinions." Here, a municipal council is dissolved; there, the National Guard disbanded. The village *fêtes* are, it seems, so many scenes of revolutionary demonstration. Not only political, but social meetings among the country people are becoming ille-

gal. The police listen under the windows to their songs; and, if they catch an objectionable word, such, perhaps, as *liberty* or *fraternity*, burst in. They command silence. The singers assert their right to sing Republican songs under a Republic. This persistence is a resistance to authority; then arrests, rescue, reinforcements to the gendarmerie; general disturbance; quiet at last, through free use of carabines and swords. The prefect arrives the next day, looks around; "his presence restores calm." Follow announcements in the papers of an attempt at insurrection in such a place, evidently a part of a general plan, baffled by the promptitude and zeal of the authorities. All meetings and fêtes of every kind are forbidden in that neighborhood until further orders. Nor is this the end. The authors of the disturbance—not the gendarmes, of course—are to be tried and punished. To have been wounded by a bullet or a sword-thrust is in itself a proof of guilt. A still more conclusive proof is any superiority of talent or education, if this is found in company with Republican principles. To be accused, on such a charge, is to be sentenced. And so these young men, — for it is commonly the younger men who thus compromise themselves, — these young men, a week before the hope of their humble homes, and full of their own happy hopes, are candidates for imprisonment; perhaps for that worst doom that a Frenchman can meet, — deportation. Wretchedness settles down on the cluster of villagers which had sent representatives to the annual fête. They are not probably converted to Napoleonism, or supposed to be so. They are fit subjects for the application of martial law on the first occasion.

M. L. P.

COUNTRY WINTER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IT is worth staying or coming to see. There is nothing like it in cities ; it should not have name in common with that black, blustering, dripping-from-eaves, knee-deep-in-slosh misery, which is all that New York or Boston associates with the word "winter."

It began a month ago, as gently and cautiously as if Nature were trying experiment, and did not know how the earth could bear it: first, snow on the distant mountains, to show us of what color it would be; glistening white like crystal, at noon; solid white like white rock, if the day grew cloudy; and deep pink at sunset, like pink topaz, or conch-shell pearls, or cinnamon roses; our eyes could not grow wonted to the splendor. Then came fine soft showers, a few moments long, sifting lustreless silver on every grass-blade and tree-twigs; in an hour or two no trace was left, on the fields or by the roadside; but going into the woods, one found fringes and patches of it on fallen logs, in hollows, and laps of mosses. It is pathetic to think how few people have heart (or chance) to go into woods after early snows begin. The hush of them is sweeter than their sound in summer; there are just as many colors, and all new; and as for shape, the first light outlining of snow is almost miraculous revelation of infinitesimal points, curves, peaks, jags, wreathings, and interwinings of all things that grow. There is not a dark corner from beginning to end of the wood; there is not a single unilluminated moss stem; no, not one, in great spaces where moss and Linnaea and partridge-berry vines are so inextricably tangled, that lifting up any all the rest come with it, in mats two feet wide; no man could count the fallen beech and maple leaves in even so little room of ground as he might in five minutes tread full of steps; but every one of the leaves holds its own

diamond drop of water, or carven crystal of snow: they are curled into millions of shapes; an artist might come and draw from them alone, until next year interrupted him. "O, what *is* that?" said my friend yesterday, as I held up to her a scrolled cornucopia of amber brown, with a twisted stem two inches long. It looked like a fantastic goblet, cut out of something finer than wood, more shining than glass, and dyed as silk can be dyed. Over and round the rim, staid, solid, and still, what might have been frozen foam of the last toast drank. It was only a huge beech leaf; it had rolled itself up as it fell, and poised in a cleft of its own tree's root, so as to catch in open mouth all the snow it could hold.

The hardier ferns are as green as in summer; all the mosses are greener; and the lichens are but just beginning to show what scarlets and yellows they mix; and low-lying leaves, cornels, tiarellas, and a myriad more, which not to know is burning shame, are tinted wondrously with claret and purple and pink; gay, almost, as were the maple and ash leaves which made the upper air so brilliant a month ago. Only the firs and spruces seem unchanged; perhaps their dark glossiness is a little deepened; but they do not take much note of these sprinkling snows; they bide their time of beauty, which will be the first hour of storm; then, moment by moment, they will be transformed into a dazzling Gothic architecture, the like of which is not to be found on earth, unless perchance there may be arctic cathedrals built of ice in open polar fields, where no men go to worship.

The light snows gently went and came, until we grew aware of their promise and impatient of their delay. Had it been her first snowing, Nature could not better have won us to be ready for her spectacle. She was hon-

est too; for there were days of sleet; the windows froze down, and the roads were icy and horrible.

In these days a bustle of preparation was to be heard and seen in the village. Men who had for weeks spent most of their time in a miserable sort of waking trance, on tilted chairs around the stove of the village "store," were to be seen hard at work "banking up" their houses. The heaping and boarding of these flowerless flower-beds of earth around the lower stories of country houses is sensible, perhaps, but not artistic. The German peasantry keep out cold by a more picturesque method, piling their fire-wood compactly round and round their houses, leaving small loopholes at windows, till, finally, the whole structure is a combination of castle and log-cabin, by no means ugly to see.

In these days too, potatoes, if accurately quoted, in market phrase, might have been said to be "lively"; for they were being shovelled and tumbled by bushels into cellar windows all along the street.

The blacksmith's anvil had no rest from morning till late at night. His great red fire glared out like an angry watchful eye long after dark; much I fear the poor country horses fared ill in his numb and weary hands.

Builders' hammers, too, rang out more vigorously than ever. There are eleven new houses going up in this little town. Next summer's hospitality will have open doors enough, and nobody will turn away, as scores have done this year, for want of room.

In these days also came Elder MacNaughton the Baptist, crying "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"; and the Baptists prepared it after a bitter fashion; laying violent hands on a little meadow brook, and damming it up, till it made of itself a muddy pool, some six feet square. Down to this pool, on a Sunday noon, came six young women, one with her lover, to be baptized in the icy water; also there was "that sacred being," as good George MacDonald says, "a maid-child." The village peo-

ple came in silent, solemn groups to look on; some standing closely in row along the edge of the stream, others sitting and standing a few rods off on top of the high sloping bank. We felt almost as if we had come upon some gathering of old Covenanters, under the gray sky of a Scottish winter; the bare frozen fields, the black fir woods, the circling mountains, the rough rocks, the uncovered heads and awed faces, the low minor cadences of the psalm, and more than all the unutterable silences in intervals of the service,—all made up a scene which we shall not forget, and which will make that little meadow brook sing less merrily in our ears for many a summer to come.

But the days went on; and we being strangers in the land, having neither houses to build or bank, nor horses to be rough-shod, nor faith in Elder MacNaughton's preaching, grew almost weary of waiting for sight of grand, full winter.

Already the far-away Green Mountains were white, and their distant slopes seemed to lift and lie level along the horizon, as one could fancy ice-fields lying white and high among blue icebergs. Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams were a snowy wall to the east; and glistening in the sun to the south lay the Franconias, gentle and gracious still under all their snows, as in summer's green; everything far and near, great and small, was silvered, or tufted, or mounded with snow. But not one smallest outline was lost or altered; we could still see on Strawberry Hill the maple branch on which the yellow-hammers had their nest; each seed-plume of golden-rods which we had spared in the lanes stood upright, and only more beautiful for being frosted over; stone walls and fences stretched out plainer than ever, being braided of black and white; and wheels still rattled in frozen ruts half filled and barely hid by snow. This was not winter. We waited for more.

At last it came, as I almost think it loves best to come, in the night; soft, complete, shining; small trace now of

any man's landmark, by wall or fence; no color but white and no shape but snow, to any shrub or tree or wood; looking out, we perceived that no man could any more tell us of Labrador, or Greenland: they cannot be more than the whole of winter; the whole of winter lay between the horizon and our doorstep. For a little there was not even road; if we had had our way, no human being should have taken step to make footprint between that sunrise and sunset; nor should there have been sound, save the slide of drifts from pine boughs in the forest, and the whirl of little snow-birds' wings. But we discovered that it is not possible to look out on such night's snow so early that it shall not be found printed here and there with the tiny star-shaped impress of feet so light that they barely jarred the crystals; also that the loud shouts of merry boys are no more discordant in such morning's air than the gentle noises snow-birds make when they fly.

In a few hours the village surveying and road-making were over, and work began and went on. Since then there has been no surprise, no change; ex-

cept that every day the mountains have some tint of purple, or blue, or gray, or red, which they have not had before, and the great dome of sky looks higher and higher. After living for months on such plateau as this, from which half the sky there is can be seen at once, it will seem like groping blindfolded to walk about city streets and see sky only by strips, through chinks; or more, perhaps, as if the great celestial umbrella had been suddenly shut down on our heads, and we were darkly fumbling among the wires and bones.

Each day as we walk up and down the soft roads, scattering the feathery flakes with our feet, craunching a few now and then, or rolling them up into balls and tossing them aimlessly, the good people of the village stare at us with mingled amazement and pity. We know they look upon us compassionately, thinking in their secret hearts that we must be banished by some sin or misfortune into this wintry exile. But we smile as we pass them, and say under our breath, "Yes, pity us; we are glad of your pity; we need it; for we must go away next week!"

H. H.

NEW DEPARTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"MR. PRESIDENT," said Mr. Webster as he rose in the Senate of the United States to reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, in what is still remembered as the great debate of 1830, "when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glimpse of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him out of his course. Let us imitate his prudence, and before we float farther on the wave of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where

we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate." Many have admired the oratorical skill of this opening sentence who have failed to detect the sincerity of the request, or the strict candor of the reflection as he added: "It will readily occur to any one that it is almost the only subject about which something has not been said in the speech running through two days," inasmuch as it is difficult to find that the orator himself adhered more closely to the resolution than did his eloquent antagonist. "It is not to be denied," said the same voice in the same place, twenty years later, in his equally memorable "7th of March

speech," "that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole sea into commotion, to toss the billows to the skies and disclose its profoundest depths." Continuing his nautical figure, which none knew better how to employ, he added: "I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as holding, or fit to hold, the helm in the combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity, not without a sense of exciting dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own safety, for I am looking for no fragment on which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty, during this struggle, whether the sun and stars shall appear or shall not appear for many days."

The drift and danger, so vividly portrayed and with so much tact referred to, though hardly borne out by existing facts, the professed desire to find the true position and the purpose to stand in the breach at whatever hazard, represent none too forcibly or eloquently the condition of affairs which has since obtained, and the wisdom and patriotism which have so signally marked the decade of the nation's history just closed. The storm of rebellion and war, of treason and its punishment, of the purpose to destroy, and "the uprising of a great people" to save the government, the struggle and strain required for that and for the reconstruction, now nearly accomplished, have more than realized what the orator only, or mainly, imagined. The nation has actually seen and felt the storm he painted. It has gone through the wild commotion produced by the loosened winds, as the East, the North, and the stormy South have stirred the sea of American thought and feeling, passion, prejudice, and purpose, tossing its bil-

lows to the skies and disclosing its profoundest depths. For four long years, with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, the people waited, in weary vigils, for the war-clouds to disperse, so that the sun and stars might again appear. That fearful upheaving of everything political and pecuniary, social and religious, the fierce strifes of the field and of the forum, the unexpected though legitimate, results of a disturbance so deep and wide, the new under-currents in the popular mind and heart which have received motion and direction from those great events, have driven and drifted the ship of state from its former course, and rendered necessary new observations, new calculations, and a new departure.

Nor is this any the less true because it is deemed a subject of gratulation, because we feel that the storms have purified the atmosphere, and because the nation has been thus driven or drifted, without voluntary purpose of its own, into an open sea, and away from waters hitherto so full of peril. Dropping the figure: it is accepted as one of the grand compensations of the war, with its terrible cost of blood and treasure, of tears and personal demoralization, that the nation has been made better, and been brought into a condition and circumstances when new policies must be inaugurated, new principles adopted and made familiar, and the action of the people, individual and governmental, adapted to the changed posture of affairs, and to the new purposes and objects thus generated and made attainable. In an endeavor to form an estimate of future responsibilities, duties, and dangers, it may be well to note some of the leading facts and features of these changes, and of this new condition of affairs.

Prominent, of course, stand the great facts that slavery is no more, and that the slave power is dethroned, its sceptre broken, and its fearful capacity for mischief destroyed. That disturbing and demoralizing element has been expelled. No longer does it remain to debauch the public mind, corrupt the Church,

control the government, dictate its foreign and domestic policy, and make American history little more and better than a record of its machinations, its arrogant assumptions, its imperious and exacting demands, its frauds and feints, as through these long, dark years when it pursued its one fixed purpose to rule or ruin. Like the nightmare of the troubled dreamer, — only this was anything but a dream, — it passed away as the nation, awakening to a consciousness of her condition, cast off the terrible incubus which had been paralyzing her energies and putting in peril life itself. Who can over-estimate or exaggerate the magnitude or importance of such a revolution? Who can appreciate the changed condition of affairs, and estimate aright the full significance of such an overturn in the structure of American society and in the administration of the government of the nation. Better now than eight years ago, though hardly now can the people intelligently respond to the exultant words of Mr. Sumner in Faneuil Hall: "Thank God that I have lived to enjoy this day. The skies are brighter and the air is purer now that slavery is handed over to judgment."

Another change is found in the fact that for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution is the government of the United States consistent with its creed, or the nation a republic in anything but the name. There has always been the assumption that the government was republican, and the pretence has been made of deferring questions to the popular voice and vote. The people have appeared to deliberate, and express their convictions by their ballots. They have gone through the forms of the caucus, the convention, and the polls, as if they were in reality choosing their own rulers and making their own laws. But it has never been other than a semblance, a show of participation where there has been no participation, a show of authority when there has been no authority. In point of fact, indeed, from the adoption of the Constitution till the breaking out of the

Rebellion this government has been an absolute despotism, with only the forms of liberty; and the only option given to the people has been that of throwing away their votes, or choosing between two national parties, both of which were nearly alike obsequious to the Southern rule. Mr. Hale was accustomed to enliven and enforce his political addresses by instituting a search for the *locality* of the government. He used to tell his hearers that it was not where the popular idea located it, at Washington, Boston, or Concord, but among the people. He was, however, as wide of the mark as those he criticised. For till the Rebellion the government had never been practically in their hands. The slave power, wherever it was located, was the government, issuing its edicts, and finding Presidents, Congresses, parties, the army and the navy, its willing servitors.

Nor is this a recent discovery. John Quincy Adams thirty years ago declared that it was "the sectional division of parties, or, in other words, the conflict between freedom and slavery, which constituted the axle round which the administration of national government revolved. All its measures of foreign and domestic policy were but radiations from that centre." That this was not exceptional in his esteem, but the general feature of the government and its administration, appears from still stronger language employed elsewhere, when, referring to the principle of the "three-fifths" representation introduced into the Constitution, he declared that "its operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the people in the American Congress, and thereby to make the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government." He spoke again of the Constitution as being "saturated with the infection of slavery which no fumigation could purify, no quarantine could extinguish"; by means of which he added, "a knot of slaveholders give the law and prescribe the policy of the country." Mr. Adams's position, age,

experience, profound learning, and studious disavowal of all sympathy and affiliation with abolitionists, invest this severe characterization of the government and its policy with a gravity not to be lightly esteemed or unreflectingly gainsaid. Nor is there need of farther asseveration from him or others. This sad feature of American history stands confessed before the world, and needs no further proof.

Now all this has passed away. The tyrant is not only dethroned, but dead. There can be neither resurrection nor restoration. There is now no secret star-chamber where the counsels and schemes of the slave oligarchy are concocted, and from which its edicts are promulgated. The Democratic party, too, which was ever its subservient ally, is demoralized and in disgrace.

The most important change, however, involving, as it does, consequences and responsibilities of such grave and practical importance, is the fact that the business of self-government is now in the hands of the people. This, though the theory, has never been the practice. But now the king is dead, and his sceptre is broken, who shall take his place? Some new usurper? Or will the people, learning wisdom from their past fearful history, reduce to practice the theory of self-government so long and so inconsistently held? It is easy to say they should. But government is no holiday affair, and republicanism is anything but a mere sentiment. It involves thought, knowledge, consideration, and self-control, which are far from being indigenous in human nature, besides the time and effort which are needful for the details of civil and political management. Except the few who, from personal or patriotic motives, are willing to perform the drudgery of a political canvass, the great mass pray to be excused from any such outlay of time, work, or money. There are too many here who merit the censure by Bismarck of the French people, that they were far more ready to claim their rights than to perform their duties. More are found to de-

claim vociferously against the wrongs of oppression than to perform soberly and sedulously such labors as are needful to resist and overcome its stealthy approaches or its violent assaults. And there are many who see, or think they see, evidences that large numbers are even now, through indolence or interest, preparing to transfer to money-aggregated capital the allegiance hitherto given to the slave power.

Indeed, there are those calculating on money as the lever by which the Democracy shall be lifted to power again. One writes: "Tammany with the 'almighty dollar' has secured and is sure of holding New York. Money conquers everything. The coalition of the Tammany ring with the Erie ring is irresistible in the State, and the Democratic managers here have only to put their heads together and make a joint-stock alliance of all the great railway and telegraph interests of the country in order to gain the White House." Another, speaking of the controlling influence which wealthy men acquire in the leading corporations, boards of directors becoming mere tools to register their edicts and do their bidding, remarks that "these men are becoming kaisers, and ere long the whole machinery of government will be under their manipulation. Their impress is seen and felt now in many States, and legislation is moulded according to the dictation of these railroad kings." By the side of these statements the following figures are significant. The Erie has not only 25,000 employees, over whom its master-spirit professes to have a controlling influence, but its stocks and bonds amount to \$101,935,000. The "marketable indebtedness" of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads is said to be \$102,897,689. That of the Pennsylvania Central is nearly as large. These facts and many of like character, the votes at some recent elections, the evidence of the control which the money power has exerted over too many State legislatures, over too many judges on the bench, and the influence too marked in the councils of the nation,

are ominous, and fill the minds of the thoughtful with apprehensions of a bondage in store as grinding, if not as ignominious, as that which has just passed away.

Another great change is the enlarged basis of suffrage made by the Fifteenth Amendment: Just at the moment when the demand for intelligent voting was so greatly increased, when there seemed to be another chance for the people to reassert and reclaim the right of managing their affairs according to the theory of free government,—a right they had so fatally relinquished to the slave power,—and the hope was cherished that our flag should no longer be “a flaunting lie,” or wave over a people free only in name, then the exigencies of the situation, indeed, the very existence of the nation, made it necessary to adopt the principle of manhood suffrage. By the adoption of this amendment all men, without regard to race, color, or previous condition, religion, or education, are clothed with the regal authority of the ballot; so that now, in addition to the crowds that come pouring in from Europe with all the disqualifications of their early training, there have been made by the stroke of a pen more than three quarters of a million of voters out of those who, like their fathers, had been born and educated under the paralyzing and brutalizing influences of slavery. How can these growing millions, just emancipated, some from the fetters of chattelhood and a larger number from the political bondage of the slave power, hold the even balance of a wise determination between the conflicting claims that will be urged upon the voters of such a Republic as this? How shall they weigh with intelligence and candor the many questions that must be submitted to the arbitrament of a popular vote? How shall they be able to decide aright even the question, which every one, however ignorant and weak, must decide, as to the party he will join, and the leaders he will follow?

Now that “slavery has been handed over to judgment,” and something be-

sides the peculiar institution is to be cared for by the government, there will arise, as there have arisen, many grave questions to be argued before the popular tribunal and decided by a popular vote. How can such a pleading be anything but a farce, unless there be some culture and some intelligence concerning the points at issue? How can the decision of such a vote be any better than the “throw of a die”? Of course it is not claimed that every vote should comprehend all the recondite points of true statesmanship, the mysteries of finance and commerce, the principles of protection and free trade, though the theory of a republican government recognizes no other tribunal than that of the people; but it *is* expected, and should be provided for, that every one who casts his ballot should have some general opinions upon such subjects, enough at least to choose intelligently between the conflicting claims and their advocates presented for popular adoption and support. There will be found two serious difficulties in the way of a wise and intelligent exercise of the right of suffrage arising from other causes than ignorance and that controlling force which the slave power was accustomed to exert. Sectionalism and demands for special legislation will often prompt to segregated rather than united effort, preventing rather than promoting that harmony and union which alone are the earnest of true and permanent success. But the magnanimity and breadth of views, which can look beyond the present moment for reward, and, listening to the voice of humanity, justice, and a wise forethought, can see in the good of the whole more than a compensation for the sacrifice of selfish greed, can hardly be expected of the millions of the old or of the new made voters, exposed, as they will be, to the arts and pretensions of scheming adventurers and plotting politicians, unless there be comprehensive and well-directed efforts towards popular education, public instruction, and domestic and social culture. Without the school-house and the church there is but a

poor showing for a successful experiment of free government on so large a scale, with a continental empire for its theatre, with open doors towards the east and west inviting immigration from beyond the Atlantic and Pacific, and with a population so heterogeneous. It cannot be longer safe to "leave things at loose ends," and to trust to the chance influences of commerce, the arts, the general struggle for a livelihood and wealth, and those scattered efforts of individuals, churches, and voluntary associations for the public good, which have hitherto so grandly illustrated and adorned American history, and which have, through home missions, tract, Bible, and Sabbath-school associations, and aid to colleges and schools, done so much for civilization and republicanism on this continent.

For, however timely and beneficent may have been these voluntary interpositions, in a nation's behalf, of the humble and Christian toilers, — working noiselessly at the foundations, almost unobserved, and without reward other than the consciousness of doing good, and solving the social problems which each embryo city, village, and town presented, — and however much is due to them of our gigantic, Western growths, it is becoming apparent that the work is outgrowing the workers. With the sudden enlargement of the territory to be occupied, and the augmentation of the masses to be cared for, and the decay of the early enthusiasm which sent and supported so many of the pioneers in the work, it is becoming, in the minds of many, a question whether the government should not here recognize a responsibility of its own which it has heretofore left entirely to others; and certainly, with or without government aid, there is a most imperative demand for a policy similar to that which has already obtained, but far exceeding in extent and rigor any hitherto attempted. The two great necessities of the country, at the present time, are UNIFICATION and EDUCATION.

UNIFICATION. — That union is a necessity of the nation seems only a truism. From the first it has been one of the popular watchwords, as the people have thought and spoken of the dangers and duties involved in the attempt to maintain free institutions. As it was only by uniting their forces as colonists that the fathers could hope to resist the power of England, so, since they started on the race of national existence, attention has ever been directed by their wisest and ablest men to this as one of the cardinal public virtues. Washington dwelt especially upon its importance in his Farewell Address, expressing particular apprehension of sectional or "geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western." Nor were these teachings without effect; nor, indeed, were they always employed with a good design. For, from the first, slavery held it up as an argument *in terrorem*, and succeeded in making the large majority of the nation believe that anything done to its injury would weaken the ties that bound the Union together. Threats of disunion, and "Union-saving committees," were among the most potent agencies to repress the promptings of freedom, and to resist the demands of justice, humanity, and the laws of God.

Slavery, however, is no more; and its power for evil or good, — if good could ever be predicated of any influence it exerted, — can no longer be calculated upon in any estimate of forces required or to be apprehended, in the future motions and developments of society and the state. As now the national territory broadens, its millions increase, and its immigration becomes more various and mixed; as new tastes and opinions abound, intensified by the quickening energies of modern progress; and especially as the moral and social influences, emanating from New England and the Middle States are becoming *relatively* less, — there is manifestly need of other and more potent agencies and energies to prepare these heterogeneous and discordant ma-

terials for the new condition of affairs, for the new era on which the nation has entered. Those fragments from the crumbling systems of European and Asiatic civilizations, thrown into the crucible of American society, must be fused into some new consistence for their place and use in the "composite nationality" of the great Republic. Nor will it be safe to leave the character of the new amalgam to depend upon the chance or natural affinities developed by the fusion. Other elements must be thrown in to modify and give shape and fitness, as the necessities of the case require. What they shall be and how they shall be applied should be the study of the wisest and best. To this the social philosopher and divine, the statesman and the educator, should bring their most earnest and select efforts. On the altar of this momentous social and national problem should the Christian lay his prayers and alms, and the rich man his gifts. To make the people one in spirit and purpose, to remove anything that is calculated to engender and perpetuate strife or promote sectional animosities and interests, should be regarded, during the generation now entered upon, as the special work of the bravest philanthropy and of the purest and most enlarged statesmanship.

EDUCATION. — From the first, New England seemed to grasp the great idea that education was an essential element of social and civil prosperity. In the midst of their deep poverty its settlers founded Harvard College, and established for the first time the principle of supporting, at public expense, schools to which all were admitted, for the purpose, as they expressed it, of "nurturing" the rising generation in the elements of common intelligence and virtuous living. Recognizing the fundamental thought, that it is the people who "constitute the state" and make it what it is, they saw that self-protection, even the instinct of self-preservation, demanded that the material of which it was, and was to be, composed should be such as its nature and

constitution required. Nor has that idea ever been lost. One hundred and fifty years later, Washington counselled his countrymen to "promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," on the ground that, "as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." There is, however, no need of argument. The theory of popular education, as an essential element of free government, is by general consent admitted.

The chief points of virtue and importance, in any practical discussion of the subject, pertain to the kind of education required, the best methods of its attainment, and some of the hindrances that lie in the way of that attainment. Here there is large room for inquiry and improvement. For, notwithstanding the admitted advancement of the cause of elementary education, there still remains a lamentable lack of men and women suitably educated for the various duties and dangers, responsibilities and emergencies, of actual life. Not only is there a signal failure in improving the privileges furnished at so much public and private cost, but wise observers find many who have enjoyed all the benefits of the schools, — even some who have become proficient in the various branches of study, — exhibiting grave defects in matters of practical experience. For with the advance of these public means of education there has been an increase of adverse influences from the many changes in the business and social habits of the people, so that what might have been fitted once for the necessities of the community and the times would fail now to meet them. The learning of books is, of course, essential; but that is not all which is requisite. There are practical lessons, not found in the arithmetic and algebra, the geography and grammar, which are to be learned now only outside of the school-room, but which should constitute an important part of the curriculum adopted within. Indeed, it is doubtless among the fea-

tures of "the good time coming," that the education insisted on and furnished by both the common school and college shall lose something of its present scholastic form, and partake more largely of the practical element; where the intercourse between teacher and pupil shall involve something less of adherence to forms and positive systems, more regard to the individuality of each, and more freedom in its exercise.

The education that is specially needed now embraces the whole of man's complex nature, and sends the individual forth into the community with the body and heart fitted for his work as well as the mind, with common sense to apply the abstract principles derived from text-books as well as the knowledge and discipline they are designed to afford. Of course much must be derived from the indirect influences exerted simultaneously and subsequently to the days of the school-room by home, its employments, associations, and pleasures, by society, its provisions and demands, the necessities of a livelihood and the calls of business. "A good home," says Leigh Richmond, "is the best of schools." But it must be "good," and much of its value consists in the care and effort necessary to make it thus *good*. The church, too, and the lecture-room, the caucus, convention, and town-meeting, the farmers' club and the trades-union, the newspaper, the magazine, the review, must all contribute their share to produce what should be the grandest product of the ages, the American citizen; one who, reaping what others have sown, and gathering up the spoils which the centuries have laid at his feet, is called upon to meet the grave responsibility of conserving the interests and of shaping the destinies of the mightiest republic of ancient or modern days.

Such substantially is the training and culture required by the exigencies of the present hour. Are the millions now clothed with the royal right of suffrage, and holding in their hands the sovereign power of this nation —

the great body of American citizens — thus educated? Do they answer in any good degree this description? Do even the educated men of the country seem fully alive to the exigencies of the case? What measures are now in progress which seem to comprehend the situation, or are based upon a correct estimate of the perils that environ and confront? In a word, are the omens propitious?

Napoleon said, fifty years ago, that the great want of France was *mothers*, which was his method of saying that the French people needed the education of homes. But France did not heed this saying; and her late Emperor attributes her present troubles to frivolity and lack of principle in the people. A recent letter-writer thus puts the matter on record: "Throughout France, in 1830, the working class had begun to lose its self-respect, and to degenerate into the condition of serfs; morals and manners were almost impossible. Home life received a shock from which it has never recovered." And now France lies humble and bleeding, fallen at once from the position of the leading nation of Europe to that at least of a second-rate power. Prussia saw that she needed an educated people to cope with surrounding powers, and she decreed that education should be not only compulsory, but military. The results are before the world.

But if France and Prussia, the empire and the kingdom, need education so much, and if its presence and absence have been productive of such dissimilar results, what must be the consequence of its culture or neglect in a country where the two policies of universal suffrage and unrestricted immigration at one and the same time prevail? More than twenty years ago, before the Rebellion, before Emancipation, before the Fifteenth Amendment, before the Pacific Railroad was built or hardly conceived of, when the vast central regions of North America, now dotted with States and Territories and rising cities, were inhabited by

the buffalo and savage, when were used with far less pertinence than they can be now the oft-quoted words,

"No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
For the whole boundless continent is yours,"

Horace Mann, who has left for his countrymen so many wise counsels and practical suggestions, thus discoursed upon the danger to the government of universal suffrage without universal education:—

"The human imagination can picture no semblance of the destructive potency of the ballot-box in the hands of an ignorant and corrupt people. The Roman cohorts were terrible; the Turkish janizaries were incarnate fiends: but each was powerless as a child for harm compared with universal suffrage without mental illumination and moral principle. The power of casting a vote is far more formidable than that of casting spear or javelin. On one of those oft-recurring days, when the fate of the State or the Union is to be decided at the polls, when all over the land the votes are falling thick as hail, and we seem to hear them rattle like the clangor of arms, it is enough to make the lover of his country turn pale to reflect upon the motives under which they may be given, and the consequences to which they may lead. . . . If they emanate from wise counsels and a loyalty to truth, they will descend like benedictions from Heaven to bless the land and fill it with song and gladness, such as never have been known on earth since the days of paradise; but if, on the other hand, these votes come from ignorance and crime, the fire and brimstone that were rained on Sodom and Gomorrah would be more tolerable."

If these be the words of truth and soberness, how little better than madness is that apathy pervading the public mind on the subject of educating these swelling millions that are now so rapidly covering this continental area of the great Republic! Will the nation awake to its peril before it is too late?

If not corroborative of these stirring words of the Massachusetts educator, strongly tending in the same direction have been some of the recent utterances from the same old Commonwealth, where were first planted and where have been so carefully nourished the institutions of popular education. In the year 1865 a commission was appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts on the "hours of labor." There were several hearings before it, and the results, which seemed to have surprised its members, were embodied in a Report, with some suggestions not without significance in this connection. "The evidence," they say, "almost challenged belief. Certainly the committee were astonished that, in the midst of progress and prosperity unparalleled, advancement in the arts and sciences, development of machinery for the saving of labor, progress in inventions, and in the increase of wealth and material prosperity, yet MAN, the producer of all these, the first great cause of all, was the last of all and least understood. . . . It was painful to listen to the unanimous evidence, showing a steady demoralization of the men who are the bulwarks of our national life; painful to witness progress in that which is perishable, stagnation and decay in the imperishable and immortal man. The committee are constrained to say that, after patient and careful consideration of the subject, they are satisfied that, if we would avert national calamity and decay, loss of industrial science, and strength of execution, preserve the health, life, and virtue of the people, secure to ourselves and transmit to our posterity the priceless blessings of liberty and self-government, we must awake to the importance of this subject, and, if not in the spirit of philanthropy, at least of self-protection, do justice to it.

'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.'

The subject is of vast importance to the people of this Commonwealth. Important in any aspect in which it

may be viewed, it is paramount, in our opinion, to any other subject which claims the attention of thinking men, for upon its solution and settlement depend the best interests of the Church, the State, and the individual man. The times in which we live clothe this subject with a new and peculiar significance; while our institutions, their purity, preservation, and perpetuation, demand of us an immediate investigation and recognition of its claims to us as legislators and as men. . . . The State is composed of *men*, and the interests, progress, and advancement of man is the foundation upon which the State rests. If the foundation is firm and solid, the structure is strong and enduring. Hence the first duty of the State is to recognize this great principle of manhood. Laid upon that foundation, the State is enduring and immortal."

If five years ago this was sound and cogent reasoning for Massachusetts, and there were grounds for the apprehension and alarm thus expressed, in a State with such a record as hers and such bountiful appropriation for popular education as she can show, how much more pertinent and cogent are its suggestions for the nation at large in the new circumstances of its present condition. The report was written, indeed, with special reference to the "factory system" and its *operatives*; but there is much in common with all the poorer and dependent classes throughout the land: and much which may be predicated of the operatives of New England can be said with equal truth of the freedmen of the South and the emigrant everywhere. It makes but little difference whether men are in the factories of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, among the mines of Pennsylvania and Colorado, the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, or on the plantations of Georgia and Louisiana; if their external conditions are substantially alike, the results will substantially agree; while the nation as a whole is more dependent upon its constituent elements than are the individual States.

In 1869 the same Legislature, in pursuit of a similar object, created a Bureau of Statistics. From a recent report on the evils of overwork the following extract is taken: "Now it is beyond question that whatever affects the social, educational, and sanitary condition of so large a body of wealth-producers of the State, imperatively demands the most thoughtful consideration of the State herself. As a matter of mere financial economy, if she finds that they are overworked, and, consequently, that their productive energy is weakened, and so the products of that energy are diminished in quantity and quality, or both, and that her wealth suffers thereby, she is bound to protect them against such overwork that she may protect herself. As a matter of social right, justice, and humanity, if she finds that they are overworked, and that consequently they are in peril of social degradation, she is bound to protect them against such overwork, that she may not become herself socially degraded. If she finds that they are overworked, so that because of physical exhaustion they are unfitted and unable to give time and attention to the attainment of such mental education as shall secure for them the possibility, at least, of some degree of culture and refinement, she is bound to protect them against such overwork, that she herself may not lose her culture and refinement, and so fall from her proper rank as a true and not a pretentious Christian Commonwealth. And all this is true in relation to all her toiling thousands. The welfare of her children, in each and every avocation, is her own welfare. Never was mother more dependent upon her children, nor children more largely entitled to a mother's protection. Their interest, happiness, and greatness are intertwined beyond all power of separation. They and the State are one."

Enough, perhaps more than enough, has been said of the value and importance of education, and of the danger of its neglect; nor is it difficult to secure the general assent to what is

said. The real difficulty is to inspire the people with a practical purpose of promoting the cause of such education. The real question at issue is not, ought the present generation to be educated? but, shall it be educated? not, shall the next generation be educated? but shall this? not, shall the true idea of popular education be gradually worked into the American thought and purpose? but, shall it at once be accepted and reduced to practice? There are serious difficulties and hindrances that lie in the way of its practical adoption; shall these difficulties and hindrances be properly recognized and canvassed, and the necessary means adopted to remove or overcome them? These are the questions now in order before the American people.

Some of these more serious difficulties and hindrances are suggested by the condition and circumstances of the emigrant, the freedman, and the operative. While each has disadvantages peculiar to himself, there are some which the three have in common. Generally in moderate, oftener in straitened circumstances, they lack many of those appliances of domestic comfort and social improvement, from the possession of which have arisen many of the more desirable traits of New England and American character. Struggling to "keep the wolf from the door," they have too little time for the refinements of life. Even when within the reach of the common school, the tendency is often strong with them to neglect or very inadequately improve its privileges; and when there is attendance, there is so much which is uncongenial in the atmosphere of home, that, beyond the acquisition of the simplest elements of learning, there is little progress towards that completeness of culture which American citizenship requires. Even if the petty and grosser vices are wanting, as too often they are not, there is such an absence of thoughtfulness and considerate purpose, as to render the prospect of intelligent and virtuous manhood very faint. Instead of becoming men who know their du-

ties, and knowing dare fulfil, the danger is great of their becoming mere Hessians in the political market, to be bought, if not with money, at least with craft and party management. For added to the other infelicities of the situation, there is a lack of the social attractions and the benefits of staid society and permanent homes. Much of the glory of New England has arisen from the stimulus and restraints resulting from this more permanent segregation of individuals, blessed with churches and schools, prompting some to worthy courses they would not otherwise have adopted, and restraining others from vicious practices into which they would have fallen without such protection. To many of the emigrants, operatives, and freedmen such influences are wanting. Too generally not rooted in any particular locality, they never breathe a social atmosphere which has the vitalizing forces of one's native air.

To these considerations in behalf of the thorough and practical education of the people, and to some of the obstacles in the way of its attainment, I would invite the earnest and thoughtful attention of my countrymen. I do not assume the office of instructor; nor do I propose to indicate what is to be done, or how this grave exigency is to be met. I only bespeak here a careful study of this great social and national problem, thus suddenly forced upon the Republic. Fully believing that the nation has never witnessed an hour, not even in the darkest night of the Rebellion, when there were presented more pressing claims for special effort, or when there were demanded of the patriotic, philanthropic, and pious men of thought, more time, effort, and personal sacrifice, I present this matter as second to no question now before the country.

The world has hardly ceased to wonder at "the uprising of a great people, to save this nation in the hour of Rebellion. The appeals that then rang through the land, and the prompt and generous responses they invoked, still echo in the memory. All distinctions

of age, sex, and station seemed for the moment forgotten. Unprecedented, too, in the annals of warfare, is the American woman's proud record. She not only sent and bade God speed her loved ones, but she went herself to the bloody field of strife, and the soldier's arm was stronger and his courage was firmer because she was there. In the darkest days of 1863 a woman, more earnest than some, feeling that all were not suitably awake, thus appealed to her sisters through the pages of the Atlantic: "The women of to-day have not come up to the level of to-day. They do not stand abreast with its issues. They do not rise to the height of this great argument. . . . O my countrywomen! I long to see you stand under the time, and bear it up in your strong hearts, and not to be borne up through it." Alluding to the uprising of the people on the fall of Sumter, she asks: "Was that a childish outburst of excitement, or the glow of an overruling principle? Was it a puerile anger or a manly indignation? Did we spring up startled pygmies or girded giants?"

Hardly less now than then is there need of the same fiery questionings. Though there is not the need of the same bloody baptism, the same supreme sacrifice as when it led to the hardships and hazards of the camp, the march, and the battle-field, there is a demand for something of the same offering of personal interests on the altar of the public good. The nation needs no words less of grateful commendation for the brave men who went to the war, not a flower less to deck the soldiers' graves, nor a monument the less to commemorate the martyred dead; but it does need far less of that cheap patriotism which is content with words for the dead, but has nothing for the living, which extols the bravery of those who fought to save the nation, but will do nothing to complete the work so grandly begun, and rescue the land from foes less sanguinary and violent, but no less dangerous and destructive.

It is at this juncture that the Republican party is called upon to take its position and define its policy. After the storms of war and the foggy uncertainties of the reconstruction now so nearly completed, the sun and stars appear. Now comes the demand for new observations and calculations, that the party's latitude may be ascertained, and its course laid for a new departure. As there is much to gratify and be proud of in the first ten years of its administration of public affairs, so there is much to encourage and animate as the future beckons it to advance. Shall the same wisdom, forecast, patriotism, and earnestness which have marked the past shine with equal brilliancy in the future? Under its lead the Rebellion has been crushed, slavery destroyed, the States lately in rebellion reconstructed and restored, millions of the public debt paid, gold reduced to 110, and an election held which has given the administration "a vote of confidence," and secured for it congressional support till its close. Mr. Phillips admitted only the truth when he said in Music Hall: "It is a very good record. It is a very fine picture. It has green laurels, green laurels, worthy, glorious laurels on its brow." Will the party at the close of its next decade merit such an encomium from a political opponent? This is really the great American question of the hour. So closely identified is the Republican party with the nation, so nearly is it the nation itself, so unpatriotic and un-American has the Democratic party proved itself to be, that to keep the former in the path of duty has been, is now, and is evidently to be, the keeping of the nation there. To imperil its success is to put the nation in danger. What, then, is the present duty of this great national party?

Its first great duty is administration. Intrusted by the nation with the seals of office and sceptre of power, it is responsible for their faithful use. Having proclaimed its public policy and received the nation's emphatic indorsement, it must carry it out to a suc-

cessful issue, especially so much as is embodied in the constitutional amendments and their consequent legislation. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments must not be permitted to lie a dead letter in the Constitution. As the South, for two generations, made the most of the compromises in the interests of slavery, the Republicans should exhibit equal energy in using these guaranties of human rights in the interests of freedom.

On the financial measures such attention should be bestowed as the exigencies of the occasion and the progress of events require. Fortunately, however, there seems little need of other action than to leave the laws of trade and the legislation already secured to work out their legitimate results. Nor is the encouragement small to allow the matter to remain, as thus arranged, in the safe hands of the present head of the Treasury Department. For if, in spite of the present war in Europe and its complications, the national credit has continued to improve, if the currency has appreciated, until gold, at 131 when General Grant was inaugurated, is now at 110, it would seem the part of wisdom to continue the present policy, which has worked such beneficent results, and which must at no distant day make the greenback the equivalent of specie.

Concerning the tariff there is greater difficulty, as there is greater diversity of sentiment and interest. The questions involved, too, are intrinsically obscure; men, equally patriotic and wise, differ in judgment; the same men differ in opinion at different times, and some men are unable to reach a conclusion entirely satisfactory even to themselves. Different branches of business and different sections of the country find their interests — at least it is so assumed — demanding different lines of policy, some requiring protection and others clamoring for free trade. Entire agreement cannot, therefore, be expected in a national party, embracing within its limits the whole country, and representing so many con-

flicting interests. It should, therefore, if possible, cease to be a party measure, and some common ground should be found by the wise and patriotic men on which all can consistently and satisfactorily stand. Neither the Republican party nor the country can allow this question to destroy the integrity or imperil the ascendancy of an organization with such a record and such elements of power for good. Neither he who desires protection nor those who believe in free trade should demand or expect their extreme opinion to be adopted as the policy of the nation. Some common ground should be sought where existing burdens may be lightened and the great interests of the country may be cared for. Both should concede something, in view of the mighty interests involved. The present revenue laws were formed in time of war. The changed condition of affairs necessitates some modifications; and Congress should speedily address itself to the task of finding some mode of adjustment that may be both satisfactory and enduring. Now that the great disturber is removed, a moderate amount of wisdom and patriotism, it would seem, could find such ground, and agree upon some such mode of adjustment. So long as the interest on a national debt counted by billions is to be provided for, and absolute free trade is impracticable, it would seem that there need be no insurmountable difficulties in the way of adjusting the revenue that must be raised to the necessities of any reasonable protection. Nothing more than remembrance of the sacrifices which were required when, at the call of patriotism, as Whigs and Democrats Republicans left their respective parties to make the new organization, — which was formed and commissioned to save the country, — would seem to be necessary to induce the spirit of moderation and compromise now required, and thus remove this question either from the arena of politics or from the attitude of danger to the party or the nation.

To sustain and aid the President in

carrying out his pacific and philanthropic Indian policy, in adequate and persistent detail, is another service to which the Republican party is committed; nor is that policy safe in any other hands. The good name of the nation as well as the well-being of the Indians requires its continued ascendancy to perfect what has been so auspiciously begun.

To maintain the dignity and vindicate the honor of the nation in its relations and correspondence with other governments is another duty intrusted to Republican hands, which can be as safe in no other.

Reform in the civil service, by which the work of the government shall be more faithfully and thoroughly performed, and by which there shall be less corruption in the different departments of public employment and greater purity in elections, is another object which has received, and is destined to receive, more of the attention of the administration than has hitherto been customary.

To keep out of power the Democratic party and its semi-rebellious adherents, both North and South, has become a matter of supreme importance to the nation and to the cause of humanity itself. None who correctly gauged the issues of the Rebellion can fail to deprecate as a national calamity the return to power of the party which nurtured within its ranks the men who raised aloft the arm of treason, and came so near to rending asunder the Union itself, — the party that never gave the nation hearty support in its struggles with traitors, and has never concealed its sympathy with them when overthrown. Sadly chilled must be his patriotism, or his cause of complaint must be very grievous, who is willing, for public or private reasons, to affiliate with such a party and help it into power again. For does any one need be told that, with it restored to power, there can be no effective carrying out of those great measures of emancipation and reconstruction which the Republicans have placed on the statute-

book and so thoroughly inwrought into the history of the last ten years? Mr. Phillips accords to the Republican party as its "one idea" "to watch over the reconstruction policy of the war," and he admits that it is "a necessary duty, a great function"; and yet he says: "I don't care a chip whether John Quincy Adams or Governor Claflin is the next Governor of Massachusetts." Who is to "watch over the reconstruction policy of the war," if disaffected Republicans, uniting with the Democrats, elect Democratic governors and legislatures? If such a policy prevails, how can it be otherwise than that the present movement in behalf of human rights must be summarily checked, and the hopes of human amelioration, recently so sanguine, must be suddenly darkened? Unless the Republican party shall remain harmonious, and, inspired by its past and glorious achievements, shall carry forward its good work to completion, much of the fearful cost of the war will have been incurred in vain. Where, then, is the remedy? Nowhere but in the intelligence and right purposes of the public. The people must be fortified against the wiles and misrepresentations of designing men, who too often and too easily make them the tools of their ambition and revenge, mere counters in their game of politics.

It is the opinion of some that the nation has reached that stage when the fitting of the materials of which it is composed for the new epoch in its history is its great work. The new condition of things has practically changed the workings of political affairs. Relieved from the presence and pressure of slavery and the slave power, but threatened with another tyrant in the shape of capital, the country needs relief and safety, and there is no chance for either except as the people can be properly instructed and persuaded.

The strength of the Republican party has lain in its ideas, or rather in the fact that it has been a party of ideas. Lifted above the mere scramble for place and power, and the grovelling

ambition for personal and partisan triumphs, and appealing to the higher principles of thought and feeling, a love of country, a sense of justice, and regard for human rights, it embodies in itself something of the essential value and dignity of the objects for which it was formed and maintained. Born in the hour of the nation's peril, when slavery was stretching forth its hand to destroy what it had so long endamaged and disgraced, its watchwords have been loyalty and freedom, "liberty *and* union," for the first time "one and inseparable." Under the lead of sagacious leaders, — better said, under the guiding hand of Providence, — it has hitherto kept in advance even of the people who gave it power. President Lincoln, though accused of tardiness, was ahead of the party which elected him in his Proclamation of Emancipation. And the Republican Congresses, which have inaugurated and carried through the reconstruction measures, have led rather than followed the popular sentiment. But party leaders cannot with safety go far ahead of the public sentiment in legislation. Either the people must be brought up, or the party standard must be brought down; and in this fact is found another reason why the Republican party should accept as one of the living issues of the hour the proper education of the people. How shall it be attempted? By what methods shall it be taken from the mere abstraction of discussion or declamation, and made one of the issues of party purpose and effort? Briefly thus.

It should receive the moral support of a hearty indorsement in the party's national and State conventions. As during the war the party did not hesitate to make emphatic declaration of its purpose to save the Union by meeting the bloody issue tendered by the foe, so there should now be equal explicitness in proclaiming a purpose to complete in peace what was commenced in war; it should reveal its ability to detect dangers to the Republic, though they do not come in the

form of armed legions, and do not herald their approach by the roar of cannon and the "sulphurous canopy" of the battle-field. By so doing it will be only carrying out what it has again and again claimed for itself. In the Address of the Congressional Republican Committee on the eve of the recent election, it claimed, no one dissenting, that "it came into being as an organization of reform and progress, and should be ever ready to accept the living issues of the hour and march abreast with the spirit of the age." How can it more effectually do this than by making it one of its prominent and proclaimed purposes to unify and educate the people?

Aid should be invoked from every available source. The ripest scholars, men of the most profound sagacity, of the most undoubted philanthropy, and of the most fervid piety, should be invited to contribute their best thoughts and most practical suggestions. The Association of Social Science, and representative bodies of the great religious denominations, might worthily make the matter a subject of earnest investigation. The pulpit and press should become the vehicles of discussion, warning, and appeal, until the whole country is aroused, as in the days of the Rebellion, to an appreciative conviction of the matter at issue, and of the necessity of labors and sacrifices commensurate with its urgency and importance.

Appeals should be made to the wealthy men of the party and of the nation. They have at least a twofold interest in the subject, personal and pecuniary. Though a secondary, it is certainly a legitimate consideration, that the security and value of property lies very much in the stability of society, — a security and value which can be easily destroyed when the agrarian and anarchical tendencies of an ignorant or vicious population prevail. Among the threatening indications arising from accumulated wealth, already referred to, there is the cheering indication of a somewhat widely dif-

fused purpose of rich men to endow institutions of learning. Like the Harvards, Yales, and Browns of former days, the Cornells, the Vassars, the Willistons and Simmonses of to-day are linking their names and memories with well-endowed institutions for the education of those who can avail themselves of their liberal provisions. And it is well. But this does not reach the masses. Here is a wide and needy field ready for culture, with promise of most generous returns.

Mr. Peabody set an example by inaugurating a system or plan of operations which should have many followers or imitators. He not only became the almoner of his own bounty, the executor of his own estate, but the patron of able and sagacious men, who, gladly joining their talents and sagacity with his wealth, were willing to labor earnestly in this cause of philanthropy for the poor and lowly. In the present transition state at the South and Southwest, and in many portions of the West, there is a most inviting field for our millionnaires to combine an agency for material development, and for the mental and moral improvement of the masses now struggling, with straitened means, to make for themselves homes, and to become fitted for the privileges and duties of American citizenship. Mr. Stewart, of New York, has recently given but another example of his practical sagacity and public spirit, in purchasing and preparing for the market "Hampstead Plains," on Long Island. Employing the highest practical and engineering skill in laying out these plains into streets, squares, and parks, and throwing them open for sale, he will long identify his name with the purchase and place, and the merchant prince of New York will leave in it a monument more enduring than marble. Had he, however, invested a similar amount of money in Southern lands with the same sagacious employment of the necessary skill in preparing and bringing them into the market, and with proper inducements and means of securing emigration and skilled labor from Europe

and the North, affording an opportunity to the freedmen and all others who desire to purchase farms, of larger or smaller size, on terms of easy payment, — perhaps proffering some little aid in starting, — he would have accomplished a greater and more enduring good. Such an act would bring to light the material resources of a country never yet developed, and while making provision for schools and churches, would educate the people, not only in the learning of books, but in those practical lessons which the struggle for homes and a livelihood necessarily inculcate and incorporate with the current modes of thought and feeling.

Could a portion of the vast wealth represented by the Republican party, that of its millionnaires and men of smaller means, be devoted to this work, how it would help those needing help, unify and educate the nation, and inure to the advantage and permanence of the party itself! The South is impoverished, it needs capital; it has labor, but it is poor and greatly demoralized, unskilled, and discouraged; how would such a policy as this recommended set in motion the wheels of industry, exorcise the demons of ignorance and secession, restore the lately rebellious States to the Union "clothed and in their right mind," and cover that imperial land with the verdure and fruits of such a husbandry as it so much needs, but has never enjoyed! Is it not an object, a living issue, worthy even the party which can boast such a record as the Republicans proudly claim?

The party should commit itself to appropriate legislation. There can be no question of either the necessity or legitimacy of legislation that contemplates the unification and education of the people. At least they can have no scruples who have witnessed and shared in the benefits of the school laws in those States where the system of common schools has been established. Now that with the general rejection of the State rights heresy, State lines are becoming fainter, and State individuality is being more and more

absorbed into national unity, it is apparent that the educational policy of the States which have hitherto sustained free schools should be substantially adopted by the nation; at least, that no State should have the power to prevent the national prerogative from being exerted in that direction. A voice, too, from across the waters, echoed and re-echoed from the bloody battle-fields in the present Franco-Prussian war, is significant and to the point. A system of compulsory education, established for more than two centuries in portions of Germany, and for more than a century and a half in Prussia, has brought forth fruits which the world see. France, with a

fairer and more fertile country, with the prestige of a brilliant military record, but with a population ignorant, priest-ridden, and emasculated of their manhood, lies beaten on every field and helpless at the conqueror's feet. The lesson should not be lost on the American people, especially upon the Republican party. The Bureau of Education should be strengthened, and Mr. Hoar's bill for the establishment of a system of national education, or something tantamount thereto, should receive the immediate attention of Congress and the undivided support of Republicans. By so doing the party will add to its many claims on the gratitude and support of the nation.

Henry Wilson.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
 Thirteen summers, or something less;
 Girlish bust, but womanly air,
 Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
 Lips that lover has never kissed,
 Taper fingers and slender wrist,
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade, —
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.
 Hold up the canvas full in view —
 Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
 Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
 Such is the tale the lady old
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
 One whose best was not over well;
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
 Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
 Dainty colors of red and white;
 And in her slender shape are seen
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eye of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES ;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men !

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the little whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name ;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

I.

YOU ask me, my dear nephew, as we sit together in this favorable light, surrounded by the portraits of those I like to count my friends, to chat about the pictures, my companions, — on the wall, — and the men and women they represent. If I were to call the little collection in this diminutive house a *Gallery of Pictures*, in the usual sense of that title, you would smile and remind your poor old uncle of what Foote said with his characteristic sharpness of David Garrick, when he joined his brother Peter in the wine trade: "Davy lived with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant." Spare your wit, Sir Nephew, and don't interrupt me.

You have often, my dear boy, heard me in my "garrulous old age" discourse of things past and gone, and you know what you bring down on your verdant head when you request me "to run over," as you call it, the faces looking out upon us from their plain unvarnished frames. But let us begin somewhere; for, as Dickens used to shout in his impressive manner, when the real business floundered in an interview appointed for a special purpose: "We are not getting on, sir, we are not getting on!"

Let us begin, then, with the little man of Twickenham, for that is his portrait which hangs over the front fireplace. An original portrait of Alexander Pope I certainly never expected to possess, and I must tell you how I came by it. Only a year ago I was strolling in my vagabond way up and down the London streets, and dropped in to see an old friend in his picture-shop, — a man so thoroughly up in his calling that it is always a pleasure to talk with him and examine his collection of valuables, albeit his treasures are of such preciousness as to make the humble purse of a commoner shrink into a still smaller

compass from sheer inability to respond when prices are named. At No. 6 Pall Mall, you will always find Mr. Graves "clipp'd round about" by first-rate canvas. When I dropped in upon him that summer morning, he had just returned from the sale of the Marquis of Hastings's effects. The Marquis, you will remember, went wrong and his debts swallowed up everything. It was a wretched stormy day when the pictures were sold, and Mr. Graves secured, at very moderate prices, five original portraits. All the paintings had suffered more or less decay, and some of them, with their frames, had fallen to the floor. One of the best preserved pictures inherited by the late Marquis was a portrait of Pope, painted from life by Richardson for the Earl of Huntington, and even that had been allowed to drop out of its oaken frame. Horace Walpole says, Jonathan Richardson was undoubtedly one of the best painters of a head that had appeared in England. He was pupil of the celebrated Riley, the master of Hudson, of whom Sir Joshua took lessons in his art. It was Richardson's "Treatise on Painting" which inflamed the mind of young Reynolds, and stimulated his ambition to become a great painter. Pope seems to have had a real affection for Richardson, and probably sat to him for this picture some time during the year 1732. In Pope's correspondence there is a letter addressed to Richardson, making an engagement with him for a several days' sitting, and it is quite probable that the portrait before you was finished at that time. You can imagine the painter and the poet sitting together day after day, in presence of that canvas. During the same year Pope's mother died, at the great age of ninety-three; and on the evening of June 10th, while she lay dead in the house, Pope sent off the following heart-touching letter from

Twickenham to his friend the painter:—

"As you know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this; I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily!"

Several eminent artists of that day painted the likeness of Mr. Pope, Sir Godfrey Kneller and Jervas among them, but I like the expression of this one by Richardson best of all. The mouth, you will observe, is very sensitive and the eyes almost painfully so. It is told of Pope, that when he was a boy "there was great sweetness in his look," and that his face was plump and pretty, and that he had a very fresh complexion. Continual study ruined his constitution and changed his form, it is said. Richardson has skilfully kept out of sight the poor little decrepit figure, and gives us only the beautiful head of a man of genius. I scarcely know a head on canvas that expresses the poetical sense in a higher degree than this one. The likeness must be perfect, and I can imagine the delight of the Rev. Joseph Spence hobbling into his presence on the 4th of Septem-

ber, 1735, "when a ragged boy of an ostler came in with a little scrap of paper not half an inch broad, which contained the following words: 'Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now.'"

I dare say, my dear Jack, you have read, as yet, very little of Pope's poetry, for you have just been "through college," and consequently have had no time for useful knowledge. You may have *parsed* him on the road to college, as I did in my time on my way to business. You will come to him earnestly by and by, however. English literature is full of eulogistic mention of him. Thackeray is one of the last great authors, who has spoken golden words about the poet. "Let us always take into account," he says, "that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection, which pervaded and sanctified his life."

What pluck and dauntless courage possessed the gallant little cripple of Twickenham! When all the dunces of England were aiming their poisonous barbs at him, he said, "I had rather die at once, than live in fear of those rascals." A vast deal that has been written about Pope is untrue. No author has been more elaborately slandered on principle, or more studiously abused through envy. Slimy dullards went about for years, with an ever-ready microscope, hunting for flaws in his character that might be injuriously exposed; but to-day his defamers are in bad repute. Excellence in a fellow-mortal is to many men worse than death; and great suffering fell upon a host of mediocre writers when Pope uplifted his shining sceptre and sat supreme above them all.

Pope's latest champion is John Ruskin. Open his *Lectures on Art*, recently delivered before the University of Oxford (the book is lying on the table before you) and read passage number seventy. Let us read it together, as we sit here in the presence of the sensitive poet.

"I want you to think over the relation of expression to character in two great masters of the absolute art of lan-

guage, Virgil and Pope. You are perhaps surprised at the last name; and indeed you have in English much higher grasp and melody of language from more passionate minds, but you have nothing else, in its range, so perfect. I name, therefore, these two men, because they are the two most accomplished *artists*, merely as such, whom I know, in literature; and because I think you will be afterwards interested in investigating how the infinite grace in the words of the one, the severity in those of the other, and the precision in those of both, arise wholly out of the moral elements of their minds, — out of the deep tenderness in Virgil which enabled him to write the stories of Nisus and Lausus, and the serene and just benevolence which placed Pope, in his theology, two centuries in advance of his time, and enabled him to sum the law of noble life in two lines which, so far as I know, are the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words: —

‘Never elated, while one man’s oppressed;
Never dejected, while another’s blessed.’

I wish you also to remember these lines of Pope, and to make yourselves entirely masters of his system of ethics; because, putting Shakespeare aside as rather the world’s than ours, I hold Pope to be the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind; and I think the *Dunciad* is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work ‘exacted’ in our country. You will find, as you study Pope, that he has expressed for you, in the strictest language and within the briefest limits, every law of art, of criticism, of economy, of policy, and, finally, of a benevolence, humble, rational, and resigned, contented with its allotted share of life, and trusting the problem of its salvation to Him in whose hand lies that of the universe.”

Glance up at the tender eyes of the poet, who seems to have been eagerly listening while we have been reading Ruskin’s beautiful tribute. As he is so intent upon us, let me gratify still fur-

ther the honest pride of “the little nightingale,” as they used to call him when was he a child, and read to you from the “*Causeries du Lundi*” what that wise French critic, Sainte-Beuve, has written of his favorite English poet: —

“The natural history of Pope is very simple: delicate persons, it has been said, are unhappy, and he was doubly delicate, delicate of mind, delicate and infirm of body; he was doubly irritable. But what grace, what taste, what swiftness to feel, what justness and perfection in expressing his feeling! . . . His first masters were insignificant; he educated himself: at twelve years old he learned Latin and Greek together, and almost without a master; at fifteen he resolved to go to London, in order to learn French and Italian there, by reading the authors. His family, retired from trade, and Catholic, lived at this time upon an estate in the forest of Windsor. This desire of his was considered as an odd caprice, for his health from that time hardly permitted him to move about. He persisted, and accomplished his project; he learned nearly everything thus by himself, making his own choice among authors, getting the grammar quite alone, and his pleasure was to translate into verse the finest passages he met with among the Latin and Greek poets. When he was about sixteen years old, he said, his taste was formed as much as it was later. . . . If such a thing as literary temperament exist, it never discovered itself in a manner more clearly defined and more decided than with Pope. Men ordinarily become classic by means of the fact and discipline of education; he was so by vocation, so to speak, and by a natural originality. At the same time with the poets, he read the best among the critics, and prepared himself to speak after them.

“Pope had the characteristic sign of literary natures, the faithful worship of genius. . . . He said one day to a friend: ‘I have always been particularly struck with this passage of Homer

where he represents to us Priam transported with grief for the loss of Hector, on the point of breaking out into reproaches and invectives against the servants who surrounded him and against his sons. It would be impossible for me to read this passage without weeping over the disasters of the unfortunate old king.' And then he took the book, and tried to read aloud the passage, 'Go, wretches, curse of my life,' but he was interrupted by tears.

"No example could prove to us better than his to what degree the faculty of tender sensitive criticism is an active faculty. We do not feel, and cannot discern a difference in kind when there is nothing to express. This taste, this sensibility, so swift and alert, justly supposes imagination behind it. It is said that Shelley, the first time he heard the poem of 'Christabel' recited, at a certain magnificent and terrible passage, took fright and suddenly fainted. The whole poem of 'Alastor' was to be foreseen in that fainting. Pope, not less sensitive in his way, could not read through that passage of the Iliad without bursting into tears. To be critic to that degree, is to be a poet."

Thanks, eloquent and judicious scholar, so lately gone from the world of letters! A love of what is best in art was the habit of Sainte-Beuve's life, and so he too will always be remembered as one who has kept the best company in literature, — a man who always did homage to genius, wherever and whenever it might be found.

I intend to leave you as a legacy, my dear boy, an old faded book, which I hope you will always prize as it deserves. It is a well-worn, well-read volume, of no value whatever as an *edition*, — but *it belonged to Abraham Lincoln*. It is his copy of "The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Esq., to which is prefixed the life of the author by Dr. Johnson." It bears the imprint on the title-page of J. J. Woodward, Philadelphia, and was published in 1839. Our President wrote his own name in it, and

chronicles the fact that it was presented to him "by his friend N. W. Edwards." In January, 1861, Mr. Lincoln gave the book to a very dear friend of his, who honored me with it in January, 1867, as a New-Year's present. As long as I live it will remain among my books, and some day it will be yours. Treasure it as having been owned and read by one of the noblest and most sorely tried of men, a hero comparable with any of Plutarch's,

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Dear old Thackeray! — as everybody that knew him intimately calls him, now he is gone. That is his face, looking out upon us, next to Pope's. What a contrast in bodily appearance, those two English men of genius present. Thackeray's great burly figure, broad-chested and ample as the day, seems to overshadow and quite blot out of existence the author of "The Essay on Man." But what friends they would have been had they been contemporaries under Queen Anne or Queen Victoria! One can imagine the author of "Pendennis" gently lifting poor little Alexander out of his "chariot" into the club, and revelling in talk with him all night long. Pope's high-bred and gentlemanly manner, combined with his extraordinary sensibility and dread of ridicule, would have modified Thackeray's usual gigantic fun and sometimes boisterous sarcasm into a rich and strange adaptability to his little guest. We can imagine them talking together now, with even a nobler wisdom and ampler charity than were ever vouchsafed to them when they were busy amid the turmoils of their crowded literary lives.

As I know you, my dear nephew, to be a great reader and lover of all that Thackeray has written and published, I will tell you briefly something of his literary habits as I can recall them. It is now nearly twenty years since I first saw him and came to know him pretty familiarly in London. I was very much in earnest to have him come

to America, and read his series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and when I talked the matter over with some of his friends at the little Garrick Club, they all said he could never be induced to leave London long enough for such an expedition. Next morning, after this talk at the Garrick, the elderly damsel of all work announced to me, as I was taking breakfast at my lodgings, that Mr. *Sackville* had called to see me, and was then waiting below. Very soon I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and enter a tall, white-haired stranger, who held out his hand, bowed profoundly, and with a most comical expression announced himself as Mr. Sackville. Recognizing at once the face from published portraits, I knew that my visitor was none other than Thackeray himself, who, having heard the servant give the wrong name, determined to assume it on this occasion. For years afterwards, when he would drop in unexpectedly, both at home and abroad, he delighted to call himself Mr. Sackville, until a certain Milesian waiter at the Tremont House addressed him as Mr. *Thackuary*, when he adopted that name in preference to the other.

Questions are frequently asked as to the habits of thought and composition of authors one has happened to know, as if an author's friends were commonly invited to observe the growth of works he was by and by to launch from the press. It is not customary for the doors of the writer's work-shop to be thrown open, and for this reason it is all the more interesting to notice, when it is possible, how an essay, a history, a novel, or a poem is conceived, grows up, and is corrected for publication. One would like very much to be informed how Shakespeare put together the scenes of Hamlet or Macbeth, whether the subtle thought accumulated easily on the page before him, or whether he struggled for it with anxiety and distrust. We know that Milton troubled himself very much about little matters of punctuation, and obliged the printer to take special note of his re-

quirements, scolding him roundly when he neglected his instructions. We also know that Melancthon was in his library hard at work by two or three o'clock in the morning both in summer and winter, and that Sir William Jones began his studies with the dawn.

The most popular female writer of America, whose great novel struck a chord of universal sympathy throughout the civilized world, has habits of composition peculiarly her own, and unlike those belonging to any author of whom we have record. She *croons*, so to speak, over her writings, and it makes very little difference to her whether there is a crowd of people about her or whether she is alone during the composition of her books. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp, on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe. No work of similar importance, so far as we know, was ever written amid so much that seemed hostile to literary composition.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, for observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel, he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he

had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good-humor next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villanously wicked; but if he rose serene with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition. Gilbert Wakefield, universally acknowledged to have been the best Greek scholar of his time, said he would have turned out a much better one, if he had begun earlier to study that language; but unfortunately he did not begin till he was fifteen years of age. Thackeray, in quoting to me this saying of Wakefield, remarked: "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." This observation was a valuable hint, on the part of Thackeray, as to whom he considered his master in art.

James Hannay paid Thackeray a beautiful compliment when he said: "If he had had his choice, he would rather have been famous as an artist than as a writer; but it was destined that he should paint in colors which will never crack and never need restoration." Thackeray's characters are, indeed, not so much *inventions* as *existences*, and we know them as we know our best friends or our most "intimate enemies."

When you asked me, the other day, which of his books I like best, I gave you the old answer to a similar question, "*The last one I read.*" If I could possess only *one* of his works, I think I should choose "*Henry Esmond.*" To my thinking, it is a marvel in literature, and I have read it oftener than any of the other works. Perhaps the reason of my partiality lies somewhat in a little incident I will relate to you. One day, in the winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of "*Henry Esmond*" (the Eng-

lish edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him, he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott, as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six-o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the compact. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious and a great gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting

briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of *The Virginians* has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance, when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woful failure when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a stand-still. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the

first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of "*Vanity Fair*," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose, he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence, he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over, he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to be almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain and not enough on his legs. *High living and high thinking*, he used

to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of un wisdom, which performances he was immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure. This I make no doubt was one of his exaggerations, but there was a grain of truth in the remark, which so sharp an observer as himself could not fail to notice, even though the victim was so near home.

Thackeray announced to me by letter in the early autumn of 1852 that he had determined to visit America, and would sail for Boston by the Canada on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table, although I blush at the remembrance of it now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I de-

scribed to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." It was many years ago since we gathered about him on that occasion, but, if my memory serves me, we had what might be called a *pleasant evening*. Indeed, I remember much hilarity, and sounds as of men laughing and singing far into midnight. I could not deny, if called upon to testify in court, that we had a *good time* on that frosty November evening.

We had many happy days and nights together both in England and America, but I remember none happier than that evening we passed with him when the Punch people came to dine at his own table with the silver statuette of Mr. Punch in full dress looking down upon the hospitable board from the head of the table. This silver figure always stood in a conspicuous place when Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and the rest of his jolly companions and life-long cronies were gathered together. If I were to tell you, my dear nephew, that there were any dull moments on *that* occasion, you would not be called upon strictly to believe me.

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a school-boy, just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the-

instant introduction of a brief double-shuffle. Charles Lamb told Barry Cornwall, when they were once making up a dinner-party together, not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Charles, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral." I have often contrasted the habitual qualities of that gloomy friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of cloudland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing, when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders. An instance of his procrastination occurred the evening of his first public appearance in America. His lecture was advertised to take place at half past seven, and when he was informed of the hour, he said he would try and be ready at eight o'clock, but thought it very doubtful. Horrified at this assertion, I tried to impress upon him the importance of punctuality on this, the night of his first bow to an American audience. At quarter past seven I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, for a lady, which illustration, — a charming one, by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing, — he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) Melodeon. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall, after his first lecture in Boston. A shabby, ungainly looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand

and announced himself as "proprietor of the Mammoth Rat," and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to call on the wonderful quadruped next day.

Thackeray's motto was never to perform to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow. Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper, one night, in his hotel in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of home-sickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good by and God bless everybody says W. M. T." Of course he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America, and he afterwards told me in London, that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favor, and gone on board.

No man has left behind him a tenderer regard for his genius and foibles among his friends than Thackeray. He had a natural love of good which nothing could wholly blur or destroy. He was a most generous critic of the writings of his contemporaries, and no one has printed or spoken warmer praise of Dickens, in any sense his great rival, than he.

Thackeray was not a voluminous correspondent, but what exquisite let-

ters he has left in the hands of many of his friends! Some day when we are alone together, my lad, I will read to you a few pages from that precious parcel in the small cabinet yonder, and you shall judge for yourself.

I cannot resist, however, while we are here to-day, reading to you a paragraph or two from this bunch of notes, which I always keep for a refreshment, like a bouquet, close beside me on the table. "Should any letters arrive," he says in a little missive from Philadelphia, "addressed to the care of J. T. F. for the ridiculous author of this, that, and the other, F. is requested to send them to Mercantile Library, Baltimore. My ghostly enemy will be delighted (or will gnash his teeth with rage) to hear that the lectures in the capital of Pa. have been very well attended. No less than 750 people paid at the door on Friday night, and though last night there was a storm of snow so furious that no reasonable mortal could face it, 500 (at least) amiable maniacs were in the lecture-room, and wept over the fate of the last king of these colonies."

Almost every day, while he was lecturing in America, he would send off little notes exquisitely written in point of penmanship, and sometimes embellished with characteristic pen drawings. Having attended an extemporaneous supper festival at "Porter's," he was never tired of "going again." Here is a scrap of paper holding these few words, written in 1852.

"Nine o'clock, P. M. Tremont.

"Arrangements have just been concluded for a meeting *somewhere* to-night, which we much desire you should attend. Are you equal to two nights running of good time?"

Then follows a pen portrait of a friend of his with a cloven foot and a devil's tail just visible under his cloak. Sometimes, to puzzle his correspondent, he would write in so small a hand that the note could not be read without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Calligraphy was to him one of the fine arts, and he once told Dr. John Brown

of Edinburgh, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed (not the Athanasian) in the size of that coin. He greatly delighted in rhyming and lispings notes and billets. Here is one of them, dated from Baltimore without signature:—

"Dear F—th! The thanguinary fateth (I don't know what their anger meanth) brought me your letter of the eighth, yethterday only the fifteenth! What blunder cauthed by chill delay (thee Doctor Johnthon'th noble verthe) Thuth kept my longing thoul away, from all that motht I love on earth? Thankth for the happy contenth!—thothe, Dithpatched to J. G. K. and Thonth, and that thmall letter you inclothe from Parith, from my dearetht oneth! I pray each month may tho increathe my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the thipth which croth the theath, good tidingth of my girth may bring!—that every blething fortune yeldth, I altho pray, may come to path on Mithter and Mrth. J. T. F—th, and all good friendth in Both-ton, Math!"

While he was staying at the Clarendon Hotel, in New York, every morning's mail brought a few lines, sometimes only one line, sometimes only two words, from him, reporting progress. One day he tells me: "Immense hawdience last night." Another day he says: "Our shares look very much up this morning." On the 29th of November, 1852, he writes: "I find I have a much bigger voice than I knew of, and am not afraid of anybody." At another time he writes: "I make no doubt you have seen that admirable paper, the New York Herald, and are aware of the excellent reception my lectures are having in this city. It was a lucky Friday when first I set foot in this country. I have nearly saved the fifty dollars you lent me in Boston." In a letter from Savannah, dated the 19th of March, 1853, in answer to one I had written to him, telling him that a charming epistle, which accompanied

the gift of a silver mug he had sent to me some time before, had been stolen from me, he says: "My dear fellow, I remember I asked you in that letter to accept a silver mug in token of our pleasant days together, and to drink a health sometimes in it to a sincere friend. . . . Smith and Elder write me word they have sent by a Cunard to Boston a packet of paper, stamped etc. in London. I want it to be taken from the Custom-House, dooties paid etc., and dispatched to Miss —, New York. Hold your tongue, and don't laugh, you rogue. Why should n't she have her paper, and I my pleasure, without your wicked, wicked sneers and impudence? I'm only a cipher in the young lady's estimation, and why should n't I sigh for her if I like. I hope I shall see you all at Boston before very long. I always consider Boston as my native place, you know."

I wish I could recall half the incidents connected with the dear, dear old Thackeray days, when I saw him so constantly and enjoyed him so hugely; but, alas! many of them are gone, with much more that is lovely and would have been of *good report*, could they be now remembered; — they are dead as — (Holmes always puts your simile quite right for you, Nephew), —

"Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile."

But while we sit here quietly together, and have no fear of any bad, unsympathizing listeners who might, if some other subject were up, frown upon our levity, let me walk through the dusty chambers of my memory and report to you what I find there, just as the records turn up, without regard to method.

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was al-

ways perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table and said, '*That is a touch of genius!*'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly, (my parents were rich but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth,) but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what The Times pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression, as he said, "Please say the favor asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is, that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword."

I think he told me he and Tennyson were at one time intimate; but I distinctly remember a description he gave me of having heard the poet, when a young man, storming about in the first rapture of composing his poem of "Ulysses." One line of it he greatly revelled in, —

"And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

"He went through the streets," said Thackeray, "screaming about his great Achilles, whom we knew," as if we had all made the acquaintance of that gentleman, and were very proud of it.

One of the most comical and interesting occasions I remember, in connection with Thackeray, was going with him to a grand concert given fifteen or twenty years ago by Madame Sontag.

We sat near an entrance door in the hall, and every one who came in, male and female, Thackeray pretended to know, and gave each one a name and brief chronicle, as the presence flitted by. It was in Boston, and as he had been in town only a day or two, and knew only half a dozen people in it, the biographies were most convulsing. As I happened to know several people who passed by, it was droll enough to hear this great master of character give them their dues. Mr. Choate moved by in his regal, affluent manner. The large style of the man, so magnificent and yet so modest, at once arrested Thackeray's attention, and he forbore to place him in his extemporaneous catalogue. I remember a pallid, incisive-faced girl fluttering past, and how Thackeray exulted in the history of this "frail little bit of porcelain," as he called her. There was something in her manner that made him hate her, and he insisted she had murdered somebody on her way to the hall. Altogether this marvellous prelude to the concert made a deep impression on Thackeray's one listener, into whose ear he whispered his fatal insinuations. There is one man still living and moving about the streets I walk in occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character.

One day, many years ago, I saw him chaffing on the sidewalk in London, in front of the Athenæum Club, with a monstrous-sized cabman, "copiously ebriose," and I judged from the driver's ludicrously careful way of landing the coin deep down in his breeches-pocket, that Thackeray had given him a very unusual fare. "Who is your fat friend?" I asked, crossing over to shake hands with him. "O, that indomitable youth is an old crony of mine," he replied; and then, quoting Falstaff, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage." It was the *manner* of saying this, then and there in

the London street, the cabman moving slowly off on his sorry vehicle, with one eye (an eye dewy with gin and water, and a tear of gratitude, perhaps) on Thackeray, and the great man himself so jovial and so full of kindness!

I wish you could have heard him, as I once did, discourse of Shakespeare's probable life in Stratford among his neighbors. He painted, as he alone could paint, the great man sauntering about the lanes without the slightest show of greatness, having a crack with the farmers, and in very earnest talk about the crops. "I don't believe," said Thackeray, "that these village cronies of his ever looked upon him as the mighty poet,

'Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,'

but simply as a wholesome, good-natured citizen, with whom it was always very pleasant to have a chat. I can see him now," continued Thackeray, "leaning over a cottage gate, and tasting good Master Such-a-one's home-brewed, and inquiring with a real interest after the mistress and her children." Long before he put it into his lecture, I heard him say in words to the same effect: "I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." To have heard Thackeray depict, in his own charming manner, and at considerable length, the imaginary walks and talks of Shakespeare, when he would return to his home from occasional visits to London, pouring into the ready ears of his unsophisticated friends and neighbors the gossip from town which he thought would be likely to interest them, is something to remember, my dear boy, and your uncle is very proud to have heard it.

Every one remembers the enormous circulation achieved by the Cornhill Magazine, when it was first started with Thackeray for its editor in chief. The announcement by his publishers that a sale of a hundred and ten thousand of the first number had been

reached made the editor half delirious with joy, and he ran away to Paris to be rid of the excitement for a few days. I met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and I found him wild with exultation and full of enthusiasm for excellent George Smith, his publisher. "London," he exclaimed, "is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence! Great heavens," said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop! Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts. If the worst comes to the worst, New York, also, may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress!" Those days in Paris with him were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering court of the Palais Royal, gazing in at the windows of the jewellers' shops, and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles," as he called them; "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the Cornhill, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" If he saw a group of three or four persons talking together in an excited way, after the manner of that then riant people, he would whisper to me with immense gesticulation: "There, there, you see the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London." His spirits during those few days were colossal, and he told me that he found it impossible to sleep, "for counting up his subscribers."

I happened to know personally (and let me modestly add, with some degree of sympathy) what he suffered editorially, when he had the charge and responsibility of the magazine. With first-class contributors he got on very well, he said, but the extortioners and revilers bothered the very life out of him. He gave me some amusing ac-

counts of his misunderstandings with the "fair" (as he loved to call them), some of whom followed him up so closely with their poetical compositions, that his house (he was then living in Onslow Square) was never free of interruption. "The darlings demanded," said he, "that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their — nonsense and put their halting lines in proper form." "I was so appalled," said he, "when they set upon me with their 'ipics and their ipecacs,' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, sir. It was insupportable, and I fled away into France." As he went on, growing drolly furious at the recollection of various editorial scenes, I could not help remembering Mr. Yellowplush's recommendation, thus characteristically expressed: "Take my advise, honorable sir,—listen to a humble footmin: it's generally best in poatry to understand puffedly what you mean yourself, and to igsspress your meaning clearly afterwoods,—in the simpler words the better, p'r'aps."

He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the Cornhill, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child, it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking

old gentleman rose, and applied his auger with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. Nephew, conceive my distress, when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me: "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. —'s house?"

Overhearing me say one morning something about the vast attractions of London to a greenhorn like myself, he broke in with, "Yes, but you have not seen the grandest one yet! Go with me to-day to St. Paul's and hear the charity children sing." So we went, and I saw the "head cynic of literature," the "hater of humanity," as a critical dunce in the Times once called him, hiding

his bowed face, wet with tears, while his whole frame shook with emotion, as the children of poverty rose to pour out their anthems of praise. Afterwards he wrote in one of his books this passage, which seems to me perfect in its feeling and tone:—

"And yet there is one day in the year when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world; when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosegays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world,—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long-tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat sopranis,—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents: as the first note strikes: indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing."

I parted with Thackeray for the last time a few months before his death, in the street, at midnight, in London. The Cornhill Magazine, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honor of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and, as it was getting toward morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his own brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock, time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and

cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we drove on. When we reached my lodgings, the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock heroic protest to the heavens above us, "That it would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians, who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair." But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club, and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having as it were, in himself, a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him, that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with un-failing skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are *satire* and *sympathy*." George Brinley remarked, "That he could not have painted *Vanity Fair* as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn

tenderness and simplicity, in his composition. You should have heard, my nephew, the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high"; and I have a kind of pity for you, my poor boy, that you were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's Lectures. But you can read him, and I beg of you to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius, as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men like you, and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from "Barry Lyndon": "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?" My dear friend, John Brown, of Edinburgh (whom may God long preserve to both countries where he is so loved and honored), chronicles this touching incident. "We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh, — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cow-slip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all

were feeling, in the word, 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

Thackeray, you remember, was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he

heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

Nephew, we have prattled on far into the afternoon. Would it were possible in these rambling talks to ignore the existence altogether of that obtrusive little horror, the letter I, and blot him out forever from our otherwise modest alphabet. "*We*" does not help the matter, and "*the speaker*" sounds formal and remote. So the straight-backed egotistical tyrant must be allowed to thrust himself forward, and be hated all the more that there will probably never be a substitute for him.

Let us go out now and stretch our legs over the Mill Dam straight on to Chestnut Hill, and find what virtue there is in exercise. Another time we will continue our gossip, if it please you, but our future sessions must not be so long.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Miriam and other Poems. By JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

In these poems Mr. Whittier touches hardly any key that is not already familiar, and the book gives occasion for us to testify our love of his verse anew, rather than provokes a fresh examination of it. The "*Miriam*," the "*Norembega*," "*Nauhaught the Deacon*," "*My Triumph*," "*The Prayer-Seeker*," and the "*Hymn*" are all akin in their religious feeling, their lessons of toleration, faith, charity, self-question, and self-mistrust; in "*After Election*" and "*Howard at Atlanta*" there is the old political strain of the time when there was a soul in politics; "*In School Days*" is one of those sweet and touching personal poems every one of which endears this poet to his reader and makes each reader proud and tender of it as of a confidence. Altogether we like it the best in the book: it is the simplest, and it is perfect both in sentiment and form, and the slight pictures in it are surpassingly delicate and real.

Neither in essentials nor in non-essentials are some of the other poems so good as this; though, as our readers have had occasion to know, they have all of them in certain measure the peculiar charm of the poet's style and thought. "*Norembega*" is very impressive with the sense of wildness and loneliness, which Mr. Whittier understands so well how to impart in his descriptions of forest solitudes, and is a clear and exquisite setting for one of those legends which the romance of another race has bestowed upon our poor old matter-of-fact New England. A curious contrast to the æsthetics of this piece is afforded in "*Nauhaught the Deacon*," where there is no pretty veil of mediæval mysticism, but the hard modern interest of a man face to face with sore temptation and pitiless conscience. We suppose most readers will recur from him with pleasure to the Norman knight dying in the woods of Maine and beholding in the sunset heavens the undiscovered city of his search. Yet even this is too strongly moralized; and Mr. Whittier shows in nearly all his pieces a distrust of his reader's

power to make any application for himself of the poetical lesson. Here and there, as in "The Hive at Gettysburg," the meaning is enforced with an elaboration that mars the bloom and freshness of the poetry, and with a determination not daunted by the disparity of the things to be compared and equalized in the precept.

Of course the poems are not free from the poet's more than occasional indifference to the metrical proprieties; and in one place we have "proud for" doing arduous duty as a rhyme for "chowder," to say nothing of the pairing off of "water" and "assort-er." Nothing but the excellence and delightfulness otherwise of the poem in which these rhymes occur could excuse them. It is "A Spiritual Manifestation" at the levee of the President of Brown University, when the ghost of Roger Williams rises and recalls the first days of the Providence Plantations. The thronging thither of the persecuted from all other parts of New England is described with a grim humor which, if reform and humor had been oftener friends, we might well believe the fact inspired in Williams:—

"I hear again the snuffled tones,
I see in dreary vision
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,
And prophets with a mission.

"Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied
The hope of every other;
Each martyr shook his branded fist
At the conscience of his brother!"

The "Hymn for the Celebration of Emancipation at Newburyport," and the verses addressed to Lydia Maria Child, are beautiful and moving expressions of feeling for the sublimest phase which our political life has shown. Never in the history of the world were a people's politics so ennobled as ours were by the long solution of the slavery question, and such an abolitionist as our poet can cherish the memories of the cause and of the friendships formed in the common devotion to it as incomparably precious. Without giving his words we could not give a just idea of the perfect loveliness, simplicity, and beauty of the faith and hope uttered in the poem to Mrs. Child.

"Miriam" is a tale teaching — by the story of a Christian girl who wins from her Moslem lord, for those who have offended him, that mercy which he sees to be in all creeds and finds so little in any life — the plain old lesson of doing the good we discern and love. We take from it two pictures

of landscape, which strike us as peculiarly fine in contrast: —

EASTERN.

"The date-palms rustled not; the peepul laid
Its topmost boughs against the balustrade,
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines
That, light and graceful as the shawl-designs
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone.

Below him Agra slept.

By the long light of sunset overswept:
The river flowing through a level land,
By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,
Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,
Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flowering trees
Relieved against the mournful cypresses;
And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-foam,
The marble wonder of some holy dome
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood."

WESTERN.

'Along the naked hillside cast
Our shadows as of giants vast.
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,
Whence, either way, the green turf fell
In terraces of nature down
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town
With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,
Huge mills whose windows had the look
Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track
Of the sea-seeking river back
Glistening for miles above its mouth,
Through the long valley to the south.
And, looking eastward, cool to view,
Stretched the illimitable blue
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line:
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach
Of slumberous woods from hill to beach, —

Touched the far-glancing sails, and showed
White lines of foam where long waves flowed
Dumb in the distance. In the north,
Dim through their misty hair, looked forth
The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,
From mystery to mystery!"

Westward by Rail. A New Route to the West. By W. F. RAE. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

It is the correspondent of the London Daily News who tells of his American travels in a book dedicated to his American friends out of an affection for them that seems very abundant. Indeed, since real greatness, and knowledge of ourselves through knowledge of other nations, have made us the shrinkingly modest people we now are, there are very few Americans who would find it in their hearts to say all the kind things of themselves that Mr. Rae asks

them to believe, — and asks with an air of such moderation and candor that it seems almost a rudeness to doubt him. Is it possible, we question, before laying the flattering unction to our souls that our political system is not a bubble destined to burst as soon as the country is settled, that our steamboats do not similarly explode at short intervals, and are altogether decenter and pleasanter than English boats; that our railroad cars, as idealized by Mr. Pullman, are delightful to the civilized man; that we do not all live in hotels upon pickles, and that our hotels have some small comforts and conveniences peculiar to them; that Mr. Punch's American is not the real one; that our accent is not so bad, and that at any rate it is very little matter about accent; that our women are sometimes intelligent and lady-like; that the New York Herald is not the great organ of public opinion? Come, now, Mr. Rae (we feel like saying to this obliging tourist), do not allow a few personal friendships to sway you; be honest and own that you think we are politically and morally in a horribly bad way! You know that you saw spittoons in all genteel parlors in Boston, and found the pews in Grace Church whittled by the pen-knives of the worshippers. We shall forgive you; but you must acknowledge that in the United States the men all put their feet on the mantel-piece, and the women all swing their skirts in walking. No? Mr. Rae actually remains firm in his misperception of American facts; and English readers must turn to other authorities for the truth about us.

It is not through want of opportunities for forming a better estimate that Mr. Rae mistakes us. He has travelled from New York to San Francisco by rail, and has come back to Boston, visiting *en route* pretty nearly all the interesting things and places; though much the greater part of his book is given to telling what he saw in California and the far West. The material resources of these regions, and their great prospects, he gladly recognizes; but he believes that the Californians especially have still some trifling disparities to overcome before their promise and their performance are equalized. He tells them that their material greatness cannot long impress the world, and that the really surprising thing in their history is the early development of a spirited and excellent local literature, which he hints the typical Californians themselves do not know much

about or care much for; and, worse than all, he denies that the boasted hospitality of California exists in fact, or is much more than a half-Spanish flourish of phrases. He tells — with what we might call innocence in an American writer relating the like experience in England — how his San Francisco banker, who had placed all his worldly possessions at Mr. Rae's disposal, feigned not to know him when he supposed him come to claim his courtesy, but turned hospitable again as soon as it appeared that Mr. Rae merely wished to take leave.

After more talk of this sort, our author says: "A gentleman who was pointed out to me enjoyed immense popularity in San Francisco. He was very rich. His greatest merit, as far as I could learn, consisted in this, that he sometimes expended five hundred dollars a day in treating his friends to drinks. When, then, the Californians vaunt about their hospitality, they mean that they are the most liberal with their whiskey of any people on earth." But Mr. Rae owns that there is a silver lining to this cloud, and that the Californians have produced already something very admirable in art as well as literature; and he advises the California youth to look for their examples of success, not to the "pioneers" of 1849, who now form the ancient and hereditary nobility of their native State, but to the men who are giving her a name in civilization.

Mr. Rae has several chapters on Salt Lake City and the Mormons, which are all marked by a moderation, good sense, and good principle which we have hardly been taught to expect in English tourists, since Mr. Dixon set them his bad and vulgar example. Our author does not find the Saints either picturesque or comfortable. They are for the most part ignorant peasants without political rights, for the loss of which they are poorly compensated by their social license. They are very backward compared with other Americans, afraid of each other, and intolerant of the presence of other sects; and their women are not treated as "intellectual human beings, but as mere human toys." With these facts in view, he refuses to be enamored of Mormonism because the orchards of Utah "yield annually many thousand bushels of large ripe peaches and rosy-cheeked apples."

There is a chapter on Boston City and Harvard University, which is written with a very generous appreciation of the merits of both, and with an intelligence rare among

travellers of Mr. Rae's nation. The well-known local diffidence forbids us to quote from this chapter, though, as will have been seen, we were not slow to reproduce Mr. Rae's praises of San Francisco. His book is not a very profound judgment of America. Much of its observation must seem superficial and trivial to American readers; but it is probably interesting to Englishmen, and it is very amiable and good-natured to us, without being patronizing.

Tent Life in Siberia, and Adventures among the Koraks and other Tribes in Kamitchatka and Northern Asia. By GEORGE KENNAN. New York: G. P. Putman and Sons.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN was an employee of the Russo-American Telegraph Company, "or, as it was more properly called, the 'Western Union Extension,'" which was organized in the summer of 1864 for the purpose of building an overland telegraph line to Europe. The success of the Atlantic Cable, as is well known, caused the enterprise to be abandoned, and all the benefit that the world or the stockholders have reaped from the three million dollars engulfed in the gigantic attempt is such as has accrued to literature and science in the volumes of Messrs. Whymper and Dall, and now of Mr. Kennan. Whether we have in these books the money's worth of knowledge and amusement is a question which we do not feel called upon to decide. Mr. Kennan has certainly told us many new and interesting facts about the desolate steppes of Northern Asia, and about the half-savage tribes with which he had so much to do; and no one, except perhaps the heaviest holder of the company's stock, can fail to be amused by a greater part of the humor in which the present volume abounds.

Mr. Kennan sailed from San Francisco in a little brig, and after a long, desolate voyage he lands at Petropavloski, in Kamtchatka. Here he prepares for the two years of his wild, adventurous life in the snowy wildernesses. He does not start, however, until he has witnessed a most grotesque Cossack marriage. In the ceremony the bridegroom wears a dusty crown which is altogether too big for him, and slips down over his head like a candle-extinguisher, causing him to step on the bride's "furni-

ture-print" calico dress, and do many other ludicrous things. Further on in the volume another wedding ceremony is described, which is even stranger and more trying to him who is conventionally called "the happy man" on such occasions with us. It is among the Reindeer Koraks, a nomadic tribe of the vast steppes. There custom compels the bridegroom to work years for his betrothed, and then at last, in our civilized hour of champagne and congratulation, he is whipped and tripped up by a whole community of women, while in a steeplechase after his bride. If he does not catch her he has to work two years longer. Among those barbarous Northerners, indeed, it is evidently harder to get a wife than to support her afterward, which would seem just like our civilized life, as depicted in the modern novel.

Of the strange adventures which are so frankly told in Mr. Kennan's book we can give no idea in a summary. To learn what hardship the human frame is capable of enduring, and to take a just measure of the bounds of Yankee pluck and good-nature, one must read "Tent Life in Siberia" for himself. We must regret an occasional slip in grammar and redundancy and carelessness in style and statement, but we should be loath to part with a jot of the fresh human nature which might not have got into a book more carefully written. The author tells his story, not like a book-maker, but as a bright young man would tell it to his comrades. Even some of the descriptions which are most objectionable in a literary point of view have the merit of giving a vivid idea of phenomena scarcely ever before described at all.

The Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man. Mental and Social Condition of Savages. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Author of "Prehistoric Times." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THERE can be no doubt that it was in the author's mind to erect a great structure with the materials which he has here brought together, but, as with many another, the very magnitude of the resources he had accumulated seems to have deterred him from any effort to put them to the use for which they were originally intended. We question the propriety of parading so large a title on so small a book, but we must thank our

author for his discretion in avoiding an effort to do what that title would lead us to suppose he had done. Had he tried to give us a history of civilization, he would probably have left our world when his introduction was published, instead of giving us a very valuable body of facts.

The plan which is taken in his treatment of the subject is very simple. In his introductory chapter he shows that we can best understand the scattered elements of the history of our own race by a study of the existing customs among savages; for even though there are great differences between the details of the life of the savage of to-day and the life of our wild ancestors, the resemblances are greater than the differences. This study also enables us to understand the origin of many customs which have no relation to our present life, but which survive among our institutions as remains of an ancient social state. Moreover, the author thinks that, having traced the course of development of peoples in the habits and customs of existing savage tribes, we may be able "to penetrate some of the mist which separates the present from the future."

The fundamental difficulty in the study of savage races is much the same as that which besets the philosophical historian, namely, the obstacles which hinder our efforts to understand the state of mind of people at that stage of development. To consider the acts of the wild men of Borneo, who seem to have little more trace of civilization than can be found in a herd of monkeys, as if they were dictated by the impulses of their own race, is a sure road to error. Our author has clearly perceived this difficulty, and warned the reader of it. As instances of the extent to which the acts of savages may be without any better explanation than what we may term an instinct referring back to some habit the necessity for which has passed away and been forgotten, he shows the wide-spread character of several peculiar customs. The most curious of these is one which forbids a woman to speak to her son-in-law, and compels him to the same reserve. This habit is found along the shores of the Arctic Sea in North America, among the Omahaws, where the same custom extends to the father-in-law also. The same custom existed among the Florida Indians, among the Caribs, and in South America among the Arawacks. A custom of the same kind is found in Asia among the Calmucks and Mongols, and in China, where

the woman must not speak to her father-in-law. These peculiarities are probably in all cases explained by a pre-existing custom of acquiring possession of the wife after the fashion described in the account of the Roman treatment of the Sabine women. It is easy to understand that a woman would not naturally feel kind towards the abductor of her daughter, and that where forcible means were in fashion in the process of wooing the relations between the son-in-law and mother-in-law might be even more unamiable than they are reputed to be in our modern society.

The chapter on marriage relationship which follows in the order of the book contains a variety of curious information which has never before been put into a popular work. The author brings these into an arrangement apparently substantiating his propositions on this subject, which are essentially these: that this relationship was at first communal, every male in a community having equal right to every female, that only the women captured from other tribes could be held as individual property, and that to this pre-emption of the captor we owe the beginning of the institution of marriage rights. The author regards the peculiar position of public women among the Greeks, who showed to this class much consideration, as due to the fact that at an earlier stage the women held by the communal right, being of the same tribe, were naturally held in some esteem, while the captured wives would be looked upon as belonging to a lower estate.

This chapter is much to be recommended to the attention of those who conceive that the position of man is to be bettered by experiments with the marriage system. They will find that most of the panaceas have been tried and abandoned.

One third of the whole book is devoted to a summary of existing forms of religious beliefs and disbeliefs, for the fact is made very plain that many tribes are quite without religion.

The author takes great pains to show the want of conception, or at least of any high conception of Deity, among many of the lower races. The Bedouins who demanded to know where Allah was to be found, saying, if they "could but catch him, they would spear him on the spot; who but he lays waste their homes and kills their cattle and wives?" cannot be said to have profited by any conception of Deity.

The influence which the condition of the mind and body in dreams has had in developing the belief in the existence of a soul and the extent to which the existence of a shadow has fostered this belief in the savage mind, is an extremely curious question. Among the Feejee-Islanders "some speak of a man as having two spirits. His shadow is called his dark spirit, which they say goes to Hades. The other is his likeness reflected in water or a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which the man dies. Probably this doctrine of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits."

"I once placed a good-looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. 'Now,' said he, softly, 'I can see into the world of spirits.'"

Our author gives us an abundant array of facts going to show the general absence of a moral sense among the savage peoples. This seems to have been an unwilling conclusion; for he says: "That there should have been any races of men so deficient in moral feeling was altogether opposed to the preconceived ideas with which I commenced the study of savage life, and I have arrived at the conviction by slow degrees and even with reluctance. I have, however, been forced to this conclusion, not only by the direct statements of travellers, but also by the general tenor of their remarks, and especially by the remarkable absence of repentance and remorse among the lower races of men."

In the chapter on the origin of language is little that is new, but much to interest the general reader. Probably the most entertaining part of it is that which describes the use of signs as an aid to language among various races; among some, as, for instance, the Bushmen, the language is not intelligible if it be too dark to see the gestures of the speaker.

The chapter on laws, which concludes the body of the book, brings out some peculiar features. The boasted freedom of the savage vanishes. "No savage," says our author, "is free; all over the world his daily life is regulated by a complicated and apparently most inconvenient set of customs (enforceable as laws), of quaint prohibitions and privileges; the prohibitions as a general rule applying to the women, the privileges to the men."

Our author sums up his work in the following conclusions:—

"That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors. That the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism. That from this condition several races have independently raised themselves."

As a whole, the work is a valuable contribution to the popular study of savage man. There is a want of critical ability shown in the treatment of the matter, authors little worthy of credit being quoted as confidently as those of the most trustworthy character. The social dance of the savages of Virginia, to which he has devoted a full-page plate, probably existed in the imagination alone of Lafitau, from whose *Mœurs des Sauvages* it is taken.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe. With Introductions and Biographical Notices. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. A New Edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe was first published twenty-five years ago, and we have all had time to become acquainted with its plan, which here in this latest edition has not been changed, though its scope has been widened to include notice of whatever considerable things have been done, since former publications, in Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese poetry. It was natural that the volume should become the favorite it has always been with people of taste and cultivation, for with thorough honesty of research it unites very great simplicity of arrangement. Proceeding in the order we have given, Mr. Longfellow makes such an historical and critical sketch of each literature as enables the reader at once to form an intelligible idea of its characteristics and periods, and then there follows a selection from it, with more or less biographical and critical account of the poet quoted, giving the earliest authors first, and regularly approaching our own time. In all this there is great clearness and precision; the details dear to the student of a particular literature or literary epoch, but confusing to the average culture, are sacrificed to the fulness with which the principal and important features are brought out. Wherever it is possible the criticism is founded upon the opinions of each writer's countrymen, and in all cases

it appears to us that the best authorities are consulted; and one of the best is Mr. Longfellow himself, who speaks his own mind only too sparingly. His work is often merely that of an editor, but he does it with that taste, sympathy, and good sense which his whole literary life embodies in such degree that we feel anything else to be impossible with him, and gives it thus the finest value of original production. The labor involved in the preparation of such a volume as this will by no means appear to the general reader whom it delights, and to whom we venture to suggest grateful consideration of the vast acquaintance with authors and authorities, the tacit service of comparison and selection, implied by the abundance and the succinctness with which every topic is treated. We will not say that here is all the general reader need know of the poets and poetry of Europe, but we assure him that he cannot do better than possess himself of all the information here given, and that he could nowhere else find it so available and so agreeably presented, and with so little that he need not know.

To this new edition Mr. Longfellow has added a supplement of a hundred and thirty-seven pages, devoted to such poets as have recently won distinction, and to the poets whom recent study has brought into notice anew. The poems in this supplement are marked by that greater fidelity and regard to the originals which no one has done half so much to urge upon translators as Mr. Longfellow himself in the high example of his "Dante." Here are his own exquisite translations from German, French, Italian, and Spanish; here is one version, most sympathetically tender and spirited, by Mr. Lowell; here is a part of Faust in Bayard Taylor's conscientious and admirable English; here are some songs from Heine by Leland; here are Mrs. Wister's charming pieces from De Musset; here are Bryant's specimens of modern Spanish poetry; here are Rossetti's beautiful versions from the earliest Italian poets; and here are abundant extracts from the latest. The supplement, in fact, lays before the reader the freshest and best poetry of all Europe, and worthily completes the work. It is not easy to give a just idea of its merits and graces; but those who already know it will not need a lecture from us upon it, and to those who do not we can but heartily commend it.

Why and How. Why the Chinese emigrate, and the Means they adopt for reaching America. With Sketches of Travel, Amusing Incidents, Social Customs, etc. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. With Illustrations by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

MR. CONWELL'S knowledge of China is drawn from his own experience, as well as the best recent authorities, and if it does not strike the reader as quite novel, this is because we have all been learning a good deal about China of late years, and have had access to the books which he quotes in confirmation and amplification of his statements. In some respects his views of the Chinese question *are* novel, or at least so little familiar as to strike us anew. He attributes the emigration from China to the hopelessly bad government at home, and not to the superabundance of population. "It may seem," he says, "almost a paradox to affirm that labor is scarce in China, yet all experience goes to prove it"; and he declares that at present vast tracts of land lie waste, because there are no laborers to reclaim them; for if the certainty of every sort of governmental extortion and oppression did not paralyze industry, the want of roads and markets would discourage it. So the peasant sells all, and even mortgages his family to get money to emigrate in violation of the laws; and when he lands in San Francisco, he finds himself, even with the welcome which our impulsive Irish masters give him, a comparatively happy and prosperous man.

Mr. Conwell is a friend of the late Tai-ping rebellion, and no admirer of the Imperial government, not even of its civil service and competitive examinations, which he tells us are a pecuniary and not a literary competition. In fact, as to the administration of the laws in China, he has nothing good and therefore nothing new to say. There are some interesting notices of the coolie trade, which may be described in like terms, and some similarly interesting notices of Chinese society and superstitions, — religion, Mr. Conwell thinks, the great mass of the Chinese have none.

His book is chiefly estimable because it contains in brief what we must elsewhere seek in many places and in much extended phrase, and because it is the work of a sincere, if enthusiastic observer, and of a man who can wish well to the Chinese and abhor

their oppressors, without being enamored of their faults. We think these such eminent merits in a writer about any foreign people, that we count a frequent lack of literary grace as nothing against them.

Margaret. A Tale of the Real and Ideal, of Blight and Bloom. By SYLVESTER JUDD. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

THE sense of novelty and freshness which this beautiful old romance gives the reader is a most useful witness of the fact that, to be always modern and always new, it is only necessary to be of no fashion, — neither the fashion of one's own day nor the fashion of a former day. This, to be sure, is nearly as difficult as simplicity, of which perhaps it is a phase. Here and there, in all the history of the world, but few men have achieved so great an end in literature : the author of "Margaret" is of these few.

We, who read the romance for the first time in this latest edition of it, must feel how vastly better it is, how much more recent it is, than the best new novel of our generation, and must peruse it with something of the contented wonder with which we should linger over "Wilhelm Meister" or a play of Shakespeare if they were as strange to us. The comparison is of kind, not of degree ; but if "Margaret" were compared with any other romance of its own time, excepting the romances of Hawthorne, we should feel that there was no comparison for it save with the masterpieces. Like these it is epoch and fashion and method to itself. It is not nature, but the love of nature ; it is not reality, but truth. It is very far indeed from artistic perfection ; you may overfeast yourself in it, but you cannot famish.

Without more space than we can now give, any criticism of ours must fail to discover what the essence of such a book as

"Margaret" is. It is easy enough to say that the scene is laid in a backwoods settlement of New England, in the time just after the Revolution ; that the life and manners of the place and period are painted very effectively, with a strong dash of caricature, and that there is such sympathy with the inarticulate life of nature that the reader cannot help sharing the author's rapture ; that Margaret and nearly all the other personages are fantastic ; that the fascination of the book is not in the plot. But all this is a dim and distorted reflex of the romance, and might be quite as true of a work done in a wholly different spirit and manner ; the very heart of the matter is left untouched, and is scarcely approached. It does not help much to add that the romance is largely religious, and that where the religious purpose prevails over the artistic feeling the work suffers ; or that the story seems always to run along the edge of a precipice, and you are liable to be dropped into limitless depths of airiness at any moment, though the author's poise is kept, and the reader carried safely to the end, — it must be owned he is considerably dizzied towards the last.

It is curious to find in English a romance that confides so much in the reader's sympathy : here we have long pauses for discussion and reflection as in German romances, yet the book is not otherwise German, but singularly American, with inexhaustible sweetness, quaintness, and tenderness, and most American in its fantasticality. It is marvellously, almost matchlessly frank in dealing with the rude life in which its scenes are laid, and no more moralizes that life or is ashamed of it than the sunshine would have been. It is with the reform of what civilization he finds that the author is concerned ; and this is not the only point on which he shows himself generous and wise, and one of the truest and foremost of his nation.